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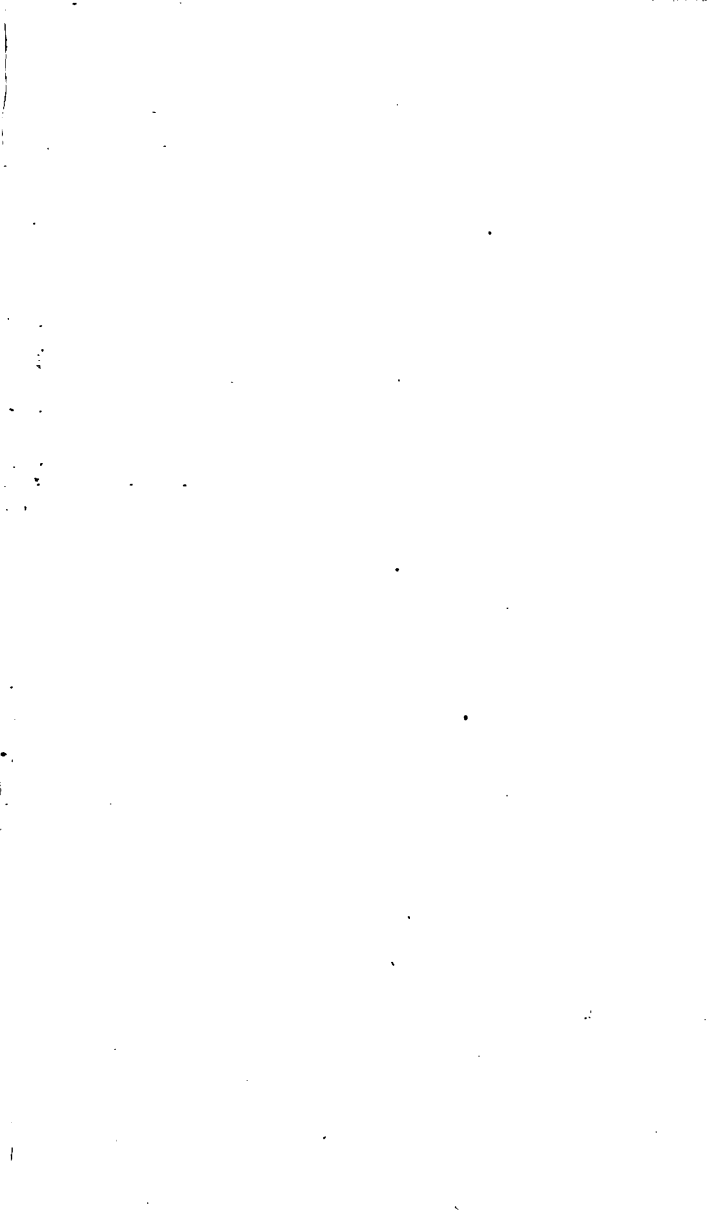
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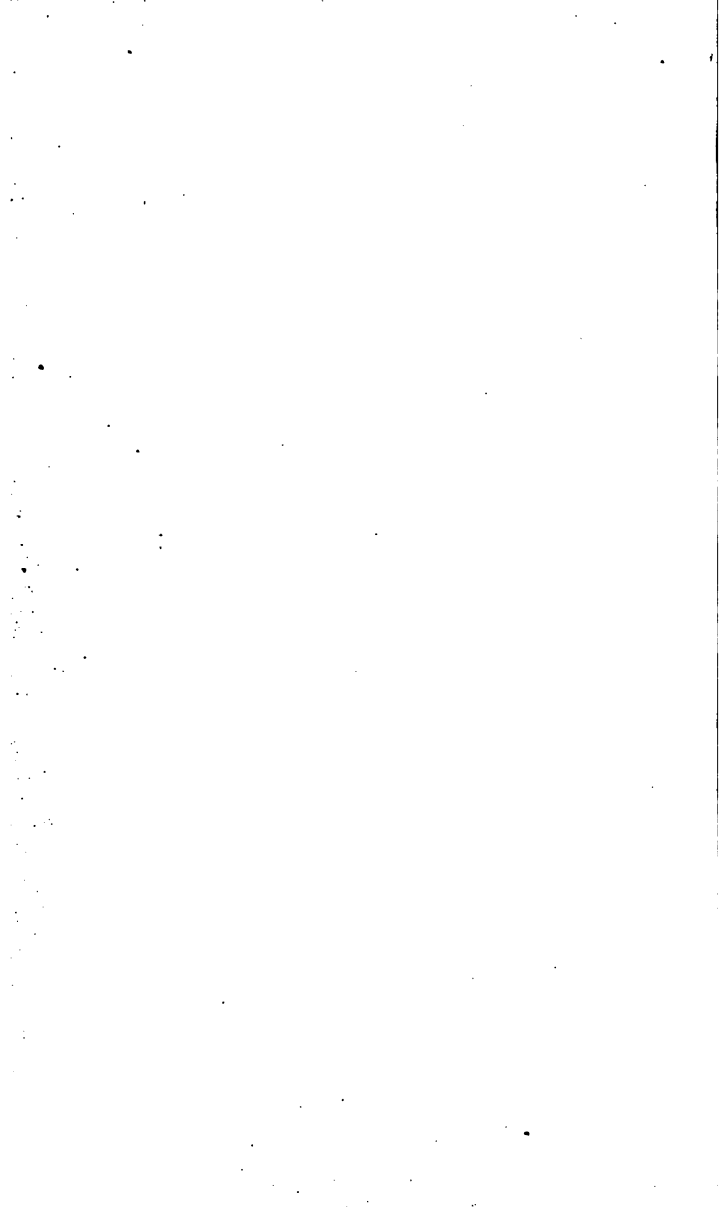
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WITH

POEMS OF THE IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

BY

DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY.



— "The gentle streams a-straying  
Through the vales."

*The Bridal of the Year.*

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# THE BELL-FOUNDER.

---

## PART I.

### LABOUR AND HOPE.

---

Arbeit ist des Bürgers Herde,  
Segen ist der Mühe Preis ;  
Ehrt den König seine Würde,  
Ehrt uns der Hände Fleiss.

SCHILLER.

Toil is polished man's vocation ;  
Praises are the meed of skill,  
Kings may vaunt their crown and station,  
We will vaunt our labour still.

MANGAN.

---

#### 1.

IN that land where the heaven-tinted pencil giveth  
shape to the splendour of dreams,  
Near Florence, the fairest of cities, and Arno, the  
sweetest of streams,  
'Neath those hills<sup>(1)</sup> whence the race of the Geraldine  
wandered in ages long since,  
For ever to rule over Desmond and Erin as martyr  
and prince,

Lived Paolo, the young Campanaro,\* the pride of his  
own little vale—  
Hope changed the hot breath of his furnace as into a  
sea-wafted gale ;  
Peace, the child of Employment, was with him, with  
prattle so soothing and sweet,  
And Love, while revealing the future, strewed the  
sweet roses under his feet.

## 2.

Ah ! little they know of true happiness, they whom  
satiety fills,  
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the  
rankness that kills.  
Ah ! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased  
slumber enjoys,  
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste  
of the sleep that destroys ;  
Nothing to hope for, or labour for ; nothing to sigh  
for, or gain ;  
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like,  
bosom and brain ;  
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er  
with its breath :  
Nothing but dulness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow,  
and death !

\* Bell-Founder,

## 3.

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man  
among men,  
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil, with rudder,  
or ploughshare, or pen,  
Labourerth ever and ever with hope through the  
morning of life,  
Winning home and its darling divinities—love-worshipped  
children and wife.  
Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the  
sharp chisel rings,  
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir  
not the bosom of kings—  
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of  
his race,  
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the  
strong world in the face.

## 4.

And such was young Paolo!—The morning—ere yet  
the faint starlight had gone—  
To the loud-ringing workshop beheld him move joyfully  
light-footed on.  
In the glare and the roar of the furnace he toiled till  
the evening-star burned,  
And then back again through that valley, as glad  
but more weary, returned.



One moment at morning he lingers by that cottage  
that stands by the stream,  
Many moments at evening he tarries by that case-  
ment that woes the moon's beam ;  
For the light of his life and his labours, like a lamp  
from that casement, outshines  
In the heart-lighted face that looks out from that  
purple-clad trellis of vines.

## 5.

Francesca ! sweet, innocent maiden ! 'tis not that thy  
young cheek is fair,  
Or thy sun-lighted eyes glance like stars through the  
curls of thy wind-woven hair ;  
'Tis not for thy rich lips of coral, or even thy white  
breast of snow,  
That my song shall recall thee, Francesca ! but more  
for the good heart below.  
Goodness is beauty's best portion, a dower that no  
time can reduce,  
A wand of enchantment and happiness, brightening  
and strengthening with use.  
One the long-sigh'd-for nectar that earthliness bit-  
terly tinctures and taints :  
One the fading mirage of the fancy, and one the  
Elysium it paints.

## 6.

Long ago, when thy father would kiss thee, the tears  
in his old eyes would start,  
For thy face—like a dream of his boyhood—renewed  
the fresh youth of his heart.  
He is gone; but thy mother remaineth, and kneeleth  
each night-time and morn,  
And blesses the Mother of Blessings for the hour her  
Francesca was born.  
There are proud stately dwellings in Florence, and  
mothers and maidens are there,  
And bright eyes as bright as Francesca's, and fair  
cheeks as brilliantly fair,  
And hearts, too, as warm and as innocent, there  
where the rich paintings gleam,  
But what proud mother blesses her daughter like the  
mother by Arno's sweet stream?

## 7.

It was not alone, when that mother grew aged and  
feeble to hear,  
That thy voice like the whisper of angels still fell on  
the old woman's ear,  
Or even that thy face, when the darkness of time  
overshadowed her sight,  
Shone calm through the blank of her mind, like the  
Moon in the midst of the night.

But thine was the duty, Francesca, and the love-  
lightened labour was thine,  
To treasure the white-curling wool, and the warm-  
flowing milk of the kine,  
And the fruits, and the clusters of purple, and the  
flock's tender yearly increase,  
That *she* might have rest in life's evening, and go to  
her fathers in peace.

## 8.

Francesca and Paolo are plighted, and they wait but  
a few happy days,  
Ere they walk forth together in trustfulness out on  
Life's wonderful ways;  
Ere, clasping the hands of each other, they move  
through the stillness and noise,  
Dividing the cares of existence, but doubling its  
hopes and its joys.  
Sweet day of betrothment, which brighten so slowly  
to Love's burning noon,  
Like the days of the year which grow longer, the  
nearer the fulness of June,  
Though ye move to the Noon and the Summer of  
Love with a slow-moving wing,  
Ye are lit with the light of the Morning, and decked  
with the blossoms of Spring.

## 9.

The days of betrothment are over, for now, when the  
evening star shines,  
Two faces look joyfully out from that purple-clad  
trellis of vines;  
The light-hearted laughter is doubled, two voices  
steal forth on the air,  
And blend in the light notes of song, or the sweet  
solemn cadence of prayer.  
At morning, when Paolo departeth, 'tis out of that  
sweet cottage door,  
At evening he comes to that casement, but passes  
that casement no more;  
And the old feeble mother at night-time, when say-  
ing, "The Lord's will be done,"  
While blessing the name of a daughter, now blendeth  
the name of a son.

## PART II.

## TRIUMPH AND REWARD.

---

Funera plango,  
Fulmina frango,  
Sabbata pango,  
Excito lentos,  
Dissipo ventos,  
Paco cruentos.

---

## 1.

IN the furnace the dry branches crackle, the crucible  
shines as with gold,  
As they carry the hot flaming metal in haste from  
the fire to the mould;  
Loud roar the bellows, and louder the flames as they  
shrieking escape,  
And loud is the song of the workmen who watch o'er  
the fast-filling shape;  
To and fro in the red-glaring chamber the proud  
Master anxiously moves,  
And the quick and the skilful he praiseth, and the  
dull and the laggard reproves;  
And the heart in his bosom expandeth, as the thick  
bubbling metal up-swells,  
For like to the birth of his children he watcheth the  
birth of the bells.

## 2.

Peace had guarded the door of young Paolo, success  
on his industry smiled,  
And the dark wing of Time had passed quicker than  
grief from the face of a child ;  
Broader lands lay around that sweet cottage, younger  
footsteps tripped lightly around,  
And the sweet silent stillness was broken by the hum  
of a still sweeter sound.  
At evening, when homeward returning, how many  
dear hands must he press,  
Where of old at that vine-covered wicket he lingered  
but one to caress ;  
And *that* dearest one is still with him, to counsel, to  
strengthen, and calm,  
And to pour over Life's needful wounds the soft  
healing of Love's blessed balm.

## 3.

But Age will come on with its winter, though Hap-  
piness hideth its snows ;  
And if Youth has its duty of labour, the birthright  
of Age is repose ;  
And thus from that love-sweetened toil, which the  
Heavens had so prospered and blest,  
The old Campanaro will go to that vine-covered cot-  
tage to rest ;

But Paolo is pious and grateful, and vows, as he kneels  
at her shrine,  
To offer some fruit of his labour to Mary the Mother  
benign—  
Eight silver-toned bells will he offer, to toll for the  
quick and the dead,  
From the tower of the church of her convent that  
stands on the cliff overhead.

## 4.

'Tis for this that the bellows are blowing, that the  
workmen their sledge-hammers wield,  
That the firm sandy moulds are now broken, and the  
dark-shining bells are revealed ;  
The cars with their streamers are ready, and the  
flower-harnessed necks of the steers,  
And the bells from the cold silent workshop are  
borne amid blessings and tears.  
By the white-blossom'd, sweet-scented myrtles, by  
the olive-trees fringing the plain,  
By the corn-fields and vineyards is winding that  
gift-bearing, festival train ;  
And the hum of their voices is blending with the  
music that streams on the gale,  
As they wend to the Church of our Lady that stands  
at the head of the vale.

## 5.

Now they enter, and now more divinely the Saints'  
painted effigies smile,  
Now the Acolytes bearing lit tapers move solemnly  
down through the aisle,  
Now the Thurifer swings the rich censer, and the  
white-curling vapour up-floats,  
And hangs round the deep-pealing organ, and blends  
with the tremulous notes.  
In a white shining alb comes the Abbot, and he cir-  
cles the bells round about,  
And with oil, and with salt, and with water, they  
are purified inside and out ;  
They are marked with Christ's mystical symbol,  
while the priests and the choristers sing,  
And are blessed in the name of that God to whose  
honour they ever shall ring.

## 6.

Toll, toll ! with a rapid vibration, with a melody  
silv'ry and strong,  
The bells from the sound-shaken belfry are singing  
their first maiden song ;  
Not now for the dead or the living, or the triumphs  
of peace or of strife,  
But a quick joyous outburst of jubilee full of their  
newly felt life ;



Rapid, more rapid, the clapper rebounds from the  
round of the bells—  
Far and more far through the valley the intertwined  
melody swells—  
Quivering and broken the atmosphere trembles and  
twinkles around,  
Like the eyes and the hearts of the hearers that  
glisten and beat to the sound.

## 7.

But how to express all his rapture when echo the  
deep cadence bore  
To the old Campanaro reclining in the shade of his  
vine-covered door,  
How to tell of the bliss that came o'er him as he  
gazed on the fair evening star,  
And heard the faint toll of the vesper bell steal o'er  
the vale from afar—  
Ah! it was not alone the brief ecstasy music doth  
ever impart  
When Sorrow and Joy at its bidding come together,  
and dwell in the heart;  
But it *was* that delicious sensation with which the  
young Mother is blest,  
As she lists to the laugh of her child as it falleth  
asleep on her breast.

## 8.

From a sweet night of slumber he woke ; but it was  
not that morn had unroll'd  
O'er the pale, cloudy tents of the Orient, her banners  
of purple and gold :  
It was not the song of the sky-lark, that rose from  
the green pastures near,  
But the sound of his bells that fell softly, as dew on  
the slumberer's ear.  
At that sound he awoke and arose, and went forth  
on the bead-bearing grass—  
At that sound, with his loving Francesca, he piously  
knelt at the Mass.  
If the sun shone in splendour around him, and that  
certain music were dumb,  
He would deem it a dream of the night-time, and  
doubt if the morning had come.

## 9.

At noon, as he lay in the sultriness, under his broad-  
leafy limes,  
Far sweeter than murmuring waters came the toll of  
the Angelus chimes.  
Pious and tranquil he rose, and uncovered his reve-  
rend head,  
And thrice was the Ave-Maria and thrice was the  
Angelus said ;

Not idle the time-hallowed custom, to turn for a  
moment away  
From the pleasures and pains of existence, from the  
trouble and turmoil of day,  
From the tumult within and without, to the peace  
that abideth on high,  
When the deep, solemn sound from the belfry comes  
down like a voice from the sky.

## 10.

And thus round the heart of the old man, at morn-  
ing, at noon, and at eve,  
The bells, with their rich woof of music, the net-  
work of happiness weave.  
They ring in the clear, tranquil evening, and lo! all  
the air is alive,  
As the sweet-laden thoughts come, like bees, to abide  
in his heart as a hive.  
They blend with his moments of joy, as the odour  
doth blend with the flower,—  
They blend with his light-falling tears, as the sun-  
shine doth blend with the shower.  
As their music is mirthful or mournful, his pulse  
beateth sluggish or fast,  
And his breast takes its hue, like the ocean, as the  
sunbeams or shadows are cast.

## 11.

Thus adding new zest to enjoyment, and drawing  
the sharp sting from pain,  
The heart of the old man grew young, as it drank  
the sweet musical strain.  
Again at the altar he stands, with Francesca the fair  
at his side,  
As the bells ring a quick peal of gladness, to wel-  
come some happy young bride.  
'Tis true, when the death-bells are tolling, the  
wounds of his heart bleed anew,  
When he thinks of his old loving mother, and the  
darlings that destiny slew ;  
But the tower in whose shade they are sleeping  
seems the emblem of hope and of love,—  
There is silence and death at its base, but there's  
life in the belfry above.

## 12.

Was it the sound of his bells, as they swung in the  
purified air,  
That drove from the bosom of Paolo the dark-wingéd  
demons of Care ?  
Was it their magical tone that for many a shadow-  
less day  
(So faith once believed) swept the clouds and the  
black-boding tempests away ?

Ah ! never may Fate with their music a harsh-  
grating dissonance blend !

Sure an evening so calm and so bright will glide  
peacefully on to the end.

Sure the course of his life, to its close, like his own  
native river must be,

Flowing on through the valley of flowers to its home  
in the bright summer sea !

## PART III.

## VICISSITUDE AND REST.

---

The flower that smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow dies;  
 All that we wish to stay,  
 Tempts and then flies.  
 What is this world's delight?  
 Lightning that mocks the night—  
 Brief even as bright.

SHELLEY.

---

Till there came upon his mind  
 A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which he pined.

REVOLT OF ISLAM.

The bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower.

TALE OF PARAGUAY.

## 1.

O ERIN! thou broad-spreading valley—thou well-  
 watered land of fresh streams,  
 When I gaze on thy hills greenly sloping, where the  
 light of such loveliness beams,  
 When I rest by the rim of thy fountains, or stray  
 where thy streams disembogue,  
 Then I think that the Fairies have brought me to  
 dwell in the bright Tir-na-n-oge(?).

But when on the face of thy children I look, and  
    behold the big tears  
Still stream down their grief-eaten channels, which  
    widen and deepen with years,  
I fear that some dark blight for ever will fall on thy  
    harvests of peace,  
And that, like to thy lakes and thy rivers, thy sor-  
    rows must ever increase<sup>(3)</sup>.

## 2.

O Land! which the heavens made for joy, but where  
    wretchedness buildeth its throne—  
O prodigal spendthrift of sorrow! and hast thou not  
    heirs of thine own?  
Thus to lavish thy sons' only portion, and bring one  
    sad claimant the more,  
From the sweet sunny land of the south, to thy  
    crowded and sorrowful shore?  
For this proud bark that cleaveth thy waters, she is  
    not a corrach of thine,  
And the broad purple sails that spread o'er her seem  
    dyed in the juice of the vine.  
Not thine is that flag, backward floating, nor the  
    olive-cheek'd seamen who guide,  
Nor that heart-broken old man who gazes so listlessly  
    over the tide.

## 3.

Accurs'd be the monster, who selfishly draweth his  
sword from its sheath ;  
Let his garland be twined by the Furies, and the  
upas tree furnish the wreath ;  
Let the blood he has shed steam around him, through  
the length of eternity's years,  
And the anguish-wrung screams of his victims for  
ever resound in his ears.  
For all that makes life worth possessing must yield  
to his self-seeking lust :  
He trampleth on home and on love, as his war-horses  
trample the dust ;  
He loosens the red streams of ruin, which wildly,  
though partially, stray—  
They but chafe round the rock-bastion'd castle, while  
they sweep the frail cottage away.

## 4.

Feuds fell like a plague upon Florence, and rage  
from without and within ;  
Peace turned her mild eyes from the havoc, and  
Mercy grew deaf in the din ;  
Fear strengthened the dove-wings of Happiness,  
tremblingly borne on the gale ;  
And the angel Security vanished, as the War-demon  
swept o'er the vale.



Is it for the Mass or the Angelus now that the bells  
ever ring ?

Or is it the red trickling must such a purple reflec-  
tion doth fling ?

Ah, no : 'tis the tocsin of terror that tolls from the  
desolate shrine ;

And the down-trodden vineyards are flowing, but not  
with the blood of the vine.

## 5.

Deadly and dark was the tempest that swept o'er  
that vine-covered plain ;

Burning and withering, its drops fell like fire on the  
grass and the grain.

But the gloomiest moments must pass to their graves,  
as the brightest and best,

And thus once again did fair Fiesole look o'er a val-  
ley of rest.

But oh ! in that brief hour of horror—that bloody  
eclipse of the sun,

What hopes and what dreams have been shattered ?—  
what ruin and wrong have been done ?

What blossoms for ever have faded, that promised a  
harvest so fair ;

And what joys are laid low in the dust that eternity  
cannot repair !

## 6.

Look down on that valley of sorrows, whence the  
land-marks of joy are removed,  
Oh! where is the darling Francesca, so loving, so  
dearly beloved?  
And where are her children, whose voices rose music-  
winged once from this spot?  
And why are the sweet bells now silent? and where  
is the vine-cover'd cot?  
'Tis morning—no Mass-bell is tolling; 'tis noon, but  
no Angelus rings;  
'Tis evening, but no drops of melody rain from her  
rose-coloured wings.  
Ah! where have the angels, poor Paolo, that guarded  
thy cottage-door, flown?  
And why have they left thee to wander thus child-  
less and joyless alone?

## 7.

His children had grown into manhood, but ah! in  
that terrible night  
Which had fallen on fair Florence, they perished  
away in the thick of the fight;  
Heart-blinded, his darling Francesca went seeking  
her sons through the gloom,  
And found them at length, and lay down full of love  
by their side in the tomb.

That cottage—its vine-cover'd porch and its myrtle-bound garden of flowers,  
That church whence the bells with their voices drown'd the sound of the fast-flying hours,  
Both are levelled and laid in the dust, and the sweet-sounding bells have been torn  
From their down-fallen beams, and away by the red hand of sacrilege borne.

## 8.

As the smith, in the dark sullen smithy, striketh quick on the anvil below,  
Thus Fate on the heart of the old man struck rapidly blow after blow,  
Wife, children, and home passed away from that heart once so burning and bold,  
As the bright shining sparks disappear when the red glowing metal grows cold.  
He missed not the voice of his bells while those death-sounds struck loud in his ears,  
He missed not the church where they rang while his old eyes were blinded with tears,  
But the calmness of grief coming soon, in its sadness and silence profound,  
He listened once more as of old, but in vain, for the joy-bearing sound,

## 9.

When he felt that indeed they had vanished, one  
fancy then flashed on his brain,  
One wish made his heart beat anew with a throbbing  
it could not restrain—  
'Twas to wander away from fair Florence, its memory  
and dream-haunted dells,  
And to seek up and down through the earth for the  
sound of his magical bells,  
They will speak of the hopes that have perished, and  
the joys that have faded so fast,  
With the music of memory wingéd, they will seem  
but the voice of the past ;  
As when the bright morning has vanished, and even-  
ing grows starless and dark,  
The nightingale song of remembrance recalls the sweet  
strain of the lark.

## 10.

Thus restlessly wandering through Italy—now by  
the Adrian sea,  
In the shrine of Loretto, he bendeth his travel-tired,  
suppliant knee ;  
And now by the brown troubled Tiber he taketh his  
desolate way,  
And in many a shady basilica lingers to listen and  
pray.

He prays for the dear one snatched from him—nor  
vainly nor hopelessly prays,  
For the strong faith in union hereafter like a beam,  
o'er his cold bosom plays ;  
He listens at morning and evening, when matin and  
vesper bells toll,  
But their sweetest sounds grate on his ear, and their  
music is harsh to his soul.

## 11.

For though sweet are the bells that ring out from  
the tall campanili of Rome,  
Ah ! they are not the dearer and sweeter ones, tuned  
with the memory of home.  
So, leaving proud Rome and fair Tivoli, southward  
the old man must stray,  
Till he reaches the Eden of waters that sparkle in  
Napoli's bay :  
He sees not the blue waves of Baiæ, nor Ischia's  
summits of brown—  
He sees but the high campanili that rise o'er each  
far-gleaming town.  
Driven restlessly onward, he saileth away to the  
bright land of Spain,  
And seeketh thy shrine, Santiago, and stands by the  
western main.

## 12.

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he entered like  
one in a dream ;  
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to  
the Shannon's broad stream.  
'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich  
was the lemon-hued air,  
As it lay on lone Scatterry's island, or lit the green  
mountains of Clare ;  
The wide-spreading old giant river rolled his waters  
as smooth and as still  
As if Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come  
down from the far fairy hill<sup>(1)</sup>  
To fling her enchantments around on the mountains,  
the air, and the tide,  
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who  
looked from the dark vessel's side.

## 13.

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but  
swiftly away,  
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green sloping head-  
land and bay,  
'Twixt Cratloe's blue hills and green woods, and the  
soft sunny shores of Tervoe,  
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the  
broad bank below ;

Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners  
look o'er the town,  
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square  
tower, with its battlements brown.  
He listens—as yet all is silent, but now, with a sudden  
surprise,  
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through  
the clear evening skies!

## 14.

One note is enough—his eye moistens, his heart,  
long so wither'd, outswells,  
He has found them—the sons of his labours—his  
musical, magical bells!  
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around  
him the sweet Arno shines,  
His children—his darling Francesca—his purple-clad  
trellis of vines!  
Leaning forward, he listens—he gazes—he hears in  
that wonderful strain  
The long-silent voices that murmur, “Oh! leave us  
not, father, again!”  
'Tis granted—he smiles—his eye closes—the breath  
from his white lips hath fled—  
The father has gone to his children—the old Cam-  
panaro is dead!

## SUMMER LONGINGS.

---

*Las mananas Floridas*

*De Abril y Mayo.*

CALDERON.

---

AH ! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May—  
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,  
 With the woodbine alternating,  
 Scent the dewy way :—  
 Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
 Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May—  
 Longing to escape from study,  
 To the young face fair and ruddy,  
 And the thousand charms belonging  
 To the summer's day :—  
 Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
 Longing for the May.



Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning,  
When the summer beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying  
All the winter lay :—  
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows ;  
Where in laughing and in sobbing  
Glide the streams away :—  
Ah ! my heart, my heart is throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May—  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings ;  
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away :—  
Man is ever weary, weary,  
Waiting for the May<sup>a</sup> !

<sup>a</sup> Set to music by the late lamented Earl of Belfast. See Notes to "Underglimpses," p. 210. Translated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain.

## A LAMENT.

---

Ya esta Llama se desata,  
 Ya caduca este edificio,  
 Ya se desmaya esta Flor.

CALDERON.

---

THE dream is over,  
 The vision has flown;  
 Dead leaves are lying  
 Where roses have blown;  
 Wither'd and strown  
 Are the hopes I cherished,—  
 All hath perished  
 But grief alone.

My heart was a garden  
 Where fresh leaves grew;  
 Flowers there were many,  
 And weeds a few;  
 Cold winds blew,  
 And the frosts came thither,  
 For flowers will wither,  
 And weeds renew!

Youth's bright palace  
Is overthrown,  
With its diamond sceptre  
And golden throne;  
As a time-worn stone  
Its turrets are humbled,—  
All hath crumbled  
But grief alone !

Whither, oh ! whither  
Have fled away  
The dreams and hopes  
Of my early day ?  
Ruined and gray  
Are the towers I builded ;  
And the beams that gilded—  
Ah ! where are they ?

Once this world  
Was fresh and bright,  
With its golden noon  
And its starry night ;  
Glad and light,  
By mountain and river,  
Have I bless'd the Giver  
With hushed delight.

These were the days  
Of story and song,  
When Hope had a meaning  
And Faith was strong.  
“ Life will be long,  
And lit with Love’s gleamings :”  
Such were my dreamings,  
But, ah ! how wrong !

Youth’s illusions,  
One by one,  
Have passed like clouds  
That the sun looked on.  
While morning shone,  
How purple their fringes !  
How ashy their tinges  
When that was gone !

Darkness that cometh  
Ere morn has fled—  
Boughs that wither  
Ere fruits are shed—  
Death-bells instead  
Of a bridal’s pealings—  
Such are my feelings,  
Since Hope is dead !

Sad is the knowledge  
That cometh with years—  
Bitter the tree  
That is watered with tears ;  
Truth appears,  
With his wise predictions,  
Then vanish the fictions  
Of boyhood's years.

As fire-flies fade  
When the nights are damp—  
As meteors are quenched  
In a stagnant swamp—  
Thus Charlemagne's camp,  
Where the Paladins rally,  
And the Diamond Valley,  
And Wonderful Lamp,

And all the wonders  
Of Ganges and Nile,  
And Haroun's rambles,  
And Crusoe's isle,  
And Princes who smile  
On the Genii's daughters  
'Neath the Orient waters  
Full many a mile,

And all that the pen  
Of Fancy can write,  
Must vanish  
In manhood's misty light—  
Squire and knight,  
And damosel's glances,  
Sunny romances  
So pure and bright!

These have vanished,  
And what remains?  
Life's budding garlands  
Have turned to chains—  
Its beams and rains  
Feed but docks and thistles,  
And sorrow whistles  
O'er desert plains!

The dove will fly  
From a ruined nest—  
Love will not dwell  
In a troubled breast—  
The heart has no zest  
To sweeten life's dolor—  
If Love, the Consoler,  
Be not its guest!

The dream is over,  
The vision has flown ;  
Dead leaves are lying  
Where roses have blown ;  
Wither'd and strown  
Are the hopes I cherished,—  
All hath perished  
But grief alone\* !

\* Set to music by the Earl of Belfast. Translated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain.

## DEVOTION.

WHEN I wander by the ocean,  
 When I view its wild commotion,  
 Then the spirit of devotion  
     Cometh near ;  
 But it fills my brain and bosom,  
     Like a fear !

I fear its booming thunder,  
 Its terror and its wonder,  
 Its icy waves, that sunder  
     Heart from heart ;  
 And the white host that lies under  
     Makes me start !

Its clashing and its clangour  
 Proclaim the Godhead's anger—  
 I shudder, and with languor  
     Turn away ;  
 No joyance fills my bosom  
     For that day !



When I wander through the valleys,  
When the evening zephyr dallies,  
And the light expiring rallies  
    In the stream,  
That spirit comes and glads me,  
    Like a dream !

The blue smoke upward curling,  
The silver streamlet purling,  
The meadow wild flowers furling  
    Their leaflets to repose,—  
All woo me from the world  
    And its woes !

The evening bell that bringeth  
A truce to toil outringeth,  
No sweetest bird that singeth  
    Half so sweet,  
Not even the lark that springeth  
    From my feet !

Then see I God beside me,  
The sheltering trees that hide me,  
The mountains that divide me  
    From the sea,—  
All prove how kind a Father  
    He can be.

Beneath the sweet moon shining  
The cattle are reclining,  
No murmur of repining  
    Soundeth sad ;  
All feel the present Godhead,  
    And are glad !

With mute unvoiced confessings,  
To the Giver of all blessings  
I kneel, and with caressings  
    Press the sod,  
And thank my Lord and Father,  
    And my God !

## SONNET,

WITH A COPY OF CAMPBELL'S POEMS.



MY dearest love, sole sweet'ner of my life,  
 Guide and companion through the world's rough way,  
 Upon this morning of the new year's day,  
 When, 'mid the winter agony and strife  
 Of warring winds, the joy-proclaiming fife  
 And the clear bells in gladsome concert play,  
 Bidding the sore-travailing earth be gay  
 For the sweet child new-born,—O darling wife!  
 Let *me* too join the chorus of delight  
 That echoes now o'er mount and vale and stream:—  
 For the new joys that round about me gleam,  
 Blessings be on thee, dearest, day and night!—  
 Take this fair book, its strains may wing Time's flight,  
 And with the Bard enjoy "Hope's" blissful dream!

*New Year's Day, 1849.*

**ALICE AND UNA.**

[“The Pass of Kéim-an-eigh (the Path of the Deer) lies to the south-west of Inchageela, in the direction of Bantry Bay. The tourist will commit a grievous error if he omit to visit it. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided by some convulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, about two miles in length, is overhung on either side, by perpendicular masses, clothed in wild ivy and underwood, with, occasionally, a stunted yew tree or arbutus growing among them. At every step advance seems impossible; some huge rock jutting out into the path, and, on sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmountable; while from all sides rush down the ‘wild fountains,’ and, forming for themselves a rugged channel, make their way onward; the first tributary offering to the gentle and fruitful Lee:

‘Here, amidst heaps  
Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,  
The wide-spread traces of its watery might,  
The tortuous channel wound.’

Nowhere has nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur, undisturbed by any living thing; for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful, and the hum of bee or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts.”—HALL'S *Ireland*, vol. i. p. 117.]

## ALICE AND UNA.

### A TALE OF CEIM-AN-EICH.



#### 1.

AN! the pleasant time hath vanished, ere our wretched  
doubtings banished  
All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth  
and sea,  
Whom in days now dim and olden, when the world  
was fresh and golden,  
Every mortal could behold in haunted rath, and tower,  
and tree—  
They have vanished, they are banished—ah! how  
sad the loss for thee,  
Lonely Céim-an-eich\*!

\* More usually spelled *Keim-an-eigh*, and pronounced *Keim-an-ee*. For the meaning of the word, and a description of the singular mountain pass to which it gives its name, see opposite page.

## 2.

Still some scenes are yet enchanted by the charms  
that Nature granted,  
Still are peopled, still are haunted, by a graceful  
spirit band ;—  
Peace and Beauty have their dwelling where the in-  
fant streams are welling,  
Where the mournful waves are knelling on Glenga-  
riff's coral strand<sup>(s)</sup>,  
Or where, on Killarney's mountains, Grace and Terror  
smiling stand,  
Like sisters, hand in hand !

## 3.

Still we have a new romance in fire-ships through the  
tamed seas glancing,  
And the snorting and the prancing of the mighty  
engine steed ;  
Still, Astolpho-like, we wander through the bound-  
less azure yonder,  
Realizing what seemed fonder than the magic tales  
we read—  
Tales of wild Arabian wonder, where the fancy all is  
freed—  
Wilder far indeed !

## 4.

Now that Earth once more hath woken, and the  
trance of Time is broken,  
And the sweet word—Hope—is spoken, soft and  
sure, though none know how,—  
Could we—could we only see all these, the glories of  
the Real,  
Blended with the lost Ideal, happy were the old  
world now—  
Woman in its fond believing—man with iron arm  
and brow—  
Faith and Work its vow !

## 5.

Yes ! the Past shines clear and pleasant, and there's  
glory in the Present ;  
And the Future, like a crescent, lights the deepening  
sky of Time ;  
And that sky will yet grow brighter, if the Worker  
and the Writer—  
If the Sceptre and the Mitre join in sacred bonds  
sublime.  
With two glories shining o'er them, up the coming  
years they'll climb,  
Earth's great evening as its prime !



## 6.

With a sigh for what is fading, but, O Earth ! with  
no upbraiding,—  
For we feel that time is braiding newer, fresher  
flowers for thee,—  
We will speak, despite our grieving, words of Loving  
and Believing,  
Tales we vowed when we were leaving awful Céim-  
an-eich—  
Where the sever'd rocks resemble fragments of a  
frozen sea,  
And the wild deer flee !

## 7.

'Tis the hour when flowers are shrinking, when the  
weary sun is sinking,  
And his thirsty steeds are drinking in the cooling  
western sea ;  
When young Maurice lightly goeth, where the tiny  
streamlet floweth,  
And the struggling moonlight showeth where his  
path must be,—  
Path whereon the wild goats wander fearlessly and  
free  
Through dark Céim-an-eich.

## 8.

As a hunter, danger daring, with his dogs the brown  
moos sharing.

Little thinking, little caring, long a wayward youth  
lived he ;

But his bounding heart was regal, and he looked as  
looks the eagle,

And he flew as flies the beagle, who the panting stag  
doth see :

Love, who spares a fellow-archer, long had let him  
wander free

Through wild Céim-an-eich !

## 9.

But at length the hour drew nigher when his heart  
should feel that fire(\*) ;

Up the mountain high and higher had he hunted  
from the dawn ;

Till the weeping fawn descended, where the earth  
and ocean blended,

And with hope its slow way wended to a little grassy  
lawn :

It is safe, for gentle Alice to her saving breast hath  
drawn

Her almost sister fawn.

## 10.

Alice was a chieftain's daughter, and, though many  
sutors sought her,  
She so loved Glengariff's water that she let her lovers  
pine ;  
Her eye was beauty's palace, and her cheek an ivory  
chalice,  
Through which the blood of Alice gleamed soft as  
rosiest wine,  
And her lips like lusmore blossoms which the fairies  
intertwine,  
And her heart a golden mine.

## 11.

She was gentler, she was shyer than the light fawn  
that stood by her,  
And her eyes emit a fire<sup>(6)</sup> soft and tender as her soul ;  
Love's dewy light doth drown her, and the braided  
locks that crown her  
Than autumn's trees are browner, when the golden  
shadows roll  
Through the forests in the evening, when cathedral  
turrets toll,  
And the purple sun advanceth to its goal.

## 12.

Her cottage was a dwelling all regal homes excelling,  
But, ah ! beyond the telling was the beauty round it  
spread—

The wave and sunshine playing, like sisters each ar-  
raying—

Far down the sea-plants swaying upon their coral  
bed,

As languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's head,  
When the summer breeze is dead.

## 13.

Need we say that Maurice loved her, and that no  
blush reproved her

When her throbbing bosom moved her to give the  
heart she gave ;

That by dawn-light and by twilight, and, O blessed  
moon ! by thy light—

When the twinkling stars on high light the wanderer  
o'er the wave—

His steps unconscious led him where Glengariff's  
waters lave

Each mossy bank and cave.

## 14.

He thitherward is wending—o'er the vale is night  
descending—  
Quick his step, but quicker sending his herald  
thoughts before;  
By rocks and streams before him, proud and hopeful  
on he bore him;  
One star was shining o'er him—in his heart of hearts  
two more—  
And two other eyes, far brighter than a human head  
e'er wore,  
    . Unseen were shining o'er.

## 15.

These eyes are not of woman—no brightness merely  
human  
Could, planet-like, illumine the place in which they  
shone;  
But Nature's bright works vary—there are beings,  
light and airy,  
Whom mortal lips call fairy, and Una she is one—  
Sweet sisters of the moonbeams and daughters of the  
sun,  
    Who along the curling cool waves run.

## 16.

As summer lightning dances amid the heaven's ex-  
panses,  
Thus shone the burning glances of those flashing fairy  
eyes ;  
Three splendours there were shining—three passions  
intertwining—  
Despair and hope combining their deep contrasted  
dyes  
With jealousy's green lustre, as troubled ocean vies  
With the blue of summer skies !

## 17.

She was a fairy creature, of heavenly form and fea-  
ture—  
Not Venus' self could teach her a newer, sweeter  
grace—  
Not Venus' self could lend her an eye so dark and  
tender,  
Half softness and half splendour, as lit her lily face ;  
And as the choral planets move harmonious through-  
out space,  
There was music in her pace.

## 18.

But when at times she started, and her blushing lips  
were parted,  
And a pearly lustre darted from her teeth so ivory  
white,  
You'd think you saw the gliding of two rosy clouds  
dividing,  
And the crescent they were hiding gleam forth upon  
your sight  
Through these lips, as through the portals of a heaven  
pure and bright,  
Came a breathing of delight !

## 19.

Though many an elf-king loved her, and elf-dames  
grave reproved her,  
The hunter's daring moved her more wildly every  
hour ;  
Unseen she roamed beside him, to guard him and to  
guide him,  
And now she must divide him from her human  
rival's power :—  
Ah ! Alice—gentle Alice ! the storm begins to lower  
That may crush Glengariff's flower !

## 20.

The moon, that late was gleaming, as calm as child-  
hood's dreaming,  
Is hid, and, wildly screaming, the stormy winds  
arise;  
And the clouds flee quick and faster before their  
sullen master,  
And the shadows of disaster are falling from the skies;  
Strange sights and sounds are rising—but, Maurice,  
be thou wise,  
Nor heed the tempting cries.

## 21.

If ever mortal needed that council, surely *he* did;  
But the wile has now succeeded—he wanders from  
his path;  
The cloud its lightning sendeth, and its bolt the stout  
oak rendeth,  
And the *árbutus* back bendeth in the whirlwind, as  
a lath!  
Now and then the moon looks out, but alas! its pale  
face hath  
A dreadful look of wrath.



## 22.

In vain his strength he squanders—at each step he  
wider wanders—

Now he pauses—now he ponders where his present  
path may lead ;

And, as he round is gazing, he sees—a sight amaz-  
ing !—

Beneath him, calmly grazing, a noble jet-black steed.

“Now, Heaven be praised !” cried Maurice, “for  
this succour in my need—

From this labyrinth I’m freed !”

## 23.

Upon its back he leapeth, but a shudder through him  
creepeth,

As the mighty monster sweepeth like a torrent  
through the dell ;

His mane, so softly flowing, is now a meteor blowing,  
And his burning eyes are glowing with the light of  
an inward hell ;

And the red breath of his nostrils, like steam where  
the lightning fell ;

And his hoofs have a thunder knell !

## 24.

What words have we for painting the momentary  
fainting

That the rider's heart is tainting, as decay doth taint  
a corpse ?

But who will stoop to chiding, in 'a fancied courage  
priding,

When we know that he is riding the fearful Phooka  
Horse ?

Ah ! his heart beats quick and faster than the smit-  
ings of remorse

As he sweepeth through the wild grass and  
gorse !

## 25.

As the avalanche comes crashing, 'mid the scattered  
streamlets splashing,

Thus backward wildly dashing flew the horse through  
Céim-an-eich—

Through that glen so wild and narrow back he darted  
like an arrow—

Round, round by Gougane Barra, and the fountains  
of the Lee ;

O'er the Giant's Grave he leapeth, and he seems to  
own in fee

The mountains, and the rivers, and the sea !

## 26.

From his flashing hoofs who *shall* lock the eagle  
homes of Malloc<sup>(7)</sup>,

When he bounds, as bounds the Mialloch<sup>(8)</sup> in its  
wild and murmuring tide ?

But as winter leadeth Flora, or the night leads on  
Aurora,

Or as shines green Glashenglora<sup>(9)</sup> along the black  
hill's side,

Thus, beside that demon monster, white and gentle  
as a bride,

A tender fawn is seen to glide.

## 27.

It is the fawn that fled him, and that late to Alice  
led him,

But now it does not dread him, as it feigned to do  
before,

When down the mountain gliding, in that sheltered  
meadow hiding,

It left his heart abiding by wild Glengariff's shore :  
For it was a gentle Fairy who the fawn's light form  
thus wore,

And who watched sweet Alice o'er.

## 28.

But the steed is backward prancing where late it  
was advancing,  
And his flashing eyes are glancing, like the sun upon  
Loch Foyle ;  
The hardest granite crushing, through the thickest  
brambles brushing,  
Now like a shadow rushing up the sides of Slieve-  
na-goil !<sup>(10)</sup>  
And the fawn beside him gliding o'er the rough and  
broken soil,  
Without fear and without toil.

## 29.

Through woods, the sweet birds' leaf home, he  
rusheth to the sea foam,  
Long, long the fairies' chief home, when the summer  
nights are cool,  
And the blue sea, like a Syren, with its waves the  
steed environ,  
Which hiss like furnace iron when plunged within a  
pool,  
Then along among the islands where the water-  
nymphs bear rule,  
Through the bay to Adragool.

## 30.

Now he rises o'er Bearhaven, where he hangeth like  
a raven—

Ah! Maurice, though no craven, how terrible for  
thee!

To see the misty shading of the mighty mountains  
fading,

And thy winged fire-steed wading through the clouds  
as through a sea!

Now he feels the earth beneath him—he is loosen'd—  
he is free,

And asleep in Céim-an-eich.

## 31.

Away the wild steed leapeth, while his rider calmly  
sleepeth

Beneath a rock which keepeth the entrance to the  
glen<sup>(11)</sup>,

Which standeth like a castle, where are dwelling  
lord and vassal,

Where within are wine and wassail, and without are  
warrior men;

But save the sleeping Maurice, this castle cliff had  
then

No mortal denizen!

## 32.

Now Maurice is awaking, for the solid earth is  
shaking,  
And a sunny light is breaking through the slowly  
opening stone,  
And a fair page at the portal crieth, "Welcome,  
welcome ! mortal,  
Leave thy world (at best a short ill), for the pleasant  
world we own ;  
There are joys by thee untasted, there are glories yet  
unknown—  
Come kneel at Una's throne."

## 33.

With a sullen sound of thunder, the great rock falls  
asunder,  
He looks around in wonder, and with ravishment  
awhile,  
For the air his sense is chaining, with as exquisite a  
paining,  
As when summer clouds are raining o'er a flowery  
Indian isle ;  
And the faces that surround him, oh ! how exquisite  
their smile,  
So free of mortal care and guile.

## 34.

These forms, oh! they are finer—these faces are  
diviner  
Than, Phidias, even thine are, with all thy magic art;  
For beyond an artist's guessing, and beyond a bard's  
expressing,  
Is the face that truth is dressing with the feelings of  
the heart;  
Two worlds are there together—Earth and Heaven  
have each a part—  
And of such, divinest Una, thou art!

## 35.

And then the dazzling lustre of the hall in which  
they muster—  
Where brightest diamonds cluster on the flashing  
walls around;  
And the flying and advancing, and the sighing and  
the glancing,  
And the music and the dancing on the flower-inwoven  
ground,  
And the laughing and the feasting, and the quaffing  
and the sound,  
In which their voices all are drowned,

## 36.

But the murmur now is hushing—there's a pushing  
and a rushing,  
There's a crowding and a crushing, through that  
golden, fairy place,  
Where a snowy veil is lifting, like the slow and silent  
shifting  
Of a shining vapour drifting across the moon's pale  
face—  
For there sits gentle Una, fairest queen of fairy race,  
In her beauty, and her majesty, and grace.

## 37.

The moon by stars attended, on her pearly throne  
ascended,  
Is not more purely splendid than this fairy-girted  
queen ;  
And when her lips had spoken, 'mid the charmed si-  
lence broken,  
You'd think you had awoken in some bright Elysian  
scene ;  
For her voice than the lark's was sweeter, that sings  
in joy between  
The heavens and the meadows green.



## 38.

But her cheeks—ah! what are roses?—what are  
clouds where eve reposes?—  
What are hues that dawn discloses?—to the blushes  
spreading there;  
And what the sparkling motion of a star within the  
ocean,  
To the crystal soft emotion that her lustrous dark eyes  
wear;  
And the tresses of a moonless and a starless night are  
fair  
To the blackness of her raven hair.

## 39.

“Ah! Mortal, hearts have panted for what to thee is  
granted—  
To see the halls enchanted of the spirit world revealed;  
And yet no glimpse assuages the feverish doubt that  
rages  
In the hearts of bards and sages wherewith they may  
be healed;  
For this have pilgrims wandered—for this have vo-  
taries kneeled—  
For this, too, has blood bedewed the field.

## 40.

“ And now that thou beholdest what the wisest and  
the oldest,

What the bravest and the boldest, have never yet  
descried,

Wilt thou come and share our being, be a part of  
what thou’rt seeing,

And flee, as we are fleeing, through the boundless  
ether wide ?

Or along the silver ocean, or down deep where pale  
pearls hide ?

And I, who am a queen, will be thy bride.

## 41.

“ As an essence thou wilt enter the world’s myste-  
rious centre”—

And then the fairy bent her, imploring, to the youth—

“ Thou’lt be free of death’s cold ghastness, and, with  
a comet’s fastness

Thou canst wander through the vastness to the Pa-  
radise of Truth,

Each day a new joy bringing, which will never leave  
in sooth

The slightest stain of weariness and ruth.”

## 42.

As he listened to the speaker, his heart grew weak  
and weaker—

Ah ! Memory, go seek her, that maiden by the wave,  
Who with terror and amazement is looking from her  
casement,

Where the billows at the basement of her nestled  
cottage rave,

At the moon, which struggles onward through the  
tempest, like the brave,

And which sinks within the clouds as in a  
grave.

## 43.

All maidens will abhor us—and it's very painful for  
us

To tell how faithless Maurice forgot his plighted  
vow ;

He thinks not of the breaking of the heart he late was  
seeking,

He but listens to her speaking, and but gazes on her  
brow ;

And his heart has all consented, and his lips are ready  
now

With the awful and irrevocable vow.

## 44.

While the word is there abiding, lo! the crowd is  
now dividing,  
And, with sweet and gentle gliding, in before him  
came a fawn;  
It was the same that fled him, and that seemed so  
much to dread him,  
When it down in wonder led him to Glengariff's  
grassy lawn,  
When, from rock to rock descending, to sweet Alice  
he was drawn,  
As through Céim-an-eich he hunted from  
the dawn.

## 45.

The magic chain is broken—no fairy vow is spoken—  
From his trance he hath awoken, and once again is  
free;  
And gone is Una's palace, and vain the wild steed's  
malice,  
And again to gentle Alice down he wends through  
Céim-an-eich:  
The moon is calmly shining over mountain, stream,  
and tree,  
And the yellow sea-plants glisten through  
the sea.

---

## 46.

The sun his gold is flinging, the happy birds are  
singing,

And bells are gaily ringing along Glengariff's sea ;  
And crowds in many a galley to the happy marriage  
rally

Of the maiden of the valley and the youth of Céim-  
an-eich ;

Old eyes with joy are weeping, as all ask on bended  
knee,

A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee !

## THE SEASONS OF THE HEART.



THE different hues that deck the earth  
All in our bosoms have their birth ;  
'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,  
'Tis in the heart the summer lies !  
The earth is bright if that be glad,  
Dark is the earth if that be sad ;  
And thus I feel each weary day—  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away !

In vain, upon her emerald car,  
Comes Spring, "the maiden from afar,"  
And scatters o'er the woods and fields  
The liberal gifts that Nature yields ;  
In vain the buds begin to grow,  
In vain the crocus gilds the snow ;  
I feel no joy, though earth be gay—  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away !

And when the Summer, like a bride,  
Comes down to earth in blushing pride,  
And from that union sweet are born  
The fragrant flowers and waving corn,  
I hear the hum of birds and bees,  
I view the hills and streams and trees,  
Yet vain the thousand charms of May—  
'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Autumn crowns the year,  
And ripened hangs the golden ear,  
And luscious fruits of ruddy hue  
The bending boughs are glancing through,  
When yellow leaves from sheltered nooks  
Come forth and try the mountain brooks,  
Even then I feel, as there I stray—  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Winter comes at length,  
With swaggering gait and giant strength,  
And with his strong arms in a trice  
Binds up the streams in chains of ice,  
What need I sigh for pleasures gone,  
The twilight eve, the rosy dawn?  
My heart is changed as much as they—  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away!

Even now, when Summer lends the scene  
Its brightest gold, its purest green,  
Whene'er I climb the mountain's breast,  
With softest moss and heath-flowers dress'd,  
When now I hear the breeze that stirs  
The golden bells that deck the furze,  
Alas ! unprized they pass away—  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away !

But when thou comest back once more,  
Though dark clouds hang and loud winds roar,  
And mists obscure the nearest hills,  
And dark and turbid roll the rills,  
Such pleasures then my breast shall know,  
That Summer's sun shall round me glow ;  
Then through the gloom shall gleam the May :  
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away !



## OVER THE SEA.



SAD eyes! why are ye steadfastly gazing  
Over the sea?  
Is it the flock of the Ocean-shepherd grazing  
Like lambs on the lea?—  
Is it the dawn on the orient billows blazing  
Allureth ye?

Sad heart! why art thou tremblingly beating—  
What troubleth thee?  
There where the waves from the fathomless water  
come greeting,  
Wild with their glee!  
Or rush from the rocks, like a routed battalion  
retreating,  
Over the sea!

Sad feet ! why are ye constantly straying

Down by the sea ?

There, where the winds in the sandy harbour are  
playing,

Child-like and free,

What is the charm, whose potent enchantment  
obeying,

There chaineth ye ?

Oh ! sweet is the dawn, and bright are the colours it  
glows in !

Yet not to me !

To the beauty of God's bright creation my bosom is  
frozen !

Nought can I see !

Since *she* has departed—the dear one, the loved one,  
the chosen,

Over the sea !

Pleasant it was when the billows did struggle and  
wrestle,

Pleasant to see !

Pleasant to climb the tall cliffs where the sea-birds  
nestle,

When near to thee !

Nought can I now behold but the track of thy vessel  
Over the sea !

Long as a Lapland winter, which no pleasant sunlight  
cheereth,

The summer shall be :

Vainly shall autumn be gay, in the rich robes it  
weareth,

Vainly for me!

No joy can I feel till the prow of thy vessel appeareth  
Over the sea!

Sweeter than Summer, which tenderly, motherly  
bringeth

Flowers to the bee!

Sweeter than Autumn, which bounteously, lovingly  
flingeth

Fruits on the tree!

Shall be Winter, when homeward returning, thy  
swift vessel wingeth

Over the sea!

## SWEET MAY.

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Esta Maya lleva la flor  
Que las otras no.

LOPE DE VEGA\*.

---

THE Summer is come!—the Summer is come!

With its flowers and its branches green,  
Where the young birds chirp on the blossoming boughs,  
And the sunlight struggles between;  
And like children over the earth and sky  
The flowers and the light clouds play;  
But never before to my heart or eye  
Came there ever so sweet a May  
As this—

Sweet May! sweet May!

Oh! many a time have I wandered out  
In the youth of the opening year,  
When Nature's face was fair to my eye,  
And her voice was sweet to my ear!

\* "El Peregrino en su Patria." Barcelona. 1606. Fol. 140.

When I numbered the daisies, so few and shy,  
That I met in my lonely way ;  
But never before to my heart or eye  
Came there ever so sweet a May  
As this—  
Sweet May ! sweet May !

If the flowers delayed, or the beams were cold,  
Or the blossoming trees were bare,  
I had but to look in the Poet's book,  
For the Summer is always there !  
But the sunny page I now put by,  
And joy in the darkest day !  
For never before to my heart or eye  
Came there ever so sweet a May  
As this—  
Sweet May ! sweet May !

For ah ! the belovéd at length has come,  
Like the breath of May from afar !  
And my heart is lit with her gentle eyes,  
As the heavens by the evening star.  
'Tis this that brightens the darkest sky,  
And lengthens the faintest ray,  
And makes me feel that to heart or eye  
There was never so sweet a May  
As this—  
Sweet May ! sweet May !

\* Translated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain.

## THE PILGRIMS.



## 1.

SEE yonder little lowly hut,  
Begirt with fields of fresh-mown hay,  
Whose friendly doorway, never shut,  
Invites the passing beams to stay :  
Upon its roof the wall-flower blooms,  
With fragrant lip and tawny skin,  
And through the porch the pea perfumes  
The cooling breeze that enters in.

## 2.

Sweet-scented pearly hawthorn boughs  
Are in the hedges all around ;  
Sweet, milky, fragrant, gentle cows  
Are grazing o'er the dewy ground ;  
The rich laburnum's golden hair  
O'erhangs the lilac's purple cheek,  
While, stealing through the twilight air,  
Their hives the honey plunderers seek.

## 3.

With fondest thoughts and heart-spun dreams,  
Joy weaves around his magic woof,  
For Love's first sweetest moonlight beams  
Above this lowly cottage roof.  
What need we tell how Owen sigh'd,  
And Norah felt she knew not what?—  
Enough, that, seated side by side,  
They share this little lowly cot.

## 4.

As thus beneath a willing chain  
Their captive hearts exulting bound,  
Two pilgrims from the distant plain  
Come quickly o'er the mossy ground.  
One is a Boy, with locks of gold  
Thick curling round his face so fair ;  
The other Pilgrim, stern and old,  
Has snowy beard and silver hair.

## 5.

The youth, with many a merry trick,  
Goes singing on his careless way ;  
His old companion walks as quick,  
But speaks no word by night or day.  
Where'er the old man treads, the grass  
Fast fadeth with a certain doom ;  
But where the beauteous boy doth pass  
Unnumber'd flowers are seen to bloom.

## 6.

And thus before the Sage, the Boy  
Trips lightly o'er the blooming lands,  
And proudly bears a pretty toy—  
A crystal glass with diamond sands.  
A smile o'er any brow would pass,  
To see him frolic in the sun—  
To see him shake the crystal glass,  
And make the sands more quickly run.

## 7.

And now they leap the streamlet o'er,  
A silver thread so white and thin,  
And now they reach the open door,  
And now they lightly enter in :—  
“God save all here,”—that kind wish flies  
Still sweeter from his lips so sweet ;  
“God save you kindly,” Norah cries,  
“Sit down, my child, and rest and eat.”

## 8.

“Thanks, gentle Norah, fair and good,  
We'll rest awhile our weary feet ;  
But though this old man needeth food,  
There's nothing here that he can eat.  
His taste is strange, he eats alone,  
Beneath some ruined cloister's cope,  
Or on some tottering turret's stone,  
While I can only live on—Hope !



## 9.

“ A week ago, ere you were wed—  
It was the very night before—  
Upon so many sweets I fed,  
While passing by your mother's door,  
It was that dear delicious hour  
When Owen here the nosegay brought,  
And found you in the woodbine bower,—  
Since then, indeed, I've needed nought.”

## 10.

A blush steals over Norah's face,  
A smile comes over Owen's brow,  
A tranquil joy illumines the place,  
As if the moon were shining now ;  
The Boy beholds the pleasing pain,  
The sweet confusion he has done,  
And shakes the crystal glass again,  
And makes the sands more quickly run.

## 11.

“ Dear Norah, we are pilgrims, bound  
Upon an endless path sublime ;  
We pace the green earth round and round,  
And mortals call us LOVE and TIME ;  
He seeks the many, I the few,—  
I dwell with peasants, he with kings.  
We seldom meet, but when we do,  
I take his glass, and he my wings.

## 12.

“ And thus together on we go,  
Where'er I chance or wish to lead ;  
And Time, whose lonely steps are slow,  
Now sweeps along with lightning speed.  
Now on our bright predestined way  
We must to other regions pass ;  
But take this gift, and night and day  
Look well upon its truthful glass.

## 13.

“ How quick or slow the bright sands fall  
Is hid from lovers' eyes alone,  
If you can see them move at all,  
Be sure your heart has colder grown.  
'Tis coldness makes the glass grow dry,—  
The unclasping hand, the averted brow ;  
But warm the heart and breathe the sigh,  
And then they'll pass you know not how.”

## 14.

She took the glass where Love's warm hands  
A bright impervious vapour cast,  
She looks, but cannot see the sands,  
Although she feels they're falling fast.  
But cold hours came, and then, alas !  
She saw them falling frozen through,  
Till Love's warm light suffused the glass,  
And hid the loos'ning sands from view !

## HOME PREFERENCE.



Oh! had I the wings of a bird,  
To soar through the blue sunny sky,  
By what breeze would my pinions be stirred?  
To what beautiful land would I fly?  
Would the gorgeous East allure,  
With the light of its golden eves,  
Where the tall green palm, over isles of balm  
Waves with its feath'ry leaves?  
Ah! no! no! no!  
I heed not its tempting glare;  
In vain would I roam from my island home,  
For skies more fair.

Would I seek a southern sea,  
Italia's shore beside,  
Where the clustering grape from tree to tree  
Hangs in its rosy pride?

My truant heart be still,  
For I long have sighed to stray  
Through the myrtle flowers of fair Italy's bowers.  
By the shores of its southern bay.  
But no! no! no!  
Though bright be its sparkling seas,  
I never would roam from my island home,  
For charms like these!

Would I seek that land so bright,  
Where the Spanish maiden roves,  
With a heart of love and an eye of light,  
Through her native citron groves?  
Oh! sweet would it be to rest  
In the midst of the olive vales,  
Where the orange blooms and the rose perfumes  
The breath of the balmy gales!  
But no! no! no!—  
Though sweet be its wooing air!  
I never would roam from my island home  
To scenes, though fair!

Would I pass from pole to pole?  
Would I seek the western skies,  
Where the giant rivers roll,  
And the mighty mountains rise?

Or those treacherous isles that lie  
In the midst of the sunny deeps,  
Where the cocoa stands on the glistening sands,  
And the dread tornado sweeps!  
Ah! no! no! no!  
They have no charms for me;  
I never would roam from my island home,  
Though poor it be!

Poor!—oh! 'tis rich in all  
That flows from Nature's hand.  
Rich in the emerald wall  
That guards its emerald land!  
Are Italy's fields more green?  
Do they teem with a richer store  
Than the bright green breast of the Isle of the West,  
And its wild luxuriant shore?  
Ah! no! no! no!  
Upon it Heaven doth smile.  
Oh! I never would roam from my native home,  
My own dear isle!

\* Translated into French by M. le Chevallier de Chatelain.

## THE FORAY OF CON O'DONNELL.

[“ A. D. 1495.—Con, the son of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, with his small-powerful force,—and the reason Con's force was called the small-powerful force was, because he was always in the habit of mustering a force which did not exceed twelve score of well-equipped and experienced battle-axe-men, and sixty chosen active horsemen, fit for battle,—marched, with the forementioned force, to the residence of Mac John of the Glynnnes (in the county of Antrim); for Con had been informed that Mac John had in his possession the finest woman, steed, and hound, of any other person in his neighbourhood. He sent a messenger for the steed before that time, and was refused, although Con had, at the same time, promised it to one of his own people. Con did not delay, and got over every difficult pass with his small-powerful force, without battle or obstruction, until he arrived in the night at the house of Mac John, whom he, in the first place, took prisoner, and his wife, steed, and hound, and all his property, were under Con's control, for he found the same steed, with sixteen others, in the town on that occasion. All the Glynnnes were plundered on the following day by Con's people, but he afterwards, however, made perfect restitution of all property, to whomsoever it belonged, to Mac John's wife, and he set her husband free to her after he had passed the Bann westward. He brought with him the steed and great booty and spoils, into Tirhugh, and ordered the cattle-prey to be let out on the pasturage.”—*Annals of the Four Masters*, translated by Owen Connellan, Esq., pp. 331-2.

The poem which I have founded upon the foregoing passage (and in which I have made the hero act with more generosity than the Annals warrant) was written before the appearance of Dr. O'Donovan's “Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland.” For Dr. O'Donovan's version of this passage, which differs from that of the former translator in two or three important particulars, see the second volume of his work, p. 1219.]

## THE FORAY OF CON O'DONNELL.

A. D. 1495.



## 1.

THE evening shadows softly fall  
 Along the hills of Donegal<sup>(12)</sup>,  
 Softly the rising moonbeams play  
 Along the shores of Inver Bay<sup>(13)</sup>,  
 As smooth and white Loch Eask<sup>(14)</sup> expands  
 As Rosapenna's<sup>(15)</sup> silvery sands,  
 And quiet reigns o'er all thy fields,  
 Clan Dalaigh<sup>(16)</sup> of the golden shields.

## 2.

THE Fairy Gun<sup>(17)</sup> is heard no more  
 To boom within the cavern'd shore,  
 With smoother roll the torrents flow  
 Adown the rocks of Assaroe<sup>(18)</sup>;  
 Securely, till the coming day,  
 The red deer couch in far Glenvah,  
 And all is peace and calm around  
 O'Donnell's castled moat and mound.



## 3.

But in the hall there feast to-night  
Full many a kern and many a knight,  
And gentle dames, and clansmen strong,  
And wandering Bards, with store of song :  
The board is piled with smoking kine,  
And smooth bright cups of Spanish wine,  
And fish and fowl from stream and shaw,  
And fragrant mead and usquebaugh.

## 4.

The chief is at the table's head—  
'Tis Con, the son of Hugh the Red—  
The heir of Conal Golban's line<sup>(19)</sup>;  
With pleasure flushed, with pride and wine.  
He cries, " Our dames adjudge it wrong,  
To end our feast without the song ;  
Have we no Bard the strain to raise ?  
No foe to taunt, no maid to praise ?

## 5.

" Where Beauty dwells the Bard should dwell,  
What sweet lips speak the Bard should tell ;  
'Tis he should look for starry eyes,  
And tell love's watchers where they rise :  
To-night, if lips and eyes could do,  
Bards were not wanting in Tirhugh ;  
For where have lips a rosier light,  
And where are eyes more starry bright ?"

## 6.

Then young hearts beat along the board,  
To praise the maid that each adored,  
And lips as young would fain disclose  
The love within ; but one arose,  
Gray as the rocks beside the main,  
Gray as the mist upon the plain,—  
A thoughtful, wandering, minstrel man,  
And thus the aged bard began :—

## 7.

“ O CON, benevolent hand of peace !  
    O tower of valour firm and true !  
Like mountain fawns, like snowy fleece,  
    Move the sweet maidens of Tirhugh.  
Yet though through all thy realm I've strayed,  
    Where green hills rise and white waves fall,  
I have not seen so fair a maid  
    As once I saw by Cushendall<sup>(20)</sup>.

## 8.

“ O CON, thou hospitable Prince !  
    Thou, of the open heart and hand,  
Full oft I've seen the crimson tints  
    Of evening on the western land.  
I've wandered north, I've wandered south,  
    Throughout Tirhugh in hut and hall,  
But never saw so sweet a mouth  
    As whispered love by Cushendall.

## 9.

"O Con, munificent in gifts!

I've seen the full round harvest moon  
Gleam through the shadowy autumn drifts  
Upon the royal rock of Doune<sup>(21)</sup>.

I've seen the stars that glittering lie  
O'er all the night's dark mourning pall,  
But never saw so bright an eye  
As lit the glens of Cushendall.

## 10.

"I've wandered with a pleasant toil,

And still I wander in my dreams;  
Even from thy white-stoned beach, Loch Foyle,  
To Desmond of the flowing streams.

I've crossed the fair, green plains of Meath,  
To Dublin held in Saxon thrall;  
But never saw such pearly teeth,  
As hers that smiled by Cushendall.

## 11.

"O Con! thou'rt rich in yellow gold,

Thy fields are filled with lowing kine,  
Within thy castles wealth untold,  
Within thy harbours fleets of wine;

But yield not, Con, to worldly pride,  
Thou may'st be rich, but hast not all;  
Far richer he who for his bride  
Has won fair Anne of Cushendall.

## 12.

“She leans upon a husband’s arm,  
Surrounded by a valiant clan,  
In Antrim’s Glynnnes, by fair Glenarm,  
Beyond the pebbly-paven Bann;  
Mid hazel woods no stately tree  
Looks up to heaven more graceful-tall,  
When Summer clothes its boughs, than she,  
Mac Donnell’s wife of Cushendall!”

## 13.

The Bard retires amid the throng,  
No sweet applause rewards his song,  
No friendly lip that guerdon breathes,  
To bard more sweet than golden wreaths.  
It might have been the minstrel’s art  
Had lost its power to move the heart;  
It might have been his heart had grown  
Too old to yield its wonted tone.

## 14.

But no, if hearts were cold and hard,  
’Twas not the fault of harp or bard;  
It was no false or broken sound  
That failed to move the clansmen round.  
Not these the men, nor these the times,  
To nicely weigh the worth of rhymes;  
’Twas what he said that made them chill,  
And not his singing well or ill.

## 15.

Already had the stranger band  
Of Saxons swept the weakened land,  
Already on the neighbouring hills  
They named anew a thousand rills.  
“Our fairest castles,” pondered Con,  
“Already to the foe are gone,  
Our noblest forests feed the flame,  
And now we lose our fairest dame.”

## 16.

But though his cheek was white with rage,  
He seemed to smile and cried—“O Sage!  
O honey-spoken Bard of truth!  
Mac Donnell is a valiant youth.  
We long have been the Saxons' prey—  
Why not the Scot as well as they?  
He's of as good a robber line  
As any Burke or Geraldine.

## 17.

“From Insi Gall<sup>(22)</sup>, so speaketh fame,  
From Insi Gall his people came;  
From Insi Gall, where storm-winds roar  
Beyond gray Albin's icy shore.  
His grandsire and his grandsire's son  
Full soon fat herds and pastures won;  
But, by Columba! were we men,  
We'd send the whole brood back again!

## 18.

“ Oh ! had we iron hands to dare,  
As we have waxen hearts to bear,  
Oh ! had we manly blood to shed,  
Or even to tinge our cheeks with red,  
No bard could say, as you have said,  
One of the race of Somerled—  
A base intruder from the Isles—  
Basks in our island's sunniest smiles !

## 19.

“ But, not to mar our feast to-night  
With what to-morrow's sword may right,  
O Bard of many songs ! again  
Awake thy sweet harp's silvery strain.  
If beauty decks with peerless charm  
Mac Donnell's wife in fair Glenarm,  
Say does there bound in Antrim's meads -  
A steed to match O'Donnell's steeds ?”

## 20.

Submissive doth the Bard incline  
His reverend head, and cries,—“ O Con,  
Kind heir of Conal Golban's line,—  
I've sang the fair wife of Mac John ;  
You'll frown again as late you frowned,  
But truth will out when lips are freed ;—  
There is no steed on Irish ground  
Can stand beside Mac Donnell's steed !

## 21.

“Thy horses bound o’er Eargals’ plains,  
Like meteor stars their red eyes gleam ;  
With silver hoofs and broidered reins,  
They mount the hill and swim the stream ;  
But like the wind through Barnesmore,  
Or white-maned wave through Carrig-Rede<sup>(23)</sup>,  
Or like a sea-bird to the shore,—  
Thus swiftly sweeps Mac Donnell’s steed !

## 22.

“A thousand graceful steeds had Fin,  
Within lost Almhaim’s fairy hall,  
A thousand steeds as sleek of skin  
As ever graced a chieftain’s stall.  
With gilded bridles oft they flew,  
Young eagles in their lightning speed,  
Strong as the cataract of Hugh<sup>(24)</sup>,—  
So swift and strong Mac Donnell’s steed !”

## 23.

Without the hearty word of praise,  
Without the kindly smiling gaze,  
Without the friendly hand to greet,  
The daring Bard resumes his seat.  
Even in the hospitable face  
Of Con, the anger you could trace.  
But generous Con his wrath suppressed,  
For Owen was Clan Dalaigh’s guest.

## 24.

“Now, by Columba!” Con exclaimed,  
“Methinks this Scot should be ashamed  
To snatch at once, in sateless greed,  
The fairest maid and finest steed;  
My realm is dwindled in mine eyes,  
I know not what to praise or prize,  
And even my noble dog, O Bard,  
Now seems unworthy my regard!”

## 25.

“When comes the raven of the sea  
To nestle on an alien strand,  
Oh! ever, ever will he be  
The master of the subject land.  
The fairest dame, he holdeth *her*—  
For him the noblest steed doth bound;—  
Your dog is but a household cur,  
Compared to John Mac Donnell’s hound!

## 26.

“As fly the shadows o’er the grass,  
He flies with step as light and sure,  
He hunts the wolf through Trosstan pass,  
And starts the deer by Lisànoure!  
The music of the sabbath bells,  
O Con, has not a sweeter sound,  
Than when along the valley swells  
The cry of John Mac Donnell’s hound.



## 27.

“ His stature tall, his body long,  
His back like night, his breast like snow,  
His foreleg pillar-like and strong,  
His hindleg like a bended bow ;  
Rough, curling hair, head long and thin,  
His ear a leaf, so small and round :  
Not Bran, the favourite hound of Fin,  
Could rival John Mac Donnell's hound.

## 28.

“ O Con ! thy Bard will sing no more,  
There is a fearful time at hand ;  
The Scot is on the northern shore,  
The Saxon in the eastern land,  
The hour comes on with quicker flight,  
When all who live on Irish ground  
Must render to the stranger's might  
Both maid and wife, and steed and hound ! ”

## 29.

The trembling Bard again retires,  
But now he lights a thousand fires ;  
The pent-up flame bursts out at length,  
In all its burning, tameless strength,  
You'd think each clansman's foe was by,  
So sternly flashed each angry eye ;  
You'd think 'twas in the battle's clang  
O'Donnell's thundering accents rang !

## 30.

“No ! by my sainted kinsman<sup>(28)</sup>, no !  
This foul disgrace must not be so ;  
No ! by the Shrines of Hy, I’ve sworn,  
This foulest wrong must not be borne.  
A better steed !—a fairer wife !—  
Was ever truer cause of strife ?  
A swifter hound !—a better steed !—  
Columba ! these are cause indeed !”

## 31.

Again, like spray from mountain rill,  
Up started Con :—“ By Collum Kille,  
And by the blessed light of day,  
This matter brooketh no delay.  
The moon is down—the morn is up—  
Come, kinsmen, drain a parting cup,  
And swear to hold our next carouse  
With John Mac John Mac Donnell’s spouse !

## 32.

“We’ve heard the song the Bard has sung,  
And as a healing herb among  
Most poisonous weeds may oft be found,  
So of this woman, steed, and hound,  
The song has burned into our hearts,  
And yet a lesson it imparts,  
Had we but sense to read aright  
The galling words we heard to-night.

## 33.

“What lesson does the good hound teach?  
Oh! to be faithful each to each!  
What lesson gives the noble steed?  
Oh! to be swift in thought and deed!  
What lesson gives the peerless wife?  
Oh! there is victory after strife;  
Sweet is the triumph, rich the spoil,  
Pleasant the slumber after toil!”

## 34.

They drain the cup, they leave the hall,  
They seek the armoury and stall,  
The shield re-echoing to the spear  
Proclaims the foray far and near;  
And soon around the castle gate  
Full sixty steeds impatient wait,  
And every steed a knight upon—  
The strong, small-powerful force of Con!

## 35.

Their lances in the red dawn flash,  
As down by Easky's side they dash;  
Their quilted jackets shine the more  
From gilded leather brodered o'er;  
With silver spurs and silken rein,  
And costly riding-shoes from Spain;—  
Ah! much thou hast to fear, Mac John,  
The strong small-powerful force of Con!

## 36.

As borne upon autumnal gales,  
Wild whirring gannets pierce the sails  
Of barks that sweep by Arran's shore<sup>(26)</sup>,  
Thus swept the train through Barnesmore.  
Through many a varied scene they ran,  
By Castle Fin, and fair Strabane,  
By many a hill, and many a clan,  
Across the Foyle and o'er the Bann :—

## 37.

Then, stopping in their eagle flight,  
They waited for the coming night;  
And then, as Antrim's rivers rush  
Straight from their founts with sudden gush,  
Nor turn their strong, brief streams aside  
Until the sea receives their tide,—  
Thus rushed upon the doomed Mac John  
The swift small-powerful force of Con !

## 38.

They took the castle by surprise ;  
No star was in the angry skies,  
The moon lay dead within her shroud  
Of thickly folded ashen cloud ;  
They found the steed within his stall,  
The hound within the oaken hall,  
The peerless wife, of thousand charms,  
Within her slumbering husband's arms :

## 39.

The Bard had pictured to the life  
The beauty of Mac Donnell's wife.  
Not Eivir<sup>(27)</sup> could with her compare  
For snowy hand and shining hair ;  
The glorious banner morn unfurls  
Were dark beside her golden curls,  
And yet the blackness of her eye  
Was darker than the moonless sky !

## 40.

If lovers listen to my lay,  
Description is but thrown away ;  
If lovers read this antique tale,  
What need I speak of red or pale ?  
The fairest form and brightest eye  
Are simply those for which they sigh ;  
The truest picture is but faint  
To what a lover's heart can paint.

## 41.

Well, she was fair, and Con was bold,  
But in the strange, wild days of old,  
To one rough hand was oft decreed  
The noblest and the blackest deed.  
'Twas pride that spurred O'Donnell on,  
But still a generous heart had Con ;  
He wished to show that he was strong,  
And not to do a bootless wrong.

## 42.

But now there's neither thought nor time  
For generous act or bootless crime ;  
Far other cares the thoughts demand  
Of the small-powerful victor band.  
They tramp along the old oak floors,  
They burst the strong-bound chamber doors ;  
In all the pride of lawless power,  
Some seek the vault, and some the tower.

## 43.

And some from out the postern pass,  
And find upon the dew-wet grass  
Full many a head of dappled deer,  
And many a full-ey'd brown-back'd steer,  
And heifers of the fragrant skins—  
The pride of Antrim's grassy Glynnnes,—  
Which with their spears they drive along,  
A numerous, startled, bellowing throng.

## 44.

They leave the castle stripped and bare,  
Each has his labour, each his share ;  
For some have cups, and some have plate,  
And some have scarlet cloaks of state,  
And some have wine, and some have ale,  
And some have coats of iron mail,  
And some have helmets, and some have spears,  
And all have lowing cows and steers !

## 45.

Away! away! the morning breaks  
O'er Antrim's hundred hills and lakes;  
Away! away! the dawn begins  
To gild gray Antrim's deepest Glynnnes;  
The rosy steeds of morning stop  
As if to graze on Collin Top:  
Ere they have left it bare and gray,  
O'Donnell must be far away!

## 46.

The chieftain, on a raven steed,  
Himself the peerless dame doth lead—  
Now like a pallid icy corse,—  
And lifts her on her husband's horse;  
His left hand holds his captive's rein,  
His right is on his black steed's mane,  
And from the bridle to the ground  
Hangs the long leash that binds the hound.

## 47.

And thus, before his victor clan,  
Rides Con O'Donnell in the van:  
Upon his left the drooping dame—  
Upon his right, in wrath and shame,  
With one hand free, and one hand tied,  
And eyes firm fixed upon his bride,  
Vowing dread vengeance yet on Con,  
Rides scowling, silent, stern Mac John.

## 48.

They move with steps as swift as still,  
'Twixt Collin Mount and Slemish Hill,  
They glide along the misty plain,  
And ford the sullen muttering Maine ;  
Some drive the cattle o'er the hills,  
And some along the dried-up rills ;  
But still a strong force doth surround  
The chiefs, the dame, the steed, and hound.

## 49.

Thus, ere the bright-faced day arose,  
The Bann lay broad between the foes.  
But how to paint the inward scorn—  
The self-reproach of those, that morn,  
Who, waking, found their chieftain gone,  
Their cattle swept from field and bawn—  
Their chieftain's castle stormed and drained,  
And, worse than all, their honour stained !

## 50.

But when the women heard that Anne—  
The queen, the glory of the clan,  
Was carried off by midnight foes—  
Heavens ! such despairing screams arose,  
Such shrieks of agony and fright,  
As only can be heard at night,  
When Clough-i-Stookan's mystic rock  
The wail of drowning men doth mock<sup>(38)</sup>.



## 51.

But thirty steeds are in the town,  
And some are like the ripe heath, brown,  
Some like the alder berries, black,  
Some like the vessel's foamy track ;  
But be they black, or brown, or white,  
They are as swift as fawns in flight,  
No quicker speed the sea-gull hath  
When sailing through the Gray Man's Path<sup>(29)</sup>.

## 52.

Soon are they saddled, soon they stand,  
Ready to own the rider's hand—  
Ready to dash with loosened rein  
Up the steep hill, and o'er the plain—  
Ready, without the prick of spurs,  
To strike the gold cups from the furze :  
And now they start with wingéd pace—  
God speed them in their noble chase !

## 53.

By this time, on Ben Bradagh's height,  
Brave Con had rested in his flight ;  
Beneath him, in the horizon's blue,  
Lay his own valleys of Tirhugh.  
It may have been the thought of home,  
While resting on that mossy dome—  
It may have been his native trees  
That woke his mind to thoughts like these.

## 54.

“The race is o’er, the spoil is won,  
And yet what boots it all I’ve done?  
What boots it to have snatched away  
This steed, and hound, and cattle prey?  
What boots it, with an iron hand,  
To tear a chieftain from his land,  
And dim that sweetest light that lies  
In a fond wife’s adoring eyes?

## 55.

“If thus I madly teach my clan,  
What can I hope from beast or man?  
Fidelity a crime is found,  
Or else why chain this faithful hound?  
Obedience, too, a crime must be,  
Or else this steed were roaming free;  
And woman’s love the worst of sins,  
Or Anne were queen of Antrim’s Glynnnes!

## 56.

“If, when I reach my home to-night,  
I see the yellow moonbeam’s light  
Gleam through the broken gate and wall  
Of my strong fort of Donegal—  
If I behold my kinsmen slain,  
My barns devoid of golden grain,  
How can I curse the pirate crew  
For doing what this hour I do?

## 57.

“ Well, in Columba’s blessed name,  
This day shall be a day of fame—  
A day when Con in victory’s hour  
Gave up the untasted sweets of power—  
Gave up the fairest dame on earth,  
The noblest steed that e’er wore girth—  
The noblest hound of Irish breed,  
And all to do a generous deed.”

## 58.

He turned and loosed Mac Donnell’s hand,  
And led him where his steed doth stand;  
He placed the bride of peerless charms  
Within his longing, outstretched arms;  
He freed the hound from chain and band,  
Which, leaping, licked his master’s hand;  
And thus, while wonder held the crowd,  
The generous chieftain spoke aloud :—

## 59.

“ Mac John, I heard in wrathful hour  
That thou in Antrim’s Glynnnes possessed  
The fairest pearl, the sweetest flower,  
That ever bloomed on Erin’s breast.  
I burned to think such prize should fall  
To any Scotch or Saxon man,  
But find that nature makes us all  
The children of one world-spread clan.

## 60.

“ Within thy arms thou now dost hold  
A treasure of more worth and cost  
Than all the thrones and crowns of gold  
That valour ever won or lost ;  
Thine is that outward perfect form,  
Thine, too, the subtler inner life,  
The love that doth that bright shape warm :—  
Take back, Mac John, thy peerless wife !

## 61.

“ They praised thy steed : With wrath and grief  
I felt my heart within me bleed,  
That any but an Irish chief  
Should press the back of such a steed ;  
I might to yonder smiling land  
The noble beast reluctant lead ;  
But no !—he'd miss thy guiding hand—  
Take back, Mac John, thy noble steed.

## 62.

“ The praises of thy matchless hound  
Burned in my breast like acrid wine ;  
I swore no chief on Irish ground  
Should own a nobler hound than mine ;  
'Twas rashly sworn, and must not be—  
He'd pine to hear the well-known sound,  
With which thou called him to thy knee—  
Take back, Mac John, thy matchless hound.

## 63.

“Mac John, I stretch to yours and you  
This hand beneath God's blessed sun,  
And for the wrong that I might do,  
Forgive the wrong that I have done ;  
To-morrow all that we have ta'en  
Shall doubly, trebly be restored—  
The cattle to the grassy plain,  
The goblets to the oaken board.

## 64.

“My people, from our richest meads  
Shall drive the best our broad lands hold—  
For every steed a hundred steeds,  
For every steer a hundred fold—  
For every scarlet cloak of state,  
A hundred cloaks all stiff with gold ;  
And may we be with hearts elate  
Still older friends as we grow old.

## 65.

“Thou'st bravely won an Irish bride—  
An Irish bride of grace and worth—  
Oh ! let the Irish nature glide  
Into thy heart from this hour forth ;  
An Irish home thy sword has won,  
A new-found mother blessed the strife ;  
Oh ! be that mother's fondest son,  
And love the land that gives you life !”

## 66.

Betwixt the Isles and Antrim's coast,  
The Scotch and Irish waters blend;  
But who shall tell, with idle boast,  
Where one begins and one doth end?  
Ah! when shall that glad moment gleam,  
When all our hearts such spell shall feel?  
And blend in one broad Irish stream,  
On Irish ground, for Ireland's weal?

## 67.

"Love the dear land in which you live,  
Live in the land you ought to love;  
Take root, and let thy branches give  
Fruits to the soil they wave above;  
No matter for thy foreign name,  
No matter what thy sires have done,  
No matter whence or when you came,  
The land shall claim you as a son!"

## 68.

As in the azure fields on high,  
When Spring lights up the April sky—  
The thick battalions dusky clouds  
Fly o'er the plain like routed crowds  
Before the sun's resistless might!—  
Where all was dark, now all is bright—  
The very clouds have turned to light,  
And with the conquering beams unite!—

## 69.

Thus o'er the face of John Mac John  
A thousand varying shades have gone ;  
Jealousy, anger, rage, disdain,  
Sweep o'er his brow—a dusky train ;  
But Nature, like the beam of spring,  
Chaseth the crowd on sunny wing ;  
Joy warms his heart, hope lights his eye,  
And the dark passions routed fly !

## 70.

The hands are clasped—the hound is freed,  
Gone is Mac John with wife and steed,  
He meets his spearsmen some few miles,  
And turns their scowling frowns to smiles ;—  
At morn the crowded march begins  
Of steeds and cattle for the Glynnnes—  
Well for poor Erin's wrongs and griefs,  
If thus would join her severed chiefs !

## THE FIRESIDE.



I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at  
all its joys,  
The dance's merry measures and the revel's festive  
noise ;  
Though wit flash'd bright the live-long night, and  
flowed the ruby tide,  
I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside !

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far, across the ocean's  
breast,  
In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle  
of rest ;  
I little thought the bliss I sought, in roaming far and  
wide,  
Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside !

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our  
cares away,  
And end in calm, serene repose, the swiftly passing  
day !



The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of  
bride,

All fairy ground doth make around one's own fire-  
side !

" My Lord " would never condescend to honour my  
poor hearth ;

" His Grace " would scorn a host or friend of mere  
plebeian birth ;

And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has  
deified,

For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside !

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore  
repeats,

The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his  
warlike feats ;

Though far away may be their clay, and gone their  
earthly pride,

Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts  
my fireside.

Oh ! let me glance a moment through the coming  
crowd of years,

Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or  
their tears,

How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what  
betide,

So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside !

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my  
sight;

Still, still, in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its  
flight;

Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield  
from out its tide,

A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside\* !

\* Set to music by Mr. J. Hirst, of Selby, Yorkshire. (Leoni Lee & Coxhead, London.) Translated into French by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain.

## THE VALE OF SHANGANAH.



**WHEN** I have knelt in the temple of Duty,  
 Worshipping honour and valour and beauty—  
 When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance,  
 I have fought the good fight on the field of existence ;  
 When a home I have won in the conflict of labour,  
 With truth for my armour and thought for my sabre,  
 Be that home a calm home where my old age may  
     rally,

A home full of peace in this sweet pleasant valley !  
     Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !  
     Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !  
     May the accents of love, like the droppings of  
         manna,  
     Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of Shan-  
         gànah !

Fair is this isle—this dear child of the ocean—  
Nurtured with more than a mother's devotion ;  
For see ! in what rich robes has Nature arrayed her,  
From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben Edar<sup>(30)</sup>,  
By Glengariff's lone islets—Killarney's weird water,  
So lovely was each, that then matchless I thought  
her ;

But I feel, as I stray through each sweet-scented alley,  
Less wild but more fair is this soft verdant valley !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !

Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !

No wide-spreading prairie—no Indian savannah,  
So dear to the eye as the Vale of Shangànah !

How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes  
On the picture of beauty this valley discloses,  
From that margin of silver, whereon the blue water  
Doth glance like the eyes of the ocean foam's daughter !  
To where, with the red clouds of morning combining,  
The tall "Golden Spears"<sup>(31)</sup> o'er the mountains are  
shining,

With the hue of their heather, as sunlight advances,  
Like purple flags furled round the staffs of the lances !

Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !

Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah !

No lands far away by the calm Susquehannah,  
So tranquil and fair as the Vale of Shangànah !

But here, even here, the lone heart were benighted,  
No beauty could reach it, if love did not light it;  
'Tis this makes the Earth, oh! what mortal can  
doubt it?

A garden with it, but a desert without it!  
With the lov'd one, whose feelings instinctively  
teach her,  
That goodness of heart makes the beauty of feature,  
How glad, through this vale, would I float down  
life's river,

Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver!  
Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah!  
Greenest of vales is the Vale of Shangànah!  
May the accents of love, like the droppings of  
manna,  
Fall sweet on my heart in the Vale of Shan-  
gànagh\*!

\* *The Vale of Shangànagh* (or more usually called *Shanganagh*) lies to the south of Killiney Hill, near Dalkey, Co. Dublin.

## THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.



## 1.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they  
stand  
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys  
of our land;  
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads  
sublime,  
These gray old pillar temples—these conquerors of  
time!

## 2.

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and  
weak  
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the  
Greek,  
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed  
Gothic spires,  
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our  
sires!

## 3.

The column, with its capital, is level with the  
dust,  
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm  
homes of the just ;  
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but  
slower,  
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower !

## 4.

But the grass grows again when in majesty and  
mirth,  
On the wing of the Spring comes the goddess of the  
Earth ;  
But for man in this world no spring-tide e'er returns  
To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns !

## 5.

Two favourites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,  
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle ;  
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its  
nest,  
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the  
West !

## 6.

The names of their founders have vanished in the  
gloom,  
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the  
tomb;  
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—  
These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the  
past!

## 7.

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the  
Dane—  
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—  
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman  
Peers—  
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of  
later years!

## 8.

How many different rites have these gray old temples  
known?  
To the mind what dreams are written in these chrono-  
cles of stone!  
What terror and what error, what gleams of love  
and truth,  
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in  
its youth?



## 9.

Here blazed the sacred fire, and, when the sun was  
gone,  
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;  
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray  
old temples drunk,  
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of  
the Monk.

## 10.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred  
wine,  
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics  
from the shrine,  
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds  
than the East,  
And the crozier of the Pontiff and the vestments of  
the Priest !

## 11.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper-  
bell,—  
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's  
cell ;  
And Hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and  
good,  
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit  
stood !

## 12.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth  
impart  
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb  
to the heart ;  
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old  
temples last,  
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the  
past !

## KATE OF KENMARE.

## 1.

OH ! many bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,  
Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves  
to shine,  
And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,  
Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine !  
But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,  
Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair  
As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Roughty,  
The fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare !

## 2.

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,  
Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me ;  
But time has not ages and earth has not distance  
To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee !  
Again am I straying where children are playing,  
Bright is the sunshine, and balmy the air,  
Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,  
Sweet fawn of the valley, young Kate of Kenmare !

## 3.

Thine arbutus beareth full many a cluster  
Of white waxen blossoms, like lilies in air;  
But, oh! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre;  
No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear;  
To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly  
blushing,  
Oh! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear?  
Peerless in beauty, that rose of the Roughty,  
That fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Kenmare!

## 4.

Oh! beauty, some spell from kind Nature thou bearest,  
Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,  
That hearts that are hardest, from forms that are  
fairest,  
Receive such impressions as never can die!  
The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,  
Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear,  
Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it,  
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Ken-  
mare!<sup>(32)</sup>

## 5.

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling,  
How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and  
dim,  
When the scenes he most loves, like a river's soft  
stealing,  
All fade as a vision and vanish from him!

Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that  
garland

That memory weaves of the bright and the fair ;  
While this sigh I am breathing, my garland is  
wreathing,

And the rose of that garland is Kate of Kenmare.

## 6.

In lonely Lough Quinlan, in summer's soft hours,  
Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,  
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,  
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide<sup>(33)</sup>.  
Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,  
And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,  
Of him who in roving finds objects of loving,  
Like the fawn of the valley, sweet Kate of Ken-  
mare !

## 7.

Sweet Kate of Kenmare ! though I ne'er may behold  
thee,

Though the pride and the joy of another you be,  
Though strange lips may praise thee, and strange  
arms enfold thee,

A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee !  
One feeling I cherish that never can perish—

One talisman proof to the dark wizard Care—  
The fervent and dutiful love of the Beautiful,  
Of which thou art a type, gentle Kate of Kenmare !

## THE BANISHED SPIRIT'S SONG.



BEAUTIFUL clime, where I've dwelt so long,  
In mirth and music, in gladness and song!  
Fairer than aught upon earth art thou,—  
Beautiful clime, must I leave thee now?

No more shall I join the circle bright  
Of my sister nymphs, when they dance at night  
In their grottos cool and their pearly halls,  
When the glow-worm hangs on the ivy walls!

No more shall I glide o'er the waters blue,  
With a crimson shell for my light canoe,  
Or a rose-leaf plucked from the neighbouring trees,  
Piloted o'er by the flower-fed breeze!

Oh! must I leave those spicy gales,  
Those purple hills and those flowery vales?  
Where the earth is strewed with pansy and rose,  
And the golden fruit of the orange grows!

Oh ! must I leave this region fair,  
For a world of toil and a life of care ?  
In its dreary paths how long must I roam,  
Far away from my fairy home !

The song of birds and the hum of bees,  
And the breath of flowers, are on the breeze ;  
The purple plum and the cone-like pear,  
Drooping, hang in the rosy air !

The fountains scatter their pearly rain  
On the thirsty flowers, and the ripening grain ;  
The insects sport in the sunny beam,  
And the golden fish in the laughing stream.

The Naiads dance by the river's edge  
On the low, soft moss and the bending sedge ;  
Wood-nymphs and satyrs and graceful fawns  
Sport in the woods on the grassy lawns !

The slanting sunbeams tip with gold  
The emerald leaves in the forests old,—  
But I must away from this fairy scene,  
Those leafy woods and those valleys green !

## THE WINDOW.

---

Nach ihr nur schau' ich  
 Zum Fenster hinaus,  
 Nach ihr nur geh' ich  
 Aus dem Haus.

FAUST.

---

At my window, late and early,  
 In the sunshine and the rain,  
 When the jocund beams of morning  
 Come to wake me from my napping,  
 With their golden fingers tapping  
 At my window pane :  
 From my troubled slumbers flitting—  
 From my dreamings fond and vain,  
 From the fever intermitting,  
 Up I start, and take my sitting  
 At my window pane :—



Through the morning, through the noontide,  
Fettered by a diamond chain,  
Through the early hours of evening,  
When the stars begin to tremble,  
As their shining ranks assemble  
O'er the azure plain :  
When the thousand lamps are blazing  
Through the street and lane—  
Mimic stars of man's upraising—  
Still I linger, fondly gazing  
From my window pane !

For, amid the crowds, slow passing,  
Surging like the main,  
Like a sunbeam among shadows,  
Through the storm-swept cloudy masses,  
Sometimes one bright being passes  
'Neath my window pane :  
Thus a moment's joy I borrow  
From a day of pain.  
See, she comes ! but, bitter sorrow !  
Not until the slow to-morrow,  
Will she come again.

## AUTUMN FEARS.



THE weary, dreary, dripping rain,  
From morn till night, from night till morn,  
Along the hills and o'er the plain,  
Strikes down the green and yellow corn;  
The flood lies deep upon the ground,  
No ripening heat the cold sun yields,  
And rank and rotting lies around  
The glory of the summer fields!

How full of fears, how racked with pain,  
How torn with care, the heart must be,  
Of him who sees his golden grain  
Laid prostrate thus o'er lawn and lea;  
For all that Nature doth desire,  
All that the shivering mortal shields,  
The Christmas fare, the winter's fire,  
All come from out the summer fields.

I, too, have strayed in pleasing toil  
Along Youth's fair and fertile meads;  
I, too, within Hope's genial soil  
Have, trusting, placed Love's golden seeds;  
I, too, have feared the chilling dew,  
The heavy rain when thunder pealed;  
Lest Fate might blight the flower that grew  
For me in Hope's green summer field.

Ah! who can paint that beauteous flower,  
Thus nourished by celestial dew,  
Thus growing fairer, hour by hour,  
Delighting more, the more it grew;  
Bright'ning, not burdening the ground,  
Nor proud with inward worth concealed,  
But scattering all its fragrance round  
Its own sweet sphere, its summer field!

At morn the gentle flower awoke,  
And raised its happy face to God;  
At evening, when the starlight broke,  
It bending sought the dewy sod;  
And thus at morn, and thus at even,  
In fragrant sighs its heart revealed,  
Thus seeking heaven, and making heaven  
Within its own sweet summer field!

Oh! joy beyond all human joy!  
Oh! bliss beyond all earthly bliss!  
If pitying Fate will not destroy  
My hopes of such a flower as this!  
How happy, fond, and heaven-possessed,  
My heart will be to tend and shield,  
And guard upon my grateful breast  
The pride of that sweet summer field!

## FATAL GIFTS.

---

Muse ! contemple ta victime !

LAMARTINE.

---

THE Poet's heart is a fatal boon,  
 And fatal his wondrous eye,  
 And the delicate ear,  
 So quick to hear,  
 Over the earth and sky,  
 Creation's mystical tune !  
 Soon, soon, but not too soon,  
 Does that ear grow deaf, and that eye grow dim,  
 And Nature becometh a waste for him,  
 Whom, born for another sphere,  
 Misery hath shipwrecked here !

For what availeth his sensitive heart  
 For the struggle and stormy strife  
 That the mariner-man,  
 Since the world began,  
 Has braved on the sea of life ?

With fearful wonder his eye doth start,  
When it should be fixed on the outspread chart  
That pointeth the way to golden shores—  
Rent are his sails, and broken his oars,  
    And he sinks without hope or plan,  
    With his floating caravan.

And love, that should be his strength and stay,  
    Becometh his bane full soon,  
    Like flowers that are born  
    Of the beams at morn,  
    But die of their heat ere noon.

Far better the heart were the sterile clay,  
Where the shining sands of the desert play,  
And where never the perishing flow'ret gleams,  
Than the heart that is fed with its wither'd dreams,  
    And whose love is repelled with scorn,  
    Like the bee by the rose's thorn.

## ADVANCE.

---

"There is nothing stationary in space—even the fixed stars move."

Cosmos.

---

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime

Advance!

He whispered in the listening ear of Time,

Advance!

He bade the guiding spirits of the Stars,

With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,

Along the bright floor of his azure hall

Advance!

Suns, Stars, and Time, obey the voice, and all

Advance!

\* This poem has been admirably translated into French verse by M. le Chevalier de Chatelain. See the interesting specimens of his "*Beautés de la Poésie Anglaise*," appended to the third edition of his "*Fables de Gay*." London, 1857: p. 318.

The River at its bubbling fountain cries

Advance!

The Clouds proclaim, like heralds through the skies,

Advance!

Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws

Allow not one brief moment's idle pause.

The Earth is full of life, the swelling seeds

Advance!

And summer hours, like flowery harnessed steeds,

Advance!

To Man's most wondrous hand the same voice cried,

Advance!

Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide

Advance!

Go draw the marble from its secret bed,

And make the cedar bend its giant head;

Let domes and columns through the wondering air

Advance!

The world, O Man! is thine. But wouldst thou  
share—

Advance!

Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,

Advance!

From out the chaos, thunder-like, it broke,

“Advance!



“Go track the comet in its wheeling race,  
And drag the lightning from its hiding-place;  
From out the night of ignorance and fears,

Advance!

For Love and Hope, borne by the coming years,  
Advance!”

All heard, and some obeyed the great command,  
Advance!

It passed along from listening land to land,  
Advance!

The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew strong,  
As passed the war-cry of the World along—

Awake, ye nations, know your powers and rights—  
Advance!

Through Hope and Work to Freedom's new delights—  
Advance!

Knowledge came down and waved her steady torch,  
Advance!

Sages proclaimed 'neath many a marble porch,  
Advance!

As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,  
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the Greek,  
The painted Briton, caught the wingéd word,  
Advance!

And earth grew young, and carolled as a bird,  
Advance!

Oh! Ireland—oh! my country, wilt thou not

Advance?

Wilt thou not share the world's progressive lot?

Advance!

Must seasons change, and countless years roll on,

And thou remain a darksome Ajalon<sup>(\*)</sup>?

And never see the crescent moon of Hope,

Advance?

'Tis time thine heart and eye had wider scope—

Advance!

Dear brothers, wake! look up! be firm! be strong!

Advance!

From out the starless night of fraud and wrong

Advance!

The chains have fall'n from off thy wasted hands,

And every man a seeming freedman stands;

But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells,—

Advance!

Proclaim that *there* thou wearest no manacles,—

Advance!

Advance! thou must advance or perish now,—

Advance!

Advance! Why live with wasted heart and brow?

Advance!

Advance! or sink at once into the grave;  
Be bravely free, or artfully a slave!  
Why fret thy master, if thou must have one?

Advance!

“Advance three steps, the glorious work is  
done”<sup>a</sup>—

Advance!

The first is COURAGE—’tis a giant stride!

Advance!

With bounding step up Freedom’s rugged side

Advance!

KNOWLEDGE will lead you to the dazzling heights;  
TOLERANCE will teach and guard your brother’s rights.  
Faint not! for thee a pitying Future waits—

Advance!

Be Wise, be Just, with will as fixed as Fate’s,

Advance!

1846.

<sup>a</sup> “Trois pas en avant, c’est fait.”

VICTOR HUGO.

## THE EMIGRANTS.

---

### PART I.

“OH! come, my mother, come away, across the sea-  
green water;

Oh! come with me, and come with him, the husband  
of thy daughter;

Oh! come with us, and come with them, the sister  
and the brother,

Who, prattling, climb thine agéd knees, and call thy  
daughter—mother.

“Oh! come, and leave this land of death—this isle  
of desolation—

This speck upon the sun-bright face of God’s sublime  
creation;

Since now o’er all our fatal stars the most malign  
hath risen,

When Labour seeks the Poor-house, and Innocence  
the Prison.

“ ’Tis true, o’er all the sun-brown fields the husky  
wheat is bending ;  
’Tis true, God’s blessed hand at last a better time is  
sending ;  
’Tis true, the island’s aged face looks happier and  
younger,  
But in the best of days we’ve known the sickness and  
the hunger.

“ When health breathed out in every breeze, too oft  
we’ve known the fever—  
Too oft, my mother, have we felt the hand of the  
bereaver ;  
Too well remember many a time the mournful task  
that brought him,  
When freshness fanned the summer air, and cooled  
the glow of autumn.

“ But then the trial, though severe, still testified our  
patience,  
We bowed with mingled hope and fear to God’s wise  
dispensations ;  
We felt the gloomiest time was both a promise and  
a warning,  
Just as the darkest hour of night is herald of the  
morning.

“ But now through all the black expanse no hopeful  
morning breaketh—  
No bird of promise in our hearts the gladsome song  
awaketh ;  
No far-off gleams of good light up the hills of expectation—  
Nought but the gloom that might precede the world’s  
annihilation.

“ So, mother, turn thine agéd feet, and let our children  
lead ’em  
Down to the ship that wafts us soon to plenty and to  
freedom ;  
Forgetting nought of all the past, yet all the past  
forgiving :  
Come, let us leave the dying land, and fly unto the  
living.

“ They tell us, they who read and think of Ireland’s  
ancient story,  
How once its Emerald Flag flung out a sunburst’s  
fleeting glory ;  
Oh ! if that sun will pierce no more the dark clouds  
that efface it,  
Fly where the rising stars of heaven commingle to  
replace it.

“ So come, my mother, come away, across the sea-  
green water ;

Oh ! come with us, and come with him, the husband  
of thy daughter ;

Oh ! come with us, and come with them, the sister  
and the brother,

Who, prattling, climb thine agéd knees, and call thy  
daughter—mother.”

## THE EMIGRANTS.



## PART II.

“ Ah! go; my children, go away—obey this inspiration;  
Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation;  
Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairies;  
Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary’s.

“ But though I feel how sharp the pang from thee  
and thine to sever,  
To look upon these darling ones the last time and for ever;  
Yet in this sad and dark old land, by desolation haunted,  
My heart has struck its roots too deep ever to be transplanted.



“ A thousand fibres still have life, although the trunk  
is dying—

They twine around the yet green grave where thy  
father's bones are lying ;

Ah ! from that sad and sweet embrace no soil on earth  
can loose 'em,

Though golden harvests gleam on its breast, and golden  
sands in its bosom.

“ Others are twined around the stone, where ivy  
blossoms smother

The crumbling lines that trace thy names, my father  
and my mother ;

God's blessing be upon their souls—God grant, my  
old heart prayeth,

Their names be written in the Book whose writing  
ne'er decayeth.

“ Alas ! my prayers would never warm within those  
great cold buildings,

Those grand cathedral churches, with their marbles  
and their gildings ;

Far fitter than the proudest dome that would hang in  
splendour o'er me,

Is the simple chapel's whitewashed wall, where my  
people knelt before me.

“No doubt it is a glorious land to which you now are  
going,  
Like that which God bestowed of old, with milk and  
honey flowing;  
But where are the blessed saints of God, whose lives  
of his Law remind me,  
Like Patrick, Brigid, and Columbkille, in the land I’d  
leave behind me?

“So leave me here, my children, with my old ways  
and old notions—  
Leave me here in peace, with my memories and de-  
votions;  
Leave me in sight of your father’s grave, and as the  
heavens allied us,  
Let not, since we were joined in life, even the grave  
divide us.

“There’s not a week but I can hear how you prosper  
better and better,  
For the mighty fire-ships over the sea will bring the  
expected letter;  
And if I need aught for my simple wants, my food or  
my winter firing,  
Thou’lt gladly spare from thy growing store a little  
for my requiring.

“ So, go, my children, go away—obey this inspiration ;

Go, with the mantling hopes of health and youthful expectation ;

Go, clear the forests, climb the hills, and plough the expectant prairies ;

Go, in the sacred name of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary’s\*.”

\* This poem was written since the publication of the first edition. It is included in the “ Ballads of Ireland, collected and edited by Edward Hayes”. 2 vols. Fullarton and Co., Edinburgh and Dublin, 1855. Vol. i., p. 312.

## THE VOICE AND PEN.



OH! the Orator's voice is a mighty power,  
As it echoes from shore to shore,  
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men  
Than the murderous cannon's roar!  
What burst the chain far over the main,  
And brighten'd the captive's den?  
'Twas the fearless Pen and the voice of power,  
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!  
Hurrah!  
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny Man's rights,  
And the cowards who blanch with fear,  
Exclaim with glee—"No arms have ye,  
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!

Your hills are ours, with our forts and towers  
We are masters of mount and glen!"

Tyrants beware! for the arms we bear  
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,  
And your sentinels walk around!

Though your matches flare in the midnight air,  
And your brazen trumpets sound!

Oh! the Orator's tongue shall be heard among  
These listening warrior men;

And they'll quickly say—"Why should we slay  
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"

Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

When the Lord created the earth and sea,  
The stars and the glorious sun,

The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke!  
And the mighty work was done!

Let a word be flung from the Orator's tongue,  
Or a drop from the fearless pen,

And the chains accursed asunder burst  
That fettered the minds of men!

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

Oh ! these are the swords with which we fight,  
The arms in which we trust,  
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,  
Which time cannot dim or rust !  
When these we bore we triumphed before,  
With these we'll triumph again !  
And the world will say no power can stay  
The Voice and the fearless Pen !  
Hurrah !  
Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

1844.

## TO ETHNA.

---

Da lei si move ciascun mio pensiero,  
 Perche l'anima ha preso qualitate  
 Di sua bella persona.

DANTE.

---

FIRST loved, last loved, best loved of all I've  
 loved!—

Ethna, my boyhood's dream, my manhood's  
 light,—

Pure angel spirit, in whose light I've moved,  
 Full many a year, along life's darksome night!  
 Thou wert my star, serenely shining bright  
 Beyond youth's passing clouds and mists obscure;  
 Thou wert the power that kept my spirit white,  
 My soul unsoiled, my heart untouched and pure.  
 Mine was the light from Heaven that ever must  
 endure.

Purest, and best, and brightest, no mishap,  
 No chance, or change can break our mutual ties;  
 My heart lies spread before thee like a map,  
 Here roll the tides, and there the mountains rise;

Here dangers frown and there Hope's streamlet  
flies,  
And golden promontories cleave the main:  
And I have looked into thy lustrous eyes,  
And saw the thought thou couldst not all restrain,  
A sweet, soft sympathetic pity for my pain!

Dearest and best, I dedicate to thee,  
From this hour forth, my hopes, my dreams, my  
cares,  
All that I am, and all I e'er may be,—  
Youth's clustering locks, and age's thin, white hairs;  
Thou by my side, fair vision, unawares—  
Sweet saint—shalt guard me as with angel's wings;  
To thee shall rise the morning's hopeful prayers,  
The evening hymns, the thoughts that midnight  
brings,  
The worship that like fire out of the warm heart  
springs.

Thou wilt be with me through the struggling day,  
Thou wilt be with me through the pensive night,  
Thou wilt be with me, though far, far away  
Some sad mischance may snatch you from my sight.  
In grief, in pain, in gladness, in delight,  
In every thought thy form shall bear a part—  
In every dream thy memory shall unite,  
Bride of my soul! and partner of my heart!  
Till from the dreadful bow flieth the fatal dart!



Am I deceived? and do I pine and faint  
For worth that only dwells in heaven above,  
Ah! if thou'rt not the Ethna that I paint,  
Then thou art not the Ethna that I love;—  
If thou art not as gentle as the dove,  
And good as thou art beautiful, the tooth  
Of venom'd serpents will not deadlier prove  
Than that dark revelation; but, in sooth,  
Ethna, I wrong thee, dearest, for thy name is TRUTH\*.

\* *Ethna*, or *Aithna*, in Irish signifies *Truth*. The mother of St. Columbkille bore this beautiful name. See "Adarnan's Life of St. Columba," edited by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, for the Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society, p. 8.

## THE LAY MISSIONER.



HAD I a wish,—'twere this, that Heaven would  
make

My heart as strong to imitate as love,  
That half its weakness it could leave, and take  
Some spirit's strength, by which to soar above;  
A lordly eagle mated with a dove—  
Strong-will and warm affection, these be mine;  
Without the one no dreams has fancy wove,  
Without the other soon these dreams decline,  
Weak children of the heart, which fade away and  
pine!

Strong have I been in love, if not in will;  
Affections crowd and people all the past,  
And now, even now, they come and haunt me still,  
Even from the graves where once my hopes were  
cast.

But not with spectral features—all aghast—  
Come they to fright me; no, with smiles and tears,  
And winding arms, and breasts that beat as fast  
As once they beat in boyhood's opening years,  
Come the departed shades, whose steps my rapt soul  
hears.

Youth has passed by, its first warm flush is o'er,  
And now 'tis nearly noon; yet unsubdued  
My heart still kneels and worships, as of yore,  
Those twin-fair shapes, the Beautiful and Good!  
Valley and mountain, sky, and stream, and wood,  
And that fair miracle, the human face,  
And human nature in its sunniest mood,  
Freed from the shade of all things low and base,—  
These in my heart still hold their old accustom'd place.

'Tis not with pride, but gratitude, I tell  
How beats my heart with all its youthful glow,  
How one kind act doth make my bosom swell,  
And down my cheeks the sweet, warm, glad tears  
flow.  
Enough of self, enough of me you know,  
Kind reader, but if thou wouldst further wend  
With me this wilderness of weak words thro',  
Let me depict, before the journey end,  
One whom methinks thou'lt love, my brother and my  
friend.

Ah! wondrous is the lot of him who stands  
A Christian Priest, within a Christian fane,  
And binds with pure and consecrated hands,  
Round earth and heaven, a festal, flowery chain;  
Even as between the blue arch and the main,  
A circling western ring of golden light  
Weds the two worlds, or as the sunny rain  
Of April makes the cloud and clay unite,  
Thus links the Priest of God the dark world and the  
bright.

All are not priests, yet priestly duties may,  
And should be all men's: as a common sight  
We view the brightness of a summer's day,  
And think 'tis but its duty to be bright;  
But should a genial beam of warming light  
Suddenly break from out a wintry sky,  
With gratitude we own a new delight,  
Quick beats the heart, and brighter beams the  
eye,  
And as a boon we hail the splendour from on high.

'Tis so with men, with those of them at least  
Whose hearts by icy doubts are chill'd and torn;  
They think the virtues of a Christian Priest  
Something professional, put on and worn

Even as the vestments of a Sabbath morn:  
But should a friend or act or teach as he,  
Then is the mind of all its doubtings shorn,  
The unexpected goodness that they see  
Takes root, and bears its fruit, as uncoerced and free!

One have I known, and haply yet I know,  
A youth by baser passions undefiled,  
Lit by the light of genius and the glow  
Which real feeling leaves where once it smiled;  
Firm as a man, yet tender as a child;  
Armed at all points by fantasy and thought,  
To face the true or soar amid the wild;  
By love and labour, as a good man ought,  
Ready to pay the price by which dear truth is bought!

'Tis not with cold advice or stern rebuke,  
With formal precept, or with face demure,  
But with the unconscious eloquence of look,  
Where shines the heart, so loving and so pure:  
'Tis these, with constant goodness, that allure  
All hearts to love and imitate his worth.  
Beside him weaker natures feel secure,  
Even as the flower beside the oak peeps forth,  
Safe, though the rain descends, and blows the biting  
North!

Such is my friend, and such I fain would be,  
Mild, thoughtful, modest, faithful, loving, gay,  
Correct, not cold, nor uncontroll'd, though free,  
But proof to all the lures that round us play,  
Even as the sun, that on his azure way  
Moveth with steady pace and lofty mien  
(Though blushing clouds, like syrens, woo his stay),  
Higher and higher through the pure serene,  
Till comes the calm of eve and wraps him from the  
scene.



## ROME AT THE EPIPHANY.



[The Author, being at Rome during the winter of 1852, was requested by a distinguished ecclesiastic, connected with the Irish College, to write a few lines, which might be spoken at the then ensuing Feast of Languages, to be held at the College De Propaganda on the Festival of the Epiphany, 1853. The illness, at the time, of a near connexion (on whose account the author was then in Italy) left him little disposed for any literary effort; but he felt reluctant to refuse altogether, and so wrote these lines, intended as a mere sketch of the subject, which he hoped sometime to be able to fill up. They are, however, here printed without any addition or material alteration. The Poem was recited upon the occasion for which it was written, and was received, as the Author is assured, with considerable applause. It is now published for the first time.]

## ROME AT THE EPIPHANY.



## 1.

EVEN as the Angel standing in the sun,  
 Seen by Saint John in his ecstatic trance,  
 Saw from their goal the steeds of Morning run,  
 And o'er the dark with roseate breath advance;  
 And saw their hoofs of gold rich glittering glance  
 Along the azure pavement of the sky,  
 Striking thereout such sparks of radiance,  
 That to the wondering and awakened eye  
 Of man they seem like stars swift shooting from on  
 high.

## 2.

Beneath their glowing feet the world grows bright;  
 Transparent azure clothes the exulting sea;  
 Chaos recedes, and all the realm of night  
 Lays bare its bosom of immensity

Unto the eye of God : the Deity  
Looks with a smile upon a world restored  
To love, and light, and labour, all that we  
Crowd in the act of worship, in the word  
Of tearful, grateful praise, wherewith He is best  
adored.

## 3.

Even as that glorious Angel saw the beams  
Of golden light rise radiant from their source,  
Flow from the sun, and wind their amber streams  
Resplendent round their vast diurnal course,  
Now gild the near, and now with gentle force  
Pierce the thick mists that veil the remotest isles  
On ocean's verge, where Triton's horn is hoarse,  
Breathing the strain that *here* for ever wiles  
The sea's blue placid brow to wear perpetual smiles:—

## 4.

So from this central sacred sphere of faith  
Looks forth the Angel of the Church, and views  
The mighty world spread chart-like out beneath,—  
Beholds the spots whose happy heights ne'er lose  
Their sweet illumination—the rich hues  
Wherewith Religion lit their favoured peaks  
Even from the first : and those that still refuse  
To share the light that round about them breaks,  
And which, like God's redeeming grace, seeketh the  
soul that seeks.

## 5.

And as a mother yearns the more for those  
Among her children whom some fatal blight  
Hath early visited—some cloud that throws  
O'er their young eyes the shadow of the night,  
Darkening those wells of innocence and light,  
So that no more Heaven's precious ray can reach  
Their sightless orbs, where once it burned so bright:  
So yearns the Father of the Church for each  
Faith-darkened wandering soul, to guide it and to  
teach.

## 6.

These are his tenderest care ; for these he calls  
On God for mercy, for the light that gleams  
Straight from the source of truth : these famous halls  
For them are peopled by the undying dreams  
Of saint and sage, and watered by the streams  
Of sacred song ; for these his hands have raised  
This sinless Babel, where the Spirit seems  
Ever to blaze, as o'er the Twelve he blazed,  
That with the gift of tongues His holy name be  
praised.

## 7.

For these he lovingly collects beneath  
The shadow of his wings the young and pure  
Of all the nations, that, being skilled in faith,  
And warmed by zeal, they may return and cure

Their brothers' ills : so in the clear obscure  
Of morn, the clouds, the children of the night,  
Stand round the sun, whose face they scarce endure,  
And, then dispersing, bear his golden light  
O'er all the ransomed world, redeemed, reborn, and  
bright.

## 8.

Hither approach the shepherds of the soul,  
Bearing the croziered staff, the pastoral crook,  
Led by an instinct they cannot control,  
With reverent eyes and trembling gaze to look  
Upon that sacred cradle\*, where, forsook  
By all, save the thrice blessed twain that stay  
Tending him ever, as the Holy Book  
Makes simple mention, once the Child-God lay,—  
There, bending suppliant down, the anointed shep-  
herds pray.

## 9.

Hither approach the minstrels of all time,  
Swift from some northern Hades forced along  
By the resistless melody sublime  
Of Maro's lute, or Ovid's Orphean song.  
Hither they come to weep o'er Tasso's wrong,  
Or share with Petrarch that renowned feast,  
Held mid the Capitol's exulting throng,  
When he proclaimed tyrannic power had ceased,  
And Rome's new reign begun of Poet, Painter, Priest.

\* The Prespepe.

## 10.

Here came the Poet-Pilgrim, whose strong pen,  
Sublime, sarcastic, tender, truthful, terse,  
Proved him in soul a Roman citizen,  
Turning th' eternal marbles into verse  
Immortal as themselves: should Time immerse  
'Neath a new flood these miracles of Art.  
Now they are proof 'gainst all his rage perverse,  
In Byron's lines shall fly the Pythian's dart;  
And the thick drops shall gush from out the Gaul's  
gored heart.

## 11.

And here in splendour and in majesty  
Set prematurely the immortal two  
Resplendent stars, that o'er the later sky  
Of English song a flood of glory threw,  
Such as till then it scarcely ever knew.  
Hither they came as to a kindred sphere,  
But soon were lost in its eternal blue;  
To loving eyes alone their orbs appear,  
Shining within the shade of Caius Cestius' bier.

## 12.

Here come the masters of the mimic arts  
That turn the poet's dreams to living stone,  
Or make the canvas swell with beating hearts,  
And the dumb panel speak, or smile, or groan.

Age after age they circle through the zone,  
 Illumed by Raphael's resplendent sun,  
 Even as the planets round Apollo's throne;  
 Then, with the dazzling lustre they have won  
 From off his glorious disc, round their own orbs they  
     run.

## 13.

O Rome, the Eternal! Rome, the ever young!  
 Shrine of the saint, and shelter of the sage,  
 Balm of bruised hearts, and nerve to souls unstrung,  
 And golden euthanasia to age:—  
 Amid the countless crowd whose pilgrimage  
 Ended within thy loving arms divine,  
 Let me read *three* from out the immortal page,  
 Tyrconnell's Lord, Tirowen's Earl, and thine,  
 Whose troubled heart now rests in Agatha's lone  
     shrine<sup>(35)</sup>.

## 14.

Familiar names—dear names, whose sounds recall  
 The distant Isle, that 'mid the northern lands,  
 Like the lone palm-tree on the Viminal  
 (Speaking of Jordan's shores and Judah's sands  
 Unto the colder pines), serenely stands,  
 The type and symbol of the warmer creed  
 With which the southern Celtic heart expands;  
 Long the sole type, but now its saving seed  
 Floats to the neighbouring isles, and fructifies with  
     speed.

## 15.

Island of Saints! when Gaul, and Goth, and Hun  
Profaned the relics of departed Rome;  
Island of Saints! when perished one by one  
Arts, laws, and letters, temple, tower, and dome;  
Island of Saints! the only sheltered home  
Where learning, faith, and piety found rest;  
Still dost thou stand above the Atlantic's foam,  
Faith's foremost Pharos to the benighted West,  
Lighting the surest track that leadeth to the blest.

ROME, *December*, 1852.





## **THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN.**



## INTRODUCTION.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the many points of interest, topographical as well as historical, which the old "Legend of St. Brendan" possesses, it is somewhat difficult to find any satisfactory account of it even in works expressly devoted to the early legendary lore of Christian Ireland. Dr. Lanigan, in his Ecclesiastical History, has a passing allusion to it, but it is a contemptuous one; although, from all that appears, he does not seem to have possessed a fuller acquaintance with its details than might be gleaned from Colgan's incidental description of the Saint's visit to Arran, previous to his setting out on his great expedition.

Colgan, in the passage referred to, promised to give a full account of this famous voyage when treating of St. Brendan's Festival on the 16th May. This promise I believe he fulfilled, but unfortunately the portion of his great work, "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*," which contains this, in common with much other interesting matter, has never been published. The rare and valuable folio, which is so well known, includes only the lives of those Irish saints whose festivals occur before the end of March. In the public libraries both of England and Ireland MS. copies of the Latin legend may be met with, but not so frequently as in those on the Continent: the *Bibliothèque Imperiale* at Paris alone containing, probably, a greater number than all the libraries of the three kingdoms put together. In the old library close to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, founded by the Primate Marsh, there is

a MS. commonly, but incorrectly, called the "Codex Kilkeniensis,"<sup>a</sup> which, along with the lives of many other early Irish saints, contains a life of St. Brendan, which is, however, unfortunately, imperfect. The same library possesses a copy of the "Nova Legenda Angliæ," compiled by Joannes Capgravius, and published in 1516. This also contains a life of St. Brendan, but carelessly and inaccurately abridged, after the manner of this writer. The "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine, that famous repertory of legends so popular in the thirteenth and succeeding centuries, makes no mention of the Irish Ulysses. Of this work, it is stated by Brunet, in his "Manuel du Libraire," that, previous to the year 1500, no less than seventy-four editions had appeared, and that up to that period it had been translated thirty times into foreign languages<sup>b</sup>. The "Golden Legende" of Caxton, printed by Wynkin de Worde at Westminster in 1483, which might be thought a mere translation of the "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine just referred to, contains, however, many additional legends, the most interesting of which, perhaps, is the one devoted to St. Brendan. The fine copy of this rare and valuable book in the Grenville Collection at the British Museum I had the pleasure of examining a few years ago, and of making a transcript therefrom of the "Lyfe of Saint Brandon," which I subsequently published in the "Dublin University Magazine," vol. xxxix. p. 556, where it is to be found in all its original quaintness.

Until very lately, no *Irish* version of the Legend, which on many accounts ought to be the most valuable, was available. A

<sup>a</sup> Dr. Reeves considers that "Codex Armachanus" is more likely to be its correct designation. See his edition of "Adamnan's Life of St. Columba," Preface, p. xxvi., note 1.

<sup>b</sup> A very excellent edition of this rare book has been recently published by Dr. Th. Graesse, Librarian to the King of Saxony (Leipsic, 1850). It contains many additional legends not to be found in the original work. There is also a French translation by M. G. B., in 2 vols., published by Charles Gosselin. Paris, 1843.

transcript of a copy, however, has been recently procured for the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; but as it remains unedited and untranslated, its advantages to the general student are but slight. The Legend, which has thus been somewhat neglected in the country where it originated, has, however, attracted the notice of a distinguished French archæologist, M. Achille Jubinal, who has published the Latin original, as well as two early Romance versions of it, under the following title:—"La Legende Latine de S. Brandaines avec une traduction en prose et en poesie Romanes." Paris, 1836.

The Legend which concerns St. Brendan, says M. Achille Jubinal, in his Preface to the above scarce and interesting little tract, "is, without doubt, if we may judge by the multitude of narratives founded upon it which still exist, one of those that were most widely diffused in the Middle Ages. This kind of monkish Odyssey is to be found, in fact, in most of the old European dialects; and, thanks to the marvels of which it is the subject, it must have obtained an immense popularity with our ancestors, and with the inhabitants of the British Isles generally—a people that have at all times been the playmates of the ocean."

In the Bibliotheque Imperiale at Paris there are to be found no less than eleven MSS. of the original Latin legend, the dates of which vary from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. In the old French and Romance dialects copies both in prose and verse are abundant in the various public libraries of France, while versions in the Irish, Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages are found scattered through the public and private libraries of colleges and convents all over the Continent.

The Spaniards and Portuguese, down nearly to the middle of the eighteenth century, seemed to have considered the legend a true narrative, and on several occasions fitted out flotillas for the purpose of ascertaining the exact locality of the islands supposed to have been discovered by St. Brendan.

The first expedition, says M. Achille Jubinal, which had

this object in view was that of Fernando de Troya and Fernando Alvarez in 1526. It was not followed, as may well be imagined, by any successful result; but this did not discourage the partisans of the singular illusion which had drawn these two men to seek for the unknown island, since, somewhat later, Dr. Herman Perez de Grado fitted out a little armament destined for the same discovery. This new attempt was not more fortunate than the preceding. In fine, a third expedition, confided to the renowned mariners Fray Lorenzo Pinedo and Gaspard Perez de Acosta, departed from the port of Palma, which had witnessed the disappointment of the previous undertakings, but did not obtain any greater success. It is probable, after this, that the zeal of the Spaniards chilled considerably; for during a century there was no further attempt to discover the position of this island. But in 1721, Don Juan de Mur, Governor of the Canaries, confided a ship to Gaspard Dominguez, which departed from the port of Santa Cruz, and returned after many months, without having discovered anything. From that time no further expedition has been attempted. It was, however, a popular belief in Spain for a long time, that the Isle of St. Brendan, who was called by them San Borondon, had served as an asylum for King Roderick against the Moors, and that this monarch dwelt there in an impenetrable fortress; and finally, that it was divided into seven opulent cities; that it had an archbishop, six bishops, seaports, large rivers, and that, as might be supposed, the inhabitants were good Christians, loaded with riches and all the other gifts of fortune.

The Portuguese were not behind the Spaniards in the vividness of their imagination. They were for a long period firmly persuaded that the Isle of St. Brendan was the asylum of King Don Sebastian; and when they beheld the Indies for the first time, they were convinced they had at length discovered the long-sought-for Island of St. Brendan\*.

\* Preface to "La Legende Latine de S. Brandaine," pp. 17, 18.

The well-known story of Madoc, which seems like a *lay* version of the Legend of St. Brendan, is familiar to all from the fine poem of Southey, of which that prince is the hero. A still earlier Welsh tradition is mentioned by Southey, in his notes to the same poem, of the "Gwerddonau Llion," or Green Islands of the Ocean, in search of which the enchanter Merlin sailed in his house of glass, and from which expedition he never returned.

The optical causes which produce the *Fata Morgana* in the Straits of Messina may have something to do with these various apparitions, as familiar now to the Tonga islanders of the South Pacific, as of old time to the more sympathizing and credulous inhabitants of Spain, of Portugal, and of Ireland\*.

To return to the voyage of St. Brendan, the main incidents of which appear to be neither impossible nor improbable. These have been carefully abridged by the late Rev. Caesar Otway in one of his very pleasing "Sketch-books of Irish Scenery." The passage may serve as a sufficient explanation of the use I have made of the Legend in the composition of the following poem:—

"We are informed that Brendan, hearing of the previous voyage of his cousin, Barinthus, in the western ocean, and obtaining an account from him of the happy isles he had landed on in the far west, determined, under the strong desire of winning heathen souls to Christ, to undertake a voyage of discovery himself. And, aware that all along the western coast of Ireland there were many traditions respecting the existence of a western land, he proceeded to the islands of Arran, and there remained for some time, holding communication with the venerable St. Enda, and obtaining from him much information on what his mind was bent. There can be little doubt that he proceeded northward along the coast of Mayo, and made inquiry, among its bays and islands, of the remnants of the Tuatha Danaan

\* See the curious account of the Island of Bolotoo in the notes to Southey's "Tale of Paraguay."



people, that once were so expert in naval affairs, and who acquired from the Milesians, or Scots, that overcame them, the character of being magicians, for their superior knowledge. At Inniskea, then, and Innisgloria, Brendan set up his cross; and, in after times, in his honour were erected those curious remains that still exist. Having prosecuted his inquiries with all diligence, Brendan returned to his native Kerry; and from a bay sheltered by the lofty mountain that is now known by his name, he set sail for the Atlantic land; and, directing his course towards the south-west, in order to meet the summer solstice, or what we would call the tropic, after a long and rough voyage, his little bark being well provisioned, he came to summer seas, where he was carried along, without the aid of sail or oar, for many a long day. This, it is to be presumed, was the great gulf-stream, and which brought his vessel to shore somewhere about the Virginian capes, or where the American coast tends eastward, and forms the New England States. Here landing, he and his companions marched steadily into the interior for fifteen days, and then came to a large river, flowing from east to west: this, evidently, was the river Ohio. And this the holy adventurer was about to cross, when he was accosted by a person of noble presence,—but whether a real or visionary man does not appear,—who told him he had gone far enough; that further discoveries were reserved for other men, who would, in due time, come and christianize all that pleasant land. The above, when tested by common sense, clearly shows that Brendan landed on a continent, and went a good way into the interior, met a great river running in a different direction from those he heretofore crossed; and here, from the difficulty of transit, or want of provisions, or deterred by increasing difficulties, he turned back, and, no doubt, in a dream he saw some such vision which embodied his own previous thought, and satisfied him that it was expedient for him to return home. It is said he remained seven years away, and returned to set up a college of three thousand monks, at Clonfert,

and he then died in the odour of sanctity."—Cæsar Otway's *Sketches in Erris and Tyrrawley*, note, pp. 98, 99.

According to Colgan, St. Brendan set out on his voyage in 545. Dr. Lanigan, however (*Ecclesiastical Hist.*, vol. ii. p. 35), considers that it must have commenced some years earlier, as it is natural to suppose that Brendan was, at the time of undertaking such a perilous work, in the vigour of his age, and not sixty years old, as he was in the year 545.

I may add, in conclusion, that the "Paradisus Avium" mentioned in Capgrave's version, and so picturesquely elaborated by Caxton in "The Golden Legende," seemed to me a tempting opportunity of describing the more remarkable specimens of American Ornithology. This I have attempted in the fifth part of the poem.

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**"Interem S. Brendanus ad S. Itam nutricem suam perrexit: quæ virgo Dei Sancta eum cum pietate pectore suo complexit: cujus mentem Vir Sanctus de miraculis, quæ vidit in Oceano, refecit."—COLGAN'S ACTA SANCTORUM, p. 74.**

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# THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN.

A. D. 545.

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## PART I.

### THE VOCATION.

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1.

O ITA<sup>(36)</sup>! mother of my heart and mind—  
My nourisher—my fosterer—my friend,  
Who taught me first, to God's great will resigned,  
Before his shining altar-steps to bend.  
Who poured his word upon my soul like balm,  
And on mine eyes, what pious fancy paints—  
And on mine ear the sweetly swelling psalm,  
And all the sacred knowledge of the saints.

2.

Who but to thee, my mother, should be told,  
Of all the wonders I have seen afar?—  
Islands more green, and suns of brighter gold  
Than this dear land, or yonder blazing star;

Of hills that bear the fruit-trees on their tops,  
And seas that dimple with eternal smiles;  
Of airs from heaven that fan the golden crops,  
O'er the great ocean, 'mid the blessed isles!

## 3.

Thou knowest, O my mother! how to thee,  
The blessed Ercus led me when a boy,  
And how within thine arms and at thy knee,  
I learned the lore that death cannot destroy;  
And how I parted hence with bitter tears,  
And felt when turning from thy friendly door,  
In the reality of ripening years,  
My paradise of childhood was no more.

## 4.

I wept—but not with sin such tear-drops flow,  
I sighed—for earthly things with heaven entwine;  
Tears make the harvest of the heart to grow,  
And love, though human, is almost divine.  
The heart that loves not knows not how to pray;  
That eye can never smile that never weeps;  
'Tis through our sighs Hope's kindling sunbeamsplay,  
And through our tears the bow of Promise peeps.

## 5.

I grew to manhood by the western wave,  
Among the mighty mountains on the shore;  
My bed the rock within some natural cave,  
My food, whate'er the seas or seasons bore;

My occupation, morn and noon and night :<sup>1</sup>  
The only dream my hasty slumbers gave,  
Was Time's unheeding, unreturning flight,  
And the great world that lies beyond the grave.

## 6.

And thus, where'er I went, all things to me  
Assumed the one deep colour of my mind ;  
Great Nature's prayer rose from the murmuring sea,  
And sinful man sighed in the wintry wind.  
The thick-veiled clouds by shedding many a tear,  
Like penitents, grew purified and bright,  
And, bravely struggling through earth's atmosphere,  
Passed to the regions of eternal light.

## 7.

I loved to watch the clouds now dark and dun,  
In long procession and funereal line,  
Pass with slow pace across the glorious sun,  
Like hooded monks before a dazzling shrine.  
And now with gentler beauty as they rolled  
Along the azure vault in gladsome May,  
Gleaming pure white, and edged with brodered gold,  
Like snowy vestments on the Virgin's day.

## 8.

And then I saw the mighty sea expand  
Like Time's unmeasured and unfathomed waves,  
One with its tide-marks on the ridgy sand,  
The other with its line of weedy graves ;

And as beyond the outstretched wave of Time,  
The eye of Faith a brighter land may meet,  
So did I dream of some more sunny clime  
Beyond the waste of waters at my feet.

## 9.

Some clime where man, unknowing and unknown,  
For God's refreshing Word still gasps and faints;  
Or happier rather some Elysian zone,  
Made for the habitation of His saints;  
Where Nature's love the sweat of labour spares,  
Nor turns to usury the wealth it lends,  
Where the rich soil spontaneous harvest bears,  
And the tall tree with milk-filled clusters bends.

## 10.

The thought grew stronger with my growing days,  
Even like to manhood's strengthening mind and limb,  
And often now amid the purple haze  
That evening breathed upon the horizon's rim—  
Methought, as there I sought my wished-for home,  
I could descry amid the waters green,  
Full many a diamond shrine and golden dome,  
And crystal palaces of dazzling sheen.

## 11.

And then I longed with impotent desire,  
Even for the bow whereby the Python bled,  
That I might send one dart of living fire  
Into that land, before the vision fled.

And thus at length fix thy enchanted shore,  
Hy-Brasail<sup>(37)</sup>—Eden of the western wave!  
That thou again wouldst fade away no more,  
Buried and lost within thy azure grave.

## 12.

But angels came and whispered as I dreamt,  
“This is no phantom of a frenzied brain—  
God shows this land from time to time to tempt  
Some daring mariner across the main :  
By thee the mighty venture must be made,  
By thee shall myriad souls to Christ be won !  
Arise, depart, and trust to God for aid !”  
I woke, and kneeling cried, “His will be done !”



## PART II.

ARA OF THE SAINTS<sup>(38)</sup>.

## 1.

HEARING how blessed Enda<sup>(39)</sup> lived apart,  
Amid the sacred caves of Ara-mhor,  
And how beneath his eye, spread like a chart,  
Lay all the isles of that remotest shore ;  
And how he had collected in his mind  
All that was known to man of the Old Sea<sup>(40)</sup>,  
I left the Hill of Miracles<sup>(41)</sup> behind,  
And sailed from out the shallow sandy Leigh<sup>(42)</sup>.

## 2.

Betwixt the Samphire Isles<sup>(43)</sup> swam my light skiff,  
And like an arrow flew through Fenor Sound<sup>(44)</sup>,  
Swept by the pleasant strand<sup>(45)</sup>, and the tall cliff  
Whereon the pale rose amethysts are found<sup>(46)</sup>.  
Rounded Moyferta's rocky point<sup>(47)</sup>, and crossed  
The mouth of stream-streaked Erin's mightiest tide,  
Whose troubled waves break o'er the City lost,  
Chafed by the marble turrets that they hide<sup>(48)</sup>.

## 3.

Beneath Ibrickan's hills, moory and tame<sup>(49)</sup>,  
And Inniscaorach's caves, so wild and dark<sup>(50)</sup>,  
I sailed along. The white-faced otter came<sup>(51)</sup>,  
And gazed in wonder on my floating bark.  
The soaring gannet<sup>(52)</sup> perched upon my mast,  
And the proud bird, that flies but o'er the sea<sup>(53)</sup>,  
Wheeled o'er my head : and the girrinna passed  
Upon the branch of some life-giving tree<sup>(54)</sup>.

## 4.

Leaving the awful cliffs of Córcomróe,  
I sought the rocky eastern isle, that bears  
The name of blessed Coemhan, who doth show  
Pity unto the storm-tossed seaman's prayers<sup>(55)</sup>,  
Then crossing Bealach-na-fearbac's treacherous  
sound<sup>(56)</sup>,  
I reached the middle isle, whose citadel  
Looks like a monarch from its throne around ;  
And there I rested by St. Kennerg's well<sup>(57)</sup>.

## 5.

Again I sailed, and crossed the stormy sound  
That lies beneath Binn-Aite's rocky height<sup>(58)</sup>  
And there, upon the shore, the Saint I found  
Waiting my coming through the tardy night.  
He led me to his home beside the wave,  
Where, with his monks, the pious father dwelled,  
And to my listening ear he freely gave  
The sacred knowledge that his bosom held.

## 6.

When I proclaimed the project that I nursed,  
How 'twas for this that I his blessing sought,  
An irrepressible cry of joy outburst  
From his pure lips, that blessed me for the thought.  
He said, that *he*, too, had in visions strayed  
Over the untrack'd ocean's billowy foam;  
Bid me have hope, that God would give me aid,  
And bring me safe back to my native home.

## 7.

Oft, as we paced that marble-covered land<sup>(59)</sup>  
Would blessed Enda tell me wondrous tales—  
How, for the children of his love, the hand  
Of the Omnipotent Father never fails—  
How his own sister, standing by the side  
Of the great sea, which bore no human bark,  
Spread her light cloak upon the conscious tide,  
And sailed thereon securely as an ark<sup>(60)</sup>.

## 8.

And how the winds become the willing slaves  
Of those who labour in the work of God;  
And how Scothinus walked upon the waves,  
Which seemed to him the meadow's verdant sod<sup>(61)</sup>.  
How he himself came hither with his flock,  
To teach the infidels from Córcomróe<sup>(62)</sup>;  
Upon the floating breast of the hard rock,  
Which lay upon the glistening sands below<sup>(63)</sup>.

## 9.

But not alone of miracles and joys

Would Enda speak—he told me of his dream ;  
When blessed Kieran went to Clon-mac-nois,

To found the sacred churches by the stream—  
How he had wept to see the Angels flee

Away from Arran, as a place accurst ;  
And men tear up the island-shading tree,  
Out of the soil from which it sprung at first<sup>(64)</sup>.

## 10.

At length I tore me from the good man's sight,

And o'er Loch Lurgan's mouth took my lone way,  
Which, in the sunny morning's golden light,

Shone like the burning lake of Lassaræ<sup>(65)</sup>,  
Now 'neath Heaven's frown—and now, beneath its  
smile—

Borne on the tide, or driven before the gale ;  
And, as I passed Mac Dara's sacred Isle,

Thrice bowed my mast, and thrice let down my  
sail<sup>(66)</sup>.

## 11.

Westward of Arran, as I sailed away,

I saw the fairest sight eye can behold,—  
Rocks which, illumined by the morning's ray,

Seemed like a glorious city built of gold.  
Men moved along each sunny shining street,

Fires seemed to blaze, and curling smoke to rise,  
When lo ! the city vanished, and a fleet,

With snowy sails, rose on my ravished eyes<sup>(67)</sup>.

## 12.

Thus having sought for knowledge and for strength,  
For the unheard-of voyage that I planned,  
I left these myriad isles, and turned at length  
Southward my bark, and sought my native land.  
There I made all things ready, day by day,  
The wicker boat, with ox-skins covered o'er<sup>(66)</sup>—  
Chose the good monks companions of my way,  
And waited for the wind to leave the shore.

## PART III.

## THE VOYAGE.



## 1.

At length the day so long expected came,  
When from the opening arms of that wild bay,  
Beneath the hill that bears my humble name<sup>(69)</sup>,  
Over the waves we took our untracked way :  
Sweetly the morning lay on tarn and rill,  
Gladly the waves played in its golden light,  
And the proud top of the majestic hill  
Shone in the azure air—serene and bright<sup>(70)</sup>.

## 2.

Over the sea we flew that sunny morn,  
Not without natural tears and human sighs,  
For who can leave the land where he was born,  
And where, perchance, a buried mother lies ;  
Where all the friends of riper manhood dwell,  
And where the playmates of his childhood sleep :  
Who can depart, and breathe a cold farewell,  
Nor let his eyes their honest tribute weep ?

## 3.

Our little bark, kissing the dimpled smiles  
On ocean's cheek, flew like a wanton bird,  
And then the land, with all its hundred isles,  
Faded away, and yet we spoke no word.  
Each silent tongue held converse with the past,  
Each moistened eye looked round the circling wave,  
And, save the spot where stood our trembling mast,  
Saw all things hid within one mighty grave.

## 4.

We were alone, on the wide watery waste—  
Nought broke its bright monotony of blue,  
Save where the breeze the flying billows chased,  
Or where the clouds their purple shadows threw.  
We were alone—the pilgrims of the sea—  
One boundless azure desert round us spread ;  
No hope—no trust—no strength, except in **THEE**,  
Father, who once the pilgrim-people led.

## 5.

And when the bright-faced sun resigned his throne  
Unto the Ethiop queen, who rules the night,—  
Who, with her pearly crown and starry zone,  
Fills the dark dome of heaven with silvery light,—  
As on we sailed, beneath her milder sway,  
And felt within our hearts her holier power,  
We ceased from toil, and humbly knelt to pray,  
And hailed with vesper hymns the tranquil hour !

## 6.

For then, indeed, the vaulted heavens appeared

A fitting shrine to hear their Maker's praise,  
Such as no human architect has reared,

Where gems, and gold, and precious marbles blaze.  
What earthly temple such a roof can boast?—

What flickering lamp with the rich starlight vies,  
When the round moon rests, like the sacred Host,  
Upon the azure altar of the skies?

## 7.

We breathed aloud the Christian's filial prayer,  
Which makes us brothers even with the Lord;

"Our Father," cried we, in the midnight air,

"In heaven and earth be Thy great name adored;  
May Thy bright kingdom, where the angels are,  
Replace this fleeting world, so dark and dim."

And then, with eyes fixed on some glorious star,  
We sang the Virgin-Mother's vesper hymn!

## 8.

"Hail, brightest star! that o'er life's troubled sea  
Shines pity down from heaven's elysian blue!

Mother and maid, we fondly look to thee,

Fair gate of bliss, where Heaven beams brightly  
through.

Star of the morning! guide our youthful days,

Shine on our infant steps in life's long race;

Star of the evening! with thy tranquil rays,

Gladden the aged eyes that seek thy face.



## 9.

“Hail sacred maid ! thou brighter, better Eve,  
Take from our eyes the blinding scales of sin ;  
Within our hearts no selfish poison leave,  
For thou the heavenly antidote canst win.  
O sacred Mother ! ’tis to thee we run—  
Poor children, from this world’s oppressive strife ;  
Ask all we need from thy immortal Son,  
Who drank of death, that we might taste of life.

## 10.

“Hail, spotless Virgin ! mildest, meekest maid—  
Hail ! purest Pearl that Time’s great sea hath  
borne—  
May our white souls, in purity arrayed,  
Shine, as if they thy vestal robes had worn ;  
Make our hearts pure, as thou thyself art pure—  
Make safe the rugged pathway of our lives,  
And make us pass to joys that *will* endure  
When the dark term of mortal life arrives”(1).

## 11.

’Twas thus, in hymns, and prayers, and holy psalms,  
Day tracking day, and night succeeding night,  
Now driven by tempests, now delayed by calms,  
Along the sea we winged our varied flight.  
Oh ! how we longed and pined for sight of land !  
Oh ! how we sighed for the green pleasant fields !  
Compared with the cold waves, the barest strand—  
The bleakest rock—a crop of comfort yields.

## 12.

Sometimes, indeed, when the exhausted gale,

In search of rest, beneath the waves would flee,  
Like some poor wretch, who, when his strength doth  
fail,

Sinks in the smooth and unsupporting sea :  
Then would the Brothers draw from memory's store  
Some chapter of life's misery or bliss—  
Some trial that some saintly spirit bore—  
Or else some tale of passion, such as this :—

## PART IV.

THE BURIED CITY<sup>(73)</sup>.

## 1.

BESIDE that giant stream, that foams and swells  
Betwixt Hy-Conaill and Moyarta's shore,  
And guards the isle where good Senanus dwells<sup>(73)</sup>,  
A gentle maiden dwelt, in days of yore.  
She long has passed out of Time's aching womb,  
And breathes Eternity's favonian air;  
Yet fond Tradition lingers o'er her tomb,  
And paints her glorious features as they were :—

## 2.

Her smile was Eden's pure and stainless light,  
Which never cloud nor earthly vapour mars;  
Her lustrous eyes were like the noon of night—  
Black, but yet brightened by a thousand stars;  
Her tender form, moulded in modest grace,  
Shrank from the gazer's eye, and moved apart;  
Heaven shone reflected in her angel face,  
And God reposed within her virgin heart.

## 3.

She dwelt in green Moyarta's pleasant land,  
Beneath the graceful hills of Clonderlaw,—  
Sweet sunny hills whose triple summits stand,  
One vast tiara over stream and shaw.  
Almost in solitude the maiden grew,  
And reached her early budding woman's prime;  
And all so noiselessly the swift time flew,  
She knew not of the name or flight of Time.

## 4.

And thus, within her modest mountain nest,  
This gentle maiden nestled like a dove;  
Offering to God from her pure innocent breast  
The sweet and silent incense of her love.  
No selfish feeling nor presumptuous pride  
In her calm bosom waged unnatural strife.  
Saint of her home and hearth, she sanctified  
The thousand trivial common cares of life.

## 5.

Upon the opposite shore there dwelt a youth,  
Whose nature's woof was woven of good and ill—  
Whose stream of life flowed to the sea of truth,  
But in a devious course, round many a hill—  
Now lingering through a valley of delight,  
Where sweet flowers bloomed, and summer song-  
birds sung;  
Now hurled along the dark tempestuous night,  
With gloomy, treeless mountains overhung.

## 6.

He sought the soul of Beauty throughout space,—  
Knowledge he tracked through many a vanished  
age :

For one he scanned fair Nature's radiant face,  
And for the other, Learning's shrivelled page.  
If Beauty sent some fair apostle down,  
Or Knowledge some great teacher of her lore,  
Bearing the wreath of rapture and the crown,  
He knelt to love, to learn, and adore.

## 7.

Full many a time he spread his little sail,—  
How rough the river, or how dark the skies,—  
Gave his light currach to the angry gale,  
And crossed the stream, to gaze on Ethna's eyes.  
As yet 'twas worship, more than human love—  
That hopeless adoration that we pay  
Unto some glorious planet throned above,  
Though severed from its crystal sphere for aye.

## 8.

But warmer love an easy conquest won,  
The more he came to green Moyarta's bowers ;  
Even as the earth, by gazing on the sun,  
In summer time puts forth her myriad flowers.  
The yearnings of his heart—vague, undefined—  
Wakened and solaced by ideal gleams,  
Took everlasting shape, and intertwined  
Around this incarnation of his dreams.

## 9.

Some strange fatality restrained his tongue—  
He spoke not of the love that filled his breast;  
The thread of hope, on which his whole life hung,  
Was far too weak to bear so strong a test.  
He trusted to the future—time, or chance—  
His constant homage, and assiduous care;  
Preferred to dream, and lengthen out his trance,  
Rather than wake to knowledge and despair.

## 10.

And thus she knew not, when the youth would look  
Upon some pictured chronicle of eld,  
In every blazoned letter of the book  
One fairest face was all that he beheld :  
And where the limner, with consummate art,  
Drew flowing lines and quaint devices rare,  
The wildered youth, by looking from the heart,  
Saw nought but lustrous eyes and waving hair.

## 11.

He soon was startled from his dreams, for now—  
'Twas said, obedient to a heavenly call—  
His life of life would take the vestal vow,  
In one short month, within a convent's wall.  
He heard the tidings with a sickening fear,  
But quickly had the sudden faintness flown,  
And vowed, though heaven or hell should interfere,  
Ethna—his Ethna—should be his alone !

## 12.

He sought his boat, and snatched the feathery oar—  
It was the first and brightest morn of May;  
The white-winged clouds, that sought the northern  
shore,  
Seemed but love's guides, to point him out the way.  
The great old river heaved its mighty heart,  
And, with a solemn sigh, went calmly on,  
As if of all his griefs it felt a part,  
But knew they should be borne, and so had gone.

## 13.

Slowly his boat the languid breeze obeyed,  
Although the stream that that light burden bore  
Was like the level path the angels made,  
Through the rough sea, to Arran's blessed shore<sup>(74)</sup>;  
And from the rosy clouds the light airs fanned,  
And from the rich reflection that they gave,  
Like good Scothinus, had he reached his hand<sup>(75)</sup>,  
He might have plucked a garland from the wave.

## 14.

And now the noon in purple splendour blazed—  
The gorgeous clouds in slow procession filed—  
The youth leaned o'er with listless eyes, and gazed  
Down through the waves on which the blue heavens  
smiled:  
What sudden fear his gasping breath doth drown?  
What hidden wonder fires his startled eyes?  
Down in the deep, full many a fathom down,  
A great and glorious city buried lies.

## 15.

Not like those villages with rude-built walls,  
That raise their humble roofs round every coast,  
But holding marble basilics and halls,  
Such as imperial Rome itself might boast.  
There were the palace and the poor man's home,  
And upstart glitter and old-fashioned gloom,  
The spacious porch, the nicely rounded dome,  
The hero's column, and the martyr's tomb.

## 16.

There was the cromleach, with its circling stones;  
There the green rath and the round, narrow tower;  
There was the prison whence the captive's groans  
Had many a time moaned in the midnight hour.  
Beneath the graceful arch the river flowed,  
Around the walls the sparkling waters ran,  
The golden chariot rolled along the road,—  
All, all was there except the face of man.

## 17.

The wondering youth had neither thought nor word,  
He felt alone the power and will to die;  
His little bark seemed like an outstretched bird,  
Floating along that city's azure sky.  
It was not that he was not bold and brave,  
And yet he would have perished with affright,  
Had not the breeze, rippling the lucid wave,  
Concealed the buried city from his sight.



## 18.

He reached the shore ; the rumour was too true—  
Ethna—his Ethna—would be God's alone  
In one brief month ; for which the maid withdrew,  
To seek for strength before His blessed throne.  
Was it the fire that on his bosom preyed ?  
Or the temptation of the Fiend abhorred ?  
That made him vow to snatch the white-veiled maid  
Even from the very altar of her Lord!

## 19.

The first of June, that festival of flowers,  
Came, like a goddess, o'er the meadows green !  
And all the children of the spring-tide showers  
Rose from their grassy beds to hail their Queen.  
A song of joy, a pæan of delight,  
Rose from the myriad life in the tall grass,  
When the young Dawn, fresh from the sleep of night,  
Glanced at her blushing face in Ocean's glass.

## 20.

Ethna awoke—a second—brighter dawn—  
Her mother's fondling voice breathed in her ear ;  
Quick from her couch she started, as a fawn  
Bounds from the heather when her dam is near.  
Each clasped the other in a long embrace—  
Each knew the other's heart did beat and bleed—  
Each kissed the warm tears from the other's face,  
And gave the consolation she did need.

## 21.

Oh ! bitterest sacrifice the heart can make—  
That of a mother of her darling child—  
That of a child, who, for her Saviour's sake,  
Leaves the fond face that o'er her cradle smiled.  
They who may think that God doth never need  
So great, so sad a sacrifice as this,  
While they take glory in their easier creed,  
Will feel and own the sacrifice it is.

## 22.

All is prepared—the sisters in the choir—  
The mitred abbot on his crimson throne—  
The waxen tapers, with their pallid fire  
Poured o'er the sacred cup and altar-stone—  
The upturned eyes, glistening with pious tears—  
The censer's fragrant vapour floating o'er.  
Now all is hushed, for, lo ! the maid appears,  
Entering with solemn step the sacred door.

## 23.

She moved as moves the moon, radiant and pale,  
Through the calm night, wrapped in a silvery cloud;  
The jewels of her dress shone through her veil,  
As shine the stars through their thin vaporous  
shroud;  
The brighter jewels of her eyes were hid  
Beneath their smooth white caskets arching o'er,  
Which, by the trembling of each ivory lid,  
Seemed conscious of the treasures that they bore.

## 24.

She reached the narrow porch and the tall door,  
Her trembling foot upon the sill was placed—  
Her snowy veil swept the smooth-sanded floor—  
Her cold hands chilled the bosom they embraced.  
Who is this youth, whose forehead, like a book,  
Bears many a deep-traced character of pain?  
Who looks for pardon as the damned may look—  
That ever pray, and know they pray in vain.

## 25.

'Tis he, the wretched youth—the Demon's prey.  
One sudden bound, and he is at her side—  
One piercing shriek, and she has swooned away,  
Dim are her eyes, and cold her heart's warm tide.  
Horror and terror seize the startled crowd;  
Their sinewy hands are nerveless with affright;  
When, as the wind beareth a summer cloud,  
The youth bears off the maiden from their sight.

## 26.

Close to the place the stream rushed roaring by,  
His little boat lay moored beneath the bank,  
Hid from the shore, and from the gazer's eye,  
By waving reeds and water-willows dank.  
Hither, with flying feet and glowing brow,  
He fled as quick as fancies in a dream—  
Placed the insensate maiden in the prow—  
Pushed from the shore, and gained the open stream.

## 27.

Scarce had he left the river's foamy edge,  
When sudden darkness fell on hill and plain ;  
The angry Sun, shocked at the sacrilege,  
Fled from the heavens with all his golden train ;  
The stream rushed quicker, like a man afeard ;  
Down swept the storm and clove its breast of green,  
And though the calm and brightness reappeared,  
The youth and maiden never more were seen.

## 28.

Whether the current in its strong arms bore  
Their bark to green Hy-Brasail's fairy halls,  
Or, whether, as is told along that shore,  
They sunk within the buried city's walls ;  
Whether through some Elysian clime they stray,  
Or o'er their whitened bones the river rolls ;—  
Whate'er their fate, my brothers, let us pray  
To God, for peace and pardon to their souls.

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## 29.

Such was the brother's tale of earthly love—  
He ceased, and sadly bowed his reverend head :  
For us, we wept, and raised our eyes above,  
And sang the *De Profundis* for the dead.  
A freshening breeze played on our moistened cheeks,  
The far horizon oped its walls of light,  
And lo ! with purple hills and sunbright peaks  
A glorious isle gleamed on our gladdened sight.

## PART V.

## THE PARADISE OF BIRDS.

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"Post resurrectionis diem dominicus navigabitis ad altam insulam ad occidentalem plagam, que vocatur PARADISUS AVIUM."—LIFE OF ST. BRENDAN, IN CAPGRAVE, fol. 45.

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## 1.

It was the fairest and the sweetest scene—

The freshest, sunniest, smiling land that e'er  
Held o'er the waves its arms of sheltering green

Unto the sea and storm-vexed mariner:—  
No barren waste its gentle bosom scarred,  
Nor suns that burn, nor breezes winged with ice,  
Nor jagged rocks (Nature's gray ruins) marred  
The perfect features of that Paradise.

## 2.

The verdant turf spreads from the crystal marge

Of the clear stream, up the soft-swelling hill,  
Rose-bearing shrubs and stately cedars large

All o'er the land the pleasant prospect fill.  
Unnumbered birds their glorious colours fling  
Among the boughs that rustle in the breeze,  
As if the meadow-flowers had taken wing  
And settled on the green o'erarching trees.

## 3.

Oh! Ita, Ita, 'tis a grievous wrong,  
That man commits who uninspired presumes  
To sing the heavenly sweetness of their song—  
To paint the glorious tinting of their plumes—  
Plumes bright as jewels that from diadems  
Fling over golden thrones their diamond rays—  
Bright, even as bright as those three mystic gems,  
The angels bore thee in thy childhood's days<sup>(76)</sup>.

## 4.

There dwells the bird that to the farther west  
Bears the sweet message of the coming spring<sup>(77)</sup>;  
June's blushing roses paint his prophet breast,  
And summer skies gleam from his azure wing.  
While winter prowls around the neighbouring seas,  
The happy bird dwells in his cedar nest,  
Then flies away, and leaves his favourite trees  
Unto his brother of the graceful crest<sup>(78)</sup>.

## 5.

Birds that with us are clothed in modest brown  
There wear a splendour words cannot express.  
The sweet-voiced thrush beareth a golden crown<sup>(79)</sup>,  
And even the sparrow boasts a scarlet dress<sup>(80)</sup>.  
There partial Nature fondles and illumines  
The plainest offspring that her bosom bears;  
The golden robin flies on fiery plumes<sup>(81)</sup>,  
And the small wren a purple ruby wears<sup>(82)</sup>.

## 6.

Birds, too, that, even in our sunniest hours,  
Ne'er to this cloudy land one moment stray,  
Whose brilliant plumes, fleeting and fair as flowers,  
Come with the flowers, and with the flowers decay<sup>(83)</sup>.  
The Indian bird, with hundred eyes, that throws  
From his blue neck the azure of the skies,  
And his pale brother of the northern snows,  
Bearing white plumes, mirrored with brilliant  
eyes<sup>(84)</sup>.

## 7.

Oft, in the sunny mornings, have I seen  
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,  
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,  
And sweetly singing all the morning through<sup>(85)</sup>;  
And others, with their heads grayish and dark,  
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,  
And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled bark,  
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease<sup>(86)</sup>.

## 8.

And diamond birds chirping their single notes,  
Now mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossoms seen,  
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,  
Small-winged emeralds of golden green<sup>(87)</sup>;  
And other larger birds with orange cheeks,  
A many-colour-painted chattering crowd,  
Prattling for ever with their curv'd beaks,  
And through the silent woods screaming aloud<sup>(88)</sup>.

## 9.

Colour and form may be conveyed in words,  
But words are weak to tell the heavenly strains  
That from the throats of these celestial birds  
Rang through the woods and o'er the echoing plains:  
There was the meadow-lark, with voice as sweet,  
But robed in richer raiment than our own<sup>(88)</sup>;  
And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,  
The painted nightingale sang out alone<sup>(89)</sup>.

## 10.

Words cannot echo music's wingéd note,  
One bird alone exhausts their utmost power;  
'Tis that strange bird whose many-voicéd throat  
Mocks all his brethren of the woodland bower—  
To whom indeed the gift of tongues is given,  
The musical rich tongues that fill the grove,  
Now like the lark dropping his notes from heaven,  
Now cooing the soft earth-notes of the dove<sup>(91)</sup>.

## 11.

Oft have I seen him, scorning all control,  
Winging his arrowy flight rapid and strong,  
As if in search of his evanished soul,  
Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song<sup>(92)</sup>;  
And as I wandered on, and upward gazed,  
Half lost in admiration, half in fear,  
I left the brothers wondering and amazed,  
Thinking that all the choir of heaven was near.



## 12.

Was it a revelation or a dream?—

That these bright birds as angels once did dwell  
In heaven with starry Lucifer supreme,

Half sinned with him, and with him partly fell;  
That in this lesser paradise they stray,

Float through its air, and glide its streams along,  
And that the strains they sing each happy day  
Rise up to God like morn and even song<sup>(93)</sup>.

PART VI.  
THE PROMISED LAND<sup>(\*)</sup>.

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## 1.

As on this world the young man turns his eyes,  
When forced to try the dark sea of the grave,  
Thus did we gaze upon that Paradise,  
Fading, as we were borne across the wave.  
And, as a brighter world dawns by degrees  
Upon Eternity's serenest strand,  
Thus, having passed through dark and gloomy seas,  
At length we reached the long-sought Promised  
Land.

## 2.

The wind had died upon the ocean's breast,  
When, like a silvery vein through the dark ore,  
A smooth bright current, gliding to the west,  
Bore our light bark to that enchanted shore.  
It was a lovely plain—spacious and fair,  
And bless'd with all delights that earth can hold,  
Celestial odours filled the fragrant air  
That breathed around that green and pleasant wold.

## 3.

There may not rage of frost, nor snow, nor rain,  
Injure the smallest and most delicate flower,  
Nor fall of hail wound the fair, healthful plain,  
Nor the warm weather, nor the winter's shower.  
That noble land is all with blossoms flowered,  
Shed by the summer breezes as they pass;  
Less leaves than blossoms on the trees are showered,  
And flowers grow thicker in the fields than grass<sup>(95)</sup>.

## 4.

Nor hills, nor mountains, there stand high and steep,  
Nor stony cliffs tower o'er the frightened waves,  
Nor hollow dells, where stagnant waters sleep,  
Nor hilly risings, nor dark mountain caves;  
Nothing deformed upon its bosom lies,  
Nor on its level breast rests aught unsmooth;—  
A green glad meadow under golden skies,  
Blooming for ever in perpetual youth.

## 5.

That glorious land stands higher o'er the sea,  
By twelve-fold fathom measure, than we deem  
The highest hills beneath the heavens to be.  
There the bower glitters, and the green woods gleam.  
All o'er that pleasant plain, calm and serene,  
The fruits ne'er fall, but, hung by God's own hand,  
Cling to the trees, that stand for ever green,  
Obedient to their Maker's first command.

## 6.

Summer and winter are the woods the same,  
Hung with bright fruits and leaves that never fade;  
Such will they be, beyond the reach of flame,  
Till Heaven, and Earth, and Time shall have decayed.  
Here might Iduna in her fond pursuit,  
As fabled by the northern sea-born men,  
Gather her golden and immortal fruit,  
That brings their youth back to the gods again<sup>(96)</sup>.

## 7.

Of old, when God, to punish sinful pride,  
Set round the deluged world the ocean flood,  
When all the earth lay 'neath the vengeful tide,  
This glorious land above the waters stood.  
Such shall it be at last, even as at first,  
Until the coming of the final doom,  
When the dark chambers—men's death homes shall  
burst,—  
And man shall rise to judgment from the tomb.

## 8.

There there is never enmity, nor rage,  
Nor poisoned calumny, nor envy's breath,  
Nor shivering poverty, nor decrepid age,  
Nor loss of vigour, nor the narrow death,  
Nor idiot laughter, nor the tears men weep,  
Nor painful exile from one's native soil,  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor weariness, nor sleep,  
Nor lust of riches, nor the poor man's toil.

## 9.

There never falls the rain-cloud as with us,  
Nor gapes the earth with the dry summer's thirst,  
But liquid streams, wondrously curious,  
Out of the ground with fresh fair bubblings burst.  
Sea-cold and bright the pleasant waters glide  
Over the soil, and through the shady bowers;  
Flowers fling their coloured radiance o'er the tide,  
And the white streams their crystals o'er the flowers.

## 10.

Such was the land for man's enjoyment made,  
When from this troubled life his soul doth wend:  
Such was the land through which entranced we strayed,  
For fifteen days, nor reached its bound nor end.  
Onward we wandered in a blissful dream,  
Nor thought of food, nor needed earthly rest;  
Until, at length, we reached a mighty stream,  
Whose broad bright waves flowed from the east to  
west.

## 11.

We were about to cross its placid tide,  
When, lo! an Angel on our vision broke.  
Clothed in white, upon the further side  
He stood majestic, and thus sweetly spoke:  
"Father, return, thy mission now is o'er;  
God, who did call thee here, now bids thee go.  
Return in peace unto thy native  
And tell the mighty secrets thou dost know.

## 12.

“In after years, in God’s own fitting time,  
This pleasant land again shall reappear;  
And other men shall preach the truths sublime,  
To the benighted people dwelling here.  
But ere that hour this land shall all be made,  
For mortal man, a fitting, natural home,  
Then shall the giant mountain fling its shade,  
And the strong rock stem the white torrent’s foam.

## 13.

“Seek thy own isle—Christ’s newly-bought domain,  
Which Nature with an emerald pencil paints;  
Such as it is, long, long shall it remain,  
The school of Truth, the college of the Saints,  
The student’s bower, the hermit’s calm retreat,  
The stranger’s home, the hospitable hearth,  
The shrine to which shall wander pilgrim feet  
From all the neighbouring nations of the earth.

## 14.

“But in the end upon that land shall fall  
A bitter scourge, a lasting flood of tears,  
When ruthless tyranny shall level all  
The pious trophies of its earlier years:  
Then shall this land prove thy poor country’s friend,  
And shine, a second Eden, in the west;  
Then shall this shore its friendly arms extend,  
And clasp the outcast exile to its breast.”

## 15.

He ceased, and vanished from our dazzled sight,  
While harps and sacred hymns rang sweetly o'er;  
For us again we winged our homeward flight  
O'er the great ocean to our native shore;  
And, as a proof of God's protecting hand,  
And of the wondrous tidings that we bear,  
The fragrant perfume of that heavenly land  
Clings to the very garments that we wear<sup>(97)</sup>.

ETHNA, TO CULL SWEET FLOWERS DIVINELY FAIR,  
TO SEEK FOR GEMS OF SUCH TRANSPARENT LIGHT  
AS WOULD NOT BE UNWORTHY TO UNITE  
ROUND THY FAIR BROW, AND THROUGH THY DARK BROWN HAIR,  
I WOULD THAT I HAD WINGS TO CLEAVE THE AIR,  
IN SEARCH OF SOME FAR REGION OF DELIGHT,  
THAT, BACK TO THEE FROM THAT ADVENTUROUS FLIGHT,  
A GLORIOUS WREATH MY HAPPY HANDS MIGHT BEAR;  
SOON WOULD THE SWEETEST PERSIAN ROSE BE THINE—  
SOON WOULD THE GLORY OF GOLCONDA'S MINE  
FLASH ON THY FOREHEAD, LIKE A STAR—AH! ME,  
IN PLACE OF THESE, I BRING, WITH TREMBLING HAND,  
THESE FADING WILD FLOWERS FROM OUR NATIVE LAND—  
THESE SIMPLE PEBBLES FROM THE IRISH SEA!

1850.



The Poems contained in this Volume (except two) were first collected, with others, under the title of "Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics, original and translated." Such of the original Poems as appeared to me to possess any general interest have been carefully revised, and are here republished. Some additional notes, and a new Preface to "The Voyage of St. Brendan," as well as the two Poems above referred to, are added. The translations are reserved to form a portion of a future publication, expressly intended for those who may be pursuing linguistic studies.

SUMMERFIELD HOUSE, DALKEY,  
*May 18, 1857.*

## NOTES.



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### THE BELL-FOUNDER.

THE last three stanzas of the third part of this Poem contain almost all of the well-known legend of the Bells of Limerick Cathedral that I have made use of in its composition. For the remainder of the poem, the name, locality, and circumstances of the hero, and for every accessory of colour and characterization, I alone am responsible. The particular version of the story which I had before my mind when writing the Bell-Founder, was that brief, but very pleasing one, which may be seen in the "Dublin Penny Journal," vol. i. p. 48.

The Poem, as previously published, was prefaced by the three following stanzas, referring to a period of great depression, now happily passed by:—

#### 1.

O ERIN! thou desolate mother, the heart in thy bosom is sore,  
And wringing thy hands in despair, thou dost roam round the  
    plague-stricken shore;  
Thy children are dying or flying, thy great ones are laid in the  
    dust,  
And those who survive are divided, and those who control are  
    unjust.

Wilt thou blame me, dear mother, if, turning my eyes from such  
horrors away,  
I look, through the night of our wretchedness, back to some bright  
vanished day,  
When, though sorrow, which ever is with us, was heavy and dark  
on the land,  
Hope twinkled and shone like a planet, and Faith like a sword in  
the hand?

## 2.

Oft has poverty gnawed at thy bosom, and furrowed thy matronly  
brow,  
But a famine of wisdom and courage thou never hast known until  
now;  
No blight like to this ever came, though the Spring-tide and Sum-  
mer were cold,  
For the hands of thy young men are empty, and barren the heads  
of the old.  
No fruit from the past has been gathered, no seeds for the future  
are sown,  
But like children or idiots we live on the crumbs of the present  
alone.  
Then, mournfullest mother, forgive me, if it be—as it may be—a  
crime  
To fly from the ruin around me, and dream of a happier time.

## 3.

Not now rings the song like a bugle 'mid the clashing and splin-  
tering of spears,  
Or the heart-piercing keen of the mourner o'er the graves of green  
Erin of tears;  
Not to strengthen the young arm of Freedom, nor to melt off old  
Slavery's chain,  
But to flow through the soul in its calmness, like a stream o'er the  
breast of a plain.

Changing, though calm be its current, from its source to its haven  
of rest,

Flowing on through fair Italy's vineyards to the emerald fields of  
the West—

A picture of life and its pleasures, its troubles, its cradle, and  
shroud,

Now bright with the glow of the sunshine, now dark with the  
gloom of the cloud.

(1) PAGE 1.

*'Neath those hills.*

The hills of Else. See Appendix to O'Daly's "History of the  
Geraldines," p. 130.

(2) PAGE 17.

*The bright Tir-na-n-oge.*

The country of youth; the Elysium of the Pagan Irish.

(3) PAGE 18.

*Like to thy lakes and thy rivers, thy sorrows must ever increase.*

"Camden seems to credit a tradition commonly believed in his  
time, of a gradual increase in the number and size of the lakes and  
rivers of Ireland."—Rees' *Cyclopædia*.

(4) PAGE 25.

*Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down from the  
far fairy hill.*

The beautiful hill in Lower Ormond called *Knockshegowna*,  
i. e., Oonagh's Hill, so called, it is said, from being the fabled  
residence of Oonagh (or Una), the Fairy Queen of Spenser. One  
of the finest views of the Shannon is to be seen from this hill.

## ALICE AND UNA.

(5) PAGE 42.

*Glengariff's coral strand.*

In the Bay of Glengariff, and towards the south-west parts of Bantry Bay, they dredge up large quantities of coral sand.—Smith's *Cork*, vol. i. p. 286.

(6) PAGE 45.

*But at length the hour drew nigher, when his heart should feel  
that fire.*

The false rhyme in this line may be defended by the authority of Shelley, who gives a dissyllabic sound to the word *fire* in his "Ode to the Skylark"—

"Higher still and *higher*  
From the earth thou springest,  
Like a cloud of *fire*," &c.

It is a license, however, only excusable in poems like this one of the author's, where, from the superabundance of rhyme, the mere echo of one would, perhaps, have been sufficient.

(6) PAGE 46.

*And her eyes emit a fire.*

See last Note.

(7) PAGE 54.

*The eagle homes of Malloc.*

"Wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming."—Callanan's *Gougane Barra*.

(8) PAGE 54.

*When he bounds, as bounds the Mialloch.*

Mialloch, "the murmuring river" at Glengariff.—Smith's *Cork*.

## (9) PAGE 54.

*As shines green Glashenglora.*

Glashenglora, a mountain torrent, which finds its way into the Atlantic Ocean through Glengariff, in the west of the county of Cork. The name, literally translated, signifies "the noisy green water."—Barry's *Songs of Ireland*, p. 173.

## (10) PAGE 55.

*The sides of Slieve-na-goil.*

The most remarkable and beautiful mountain at Glengariff is the noble conical one whose ancient name was *Sliabh-na-goil* ("the mountain of the wild people").

## (11) PAGE 56.

*Beneath a rock which keepeth the entrance to the glen.*

There is a great square rock, literally resembling the description in the text, which stands near the Glengariff entrance to the Pass of Céim-an-eich.

## THE FORAY OF CON O'DONNELL.

## (12) PAGE 83.

*Along the hills of Donegal.*

The principal castle of the O'Donnells was at Donegal. The building, of which some portions still exist, was erected in the twelfth century. The banqueting-hall, which is the scene of the opening portion of this ballad, is still preserved, and commands some very beautiful views.

## (13) PAGE 83.

*Along the shores of Inver Bay.*

A beautiful inlet, about six miles west of Donegal.



## (14) PAGE 83.

*As smooth and white Loch Eask expands.*

Loch Eask is about two miles from Donegal. Iuglis describes it as being as pretty a lake, on a small scale, as can well be imagined.

## (15) PAGE 83.

*As Rosapenna's silvery sands.*

The sands of Rosapenna are described as being composed of "hills and dales, and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, and desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface," &c.

## (16) PAGE 83.

*Clan Dalaigh of the golden shields.*

"Clan Dalaigh" is a name frequently given by Irish writers to the Clan O'Donnell.

## (17) PAGE 83.

*The Fairy Gun.*

"The Fairy Gun" is an orifice in a cliff near Bundoran (four miles S. W. of Ballyshannon), into which the sea rushes with a noise like that of artillery, and from which mist, and a chanting sound, issue in stormy weather.

## (18) PAGE 83.

*With smoother roll the torrents flow  
Adown the rocks of Assaroe.*

The waterfall at Ballyshannon.

## (19) PAGE 84.

*The heir of Conal Golban's line.*

The O'Donnells are descended from Conal Golban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages.

## (20) PAGE 85.

*Cushendall.*

Cushendall is very prettily situated on the eastern coast of the county of Antrim. This, with all the territory known as the *Glynnas* (so called from the intersection of its surface by many rocky dells), from Glenarm to Ballycastle, was at this time in the possession of the Mac Donnells, a clan of Scotch descent. The principal castle of the Mac Donnells was at Glenarm.

## (21) PAGE 86.

*Royal Rock of Doune.*

The Rock of Doune, in Kilmacrenan, where the O'Donnells were inaugurated.

## (22) PAGE 88.

*Insi Gall.*

The Hebrides.

## (23) PAGE 90.

*Carrig-Rede.*

Carrick-a-rede (Carraig-a-Ramhad)—the Rock in the Road—lies off the coast, between Ballycastle and Portrush; a chasm sixty feet in breadth, and very deep, separates it from the coast.

## (24) PAGE 90.

*The cataract of Hugh.*

The waterfall of Assaroe, at Ballyshannon.

## (25) PAGE 93.

*Sainted kinsman.*

St. Columba, who was an O'Donnell.

## (28) PAGE 95.

*Wild whirring gannets pierce the sails  
Of barks that sweep by Arran's shore.*

"This bird (the gannet) flies through the ship's sails, piercing them with his beak."—O'Flaherty's *H-Iar Connaught*, p. 12, published by the Irish Archaeological Society.

## (27) PAGE 96.

*Eivir.*

She was the wife of Oisín the bard, who is said to have lived and sung for some time at Cushendall, and to have been buried at Donegal.

## (26) PAGE 99.

*When Clough-i-Stookan's mystic rock  
The wail of drowning men doth mock!*

The Rock of Clough-i-Stookan lies on the shore between Glenarm and Cushendall; it has some resemblance to a gigantic human figure—"The winds whistle through its crevices like the wailing of mariners in distress."—Hall's *Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 183.

## (29) PAGE 100.

*When sailing through the Gray Man's Path.*

*Casan an fir Leith* is a deep and remarkable chasm dividing the Promontory of Fairhead (or Benmore) in two.

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THE VALE OF SHANGANAGH.

## (30) PAGE 111.

*From the waves of the west to the cliffs of Ben Edar.*

*Ben Edar* is the Irish name of the Hill of Howth.

## (31) PAGE 111.

*The tall "Golden Spears" o'er the mountains are shining.*

The Sugar Loaf Mountains, Co. Wicklow, according to some antiquaries, were called in Irish, "*The Golden Spears.*"

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## KATE OF KENMARE.

## (32) PAGE 119.

*The foot of the fairy, though lightsome and airy,  
Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear,  
Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it,  
And such are thy glances, sweet Kate of Kenmare!*

In the vicinity of Kenmare is a Rock called *The Fairy Rock*, on which the marks of several feet are deeply impressed. The river Roughty, properly Ruachtach, mentioned in this ballad, discharges itself at the head of the great river or bay of Kenmare.

## (33) PAGE 120.

*In lonely Lough Quinlan, in summer's soft hours,  
Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,  
Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,  
And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide.*

Dr. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," says: "Near this place is a considerable fresh-water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands, much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which, being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

## ADVANCE!

(34) PAGE 133.

*And thou remain a darksome Ajalon.*

“Move not, O Sun, towards Gabaon, nor thou, O Moon, toward the Valley of Ajalon.”—*Josue*, ix. 12.

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## ROME AT THE EPIPHANY.

(35) PAGE 162.

*Tyrconnell's Lord, Tirowen's Earl, and thine,  
Whose troubled heart now rests in Agatha's lone shrine.*

To those who have cared to follow the train of thought pursued in this Poem, these allusions are intelligible enough. Along with the historic personages referred to in the text, whose ashes are preserved in the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*, may be added the name of one so painfully interesting to all lovers of poetry and art,—Beatrice Cenci. Upon the stone which covered her remains was inscribed the single word, *Orate*.

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## THE VOYAGE OF ST. BRENDAN.

(36) PAGE 175.

*O Ita!*

The following curious account of St. Ita is to be found in Colgan's “*Acta Sanctorum* :”—

“St. Ita was of the princely family of the Desii, or Nandesi, in the now county of Waterford. By the divine command she established the convent of *Cluain-Credhuil*, in that portion of Hy-Conaill which constitutes the present barony of Connello, in the county of Limerick. When Brendan was a mere infant, he

was placed under her care, and remained with her five years, after which period he was led away by Bishop Ercus, in order to receive from him the more solid instruction necessary for his advancing years. Brendan retained always the greatest respect and affection for his foster-mother; and he is represented, after his seven years' voyage, amusing St. Ita with an account of his adventures in the ocean. He, however, was not the only person reared by the benevolent abbess of *Cluain-Credhail*; her own nephew, Pulcherius, had also this enviable advantage. The manner of his birth, as described in Colgan, is so curious, that it is worth transcribing. His father's name was Beoanus; he was a skilful artificer, and of an honourable family in Connaught; but, being compelled to fly into exile, he came into the neighbourhood of St. Ita. She, hearing of his professional skill, and being anxious to make some addition to the buildings of her convent, requested him to undertake the work. He consented, on the conditions of receiving Nessa, the sister of the saint, as his wife, and also some land on which to settle. St. Ita acquiesced in the proposition, and gave him her sister Nessa to wife; and he, with great assiduity, applied himself to erect the buildings in the monastery of the saint. It happened, after a time, that in battle, whither he had followed a certain chieftain, Beoanus was killed; and his head, being cut off, was carried away a great distance. St. Ita was, of course, very much grieved at this occurrence, particularly as she had promised her brother-in-law that he would have a son, which promise was unfulfilled, as his wife had been sterile up to this time. St. Ita went to the field of battle, and found the mutilated body of Beoanus, but, of course, without the head. She, however, prayed that it might be shown to her, and the head, through the divine power, flew through the air, and stopped where the body lay before her; and the Lord, at the entreaty of his handmaid, made the head adhere to the body as perfectly as if it had never been cut off, except that a slight mark of the wound remained; and the space of one hour having

passed, he rose alive, saluting the servant of the Lord, and returning thanks to God. After the return of Beoanus, his wife conceived, and she brought forth a son, as St. Ita had promised. This son was Pulcherius, and he remained with the saint until he reached his twentieth year.—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 68.

(37) PAGE 179.

*Hy-Brasail.*

*Hy-Brasail*, or the Enchanted Island, which was supposed to be visible from the western coast of Ireland every seven years. The ballad of Gerald Griffin, and the frequent allusion to this subject in works recently published, render it unnecessary to give any more particular description of it in this place. Among the several modes of disenchanting this island, and others subject to similar eccentric disappearances, resorted to by our ancestors, that of fire seems to have been the one most frequently attempted, and the only one which was attended with any success; as not only was the island of Innisbofin, off the coast of Connemara, fixed in its present position by means of a few sparks of lighted turf falling upon it, but the still more celebrated *Hy-Brasail* itself seems to have met with the same disaster, if we are to credit a very matter-of-fact and circumstantial account, which may be seen in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 369. Shooting a fiery arrow was one of the means resorted to for bringing the disenchanting element into connexion with *Hy-Brasail*; it was certainly the most elegant method, if not the most successful.

(38) PAGE 180.

*Ara of the Saints.*

"From the number of holy men and women formerly inhabiting Arran, it received the name of *Ara-na-naomh*, or 'Ara of the Saints.'"—Colgan, *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 710, n. 18.

(39) PAGE 180.

*Blessed Enda.*

"St. Enda, or Endeus, was the first abbot of Arran; it was in the year 540, according to Colgan, that Brendan paid him the visit described in the text."—*Ibid.*, p. 714.

(40) PAGE 180.

*The Old Sea.*

"The Atlantic was anciently called *Shan-arragh*, or the Old Sea."—*Sketches in Erris and Tyrone*, p. 51.

(41) PAGE 180.

*The Hill of Miracles.*

It is not mentioned from what place Brendan proceeded on this visit to Arran. It is extremely probable that it was from Ard-fert, five miles north-west of Tralee, where he had before this period established a monastery, and where a portion of his church (one of the most beautiful ruins in Kerry) still remains to this day. According to Sir James Ware (vol. i. p. 518), Ard-fert signifies "a wonderful place on an eminence," or, as some interpret it, "The Hill of Miracles."

(42) PAGE 180.

*The shallow sandy Leigh.*

Tralee was anciently written *Traleigh*, i. e. "the strand of the river Leigh," which is a small stream that empties itself at the bottom of Tralee Bay.

(43) PAGE 180.

*The Samphire Isles.*

Islands in the Bay of Tralee.



(44) PAGE 180.

*Fenor Sound.*

Between Fenit Island and the mainland.

(45) PAGE 180.

*The pleasant strand.*

"The strand of Ballyheigh is, in fine weather, a very pleasant ride."—Smith's *Kerry*, p. 208.

(46) PAGE 180.

*The tall cliff**Whereon the pale rose amethysts are found.*

The Amethyst Cliffs, near Kerry Head. Very fine amethysts have been found among these cliffs. Smith describes their colours as being of various degrees and shades of purple: some approach to a violet, and others to a pale rose-colour.—p. 405.

(47) PAGE 180.

*Moyferta's rocky point.*

Kerry Head, or Cape Lane, terminates the southern extremity of the barony of Moyferta, now called Moyarta, in the county of Clare.

(48) PAGE 180.

*Whose troubled waves break o'er the city lost,  
Chafed by the marble turrets that they hide.*

"It is said that the mouth of the Shannon is the site of a lost city, and that its towers, and spires, and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary."—Hall's *Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 486. For a story founded on this legend, see Part IV. of the "Voyage of St. Brendan," p. 190.

(49) PAGE 181.

*Ibrickan's hills, moory and tame.*

The barony of Ibrickan, in the county of Clare.

(50) PAGE 181.

*Inniscacorach's caves, so wild and dark.*

Enniskerry Island, half a mile from the shore. There are some curious natural caves here.

(51) PAGE 181.

*The white-faced otter came.*

The white-faced otter, called by the Irish *Dobhar-chu*, is occasionally seen off the western coast of Connaught. Martin, in his "Description of the Western Isles," says that "seamen ascribe great virtue to its skin; for they say that it is fortunate in battle, and that victory is always on its side."—p. 159.

(52) PAGE 181.

*The soaring gannet.*

"Here the gannet soars high into the sky, to espy his prey in the sea under him," &c.—O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*, p. 12.

(53) PAGE 181.

*The proud bird that flies but o'er the sea.*

"Birds found in the high cliffs and rocks of Arran, which never fly but over the sea."—*Ibid.*, p. 13.

(54) PAGE 181.

*The gírrinna passed**Upon the branch of some life-giving tree.*

"Here is the bird engendered by the sea, out of timber long lying in the sea. Some call them clakes and soland geese, some

puffins, and others bernacles, because they resemble them. We call them *girrinna*."—O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*, p. 18. The Irish name is *cadan girinna*.

(<sup>55</sup>) PAGE 181.

*The name of blessed Coemhan, who doth show  
Pity unto the storm-tossed seaman's prayers.*

"Saint Coemhan (Kevin) was brother to the celebrated Saint Kevin, of Glendalough. The third island of Arran, Innisoirthir, or the Eastern Isle, was also called Ara-Coemhan, in his honour. Hardiman says that he is the most famous of the saints of Arran, and that he is believed to have often abated storms, after having been piously invoked."—*Notes to O'Flaherty's West Connaught*, p. 87.

(<sup>56</sup>) PAGE 181.

*Bealach-na-fearbac's treacherous Sound.*

"Between the middle and the eastern isle is *Bealach-na-fearbac*, or the 'Foul Sound.'"—*Notes to O'Flaherty's West Connaught*, p. 92.

(<sup>57</sup>) PAGE 181.

*St. Kennerg's well.*

This is a beautiful spring in the middle isle, dedicated to St. Kennerg, who, according to tradition, was daughter to a king of Leinster. "Her well," says O'Flaherty, "is there in a rock, an never becomes drie."—p. 86. The citadel alluded to is *Dun-Conchobhir*. It rivals *Dun-Aengus*, situated in the great island, both in masonry and extent.—*Ibid.*, p. 77.

(<sup>58</sup>) PAGE 181.

*Binn-Aite's rocky height.*

"*Bealach-na-haite* (now called Gregory's Sound) takes its name from *Binn-Aité*, an elevated part of the great island."—*Ibid.*, Note, p. 92.

## (50) PAGE 182.

*That marble-covered land.*

The surface of Arran is covered over with large flat slabs of stone. Hardiman says that the "Marble Islands" would not be a bad name for the Arran Isles generally.

## (60) PAGE 182.

*How his own sister, standing by the side  
Of the great sea, which bore no human bark,  
Spread her light cloak upon the conscious tide,  
And sailed thereon securely as an ark.*

"This sister was St. Fanchea, who, going with three female companions to visit her brother Enda, who was then in Rome, came to the seaside; and, not finding a vessel to carry them over, spread her cloak upon the sea, and passed over upon it to the desired port of Britain. During the voyage, the hem of the cloak sank a little beneath the waves, in consequence of one of her companions having brought a brazen vessel with her from the convent, contrary to the expressed command of the saint. Upon her throwing it from her into the sea, the sinking hem rose up on a level with the rest of the cloak."—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 2.

## (61) PAGE 182.

*And how Seothinus walked upon the waves,  
Which seemed to him the meadow's verdant sod.*

"St. Seothinus, by fasting and other penitential observances, had so purified his body, that he had the privilege of walking upon the sea with dry feet, and going upon it whither he pleased, without using any ship or vessel whatsoever. In his Life it is mentioned that, upon one occasion, while he was thus walking over to Britain, a ship approached him, in which was the Bishop

St. Barra, who, beholding the man of God Scothinus, and recognising him, inquired wherefore he walked upon the sea? Scothinus replied, that it was a flowery field on which he walked, and, immediately extending his hand to the water, he plucked from the middle of the ocean a handful of rosy flowers, which, as a proof of his assertion, he flung into the bosom of the blessed bishop. The bishop, on the other hand, to prove that he was justified in making such an inquiry, drew a fish from the sea and threw it to St. Scothinus, and each, magnifying God for his miracles, went on his separate way."—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 10, chaps. v. vi.

(62) PAGE 182.

*To teach the infidels from Corcomroe.*

"This island (Ara-mhor) was inhabited by infidels out of Corcomroe, the next adjacent country in the county of Clare, when St. Enna (Enda) got it by the donation of Engus, King of Munster, anno Christi circiter 480."—O'Flaherty's *West Connaught*, p. 79. These "infidels" were headed by a chief, Corbanus, about whom the following curious story is told by Colgan. Being in possession of Arran previous to the arrival of St. Endan, he surrendered it to him with very bad grace, and was not perfectly convinced of his right to the island until after the occurrence of the following miracle. For, wishing to test how far St. Enda was protected by the celestial powers, he prepared a large barrel, which he filled with corn-seed, and, leaving it on the shore of the mainland, he said to himself, 'If Enda be a favourite of heaven, this corn, which he so much requires, will be carried over to him in a miraculous manner.' Wonderful to relate, the event occurred precisely as he anticipated, for the angels of God, taking the barrel, drew it through the sea, and the track of the barrel still remains in perpetual serenity amid the turbulence of the surrounding water."—*Ibid.*, chap. xvi. p. 770.

## (63) PAGE 182.

*Upon the floating breast of the hard rock,  
Which lay upon the glistening sands below.*

"When St. Enda obtained the grant of Arran from his brother-in-law, Engus Mac Natfraich, for the purpose of erecting a monastery thereon, he proceeded, with his disciples, to the sea-shore, in order to pass over to Arran. There being no vessel at that place, and the saint not wishing to lose time, he ordered eight of his monks to raise a great stone, which lay upon the shore, and to place it in the water, and, a favourable breeze springing up, they were wafted over the sea, on this stone, in perfect safety, to Arran."—*Acta Sanctorum*, chap. xiv. p. 707.

## (64) PAGE 183.

*When blessed Kieran went to Clon-mac-nois,  
To found the sacred churches by the stream—  
How he did weep to see the Angels flee  
Away from Arran as a place accursed;  
And men tear up the island-shading tree  
Out of the soil from which it sprung at first.*

"When St. Kieran, with many pious followers, was about leaving Arran, to found the monastery of Clonmacnoise, upon the Shannon, St. Enda had many visions, in one of which he saw all the angels, who had hitherto been the guardians of that island, departing from it in a great crowd. In another, he saw a mighty tree growing in the midst of Arran, with its branches extending all round to the sea, and many men came, and dug up the tree by the roots, and it was borne with them through the air, and replanted by the banks of the river Shannon, where it grew to a still larger size."—*Ibid.*, chap. xxviii. p. 710. According to Ussher, St. Kieran left Arran in the year 538.

## (66) PAGE 183.

*The burning lake of Lassara.*

"There is some uncommonly fine pasture-land about Moylough, and near it is a lake, called Lough Lassara, or the illuminated lake. This was celebrated as a place of religious rite, even in the time of Paganism; and its waters are said, every seventy years, to possess this luminous quality in excess; and then the people bring their children and cattle to be washed in its phosphoric waters, and they are considered to have no chance of dying that year."—*Cæsar Otway's Tour in Connaught*, p. 163. Lough Lurgan was the ancient name of Galway Bay.

## (66) PAGE 183.

*And, as I passed Mac Dara's sacred Isle,  
Thrice bowed my mast, and thrice let down my sail.*

This is the island formerly called *Cruach Mhic Dara*, literally, the stack, or rick (from its appearance in the ocean) of Mac Dara, who is the patron saint of Moyrus parish. "The boats that pass between Mason-head and this island," says O'Flaherty, "have a custome to bow down their sails three times, in reverence to the saint."—*Description of H-Iar Connaught*, p. 99.

## (67) PAGE 183.

*Westward of Arran, as I sailed away,  
I saw the fairest sight eye can behold,—  
Rocks which, illumined by the morning's ray,  
Seemed like a glorious city built of gold.  
Men moved along each sunny shining street,  
Fires seemed to blaze, and curling smoke to rise,  
When lo! the city vanished, and a fleet,  
With snowy sails, rose on my ravished eyes.*

These are the Skird Rocks, which are thus beautifully described by O'Flaherty: "There is, westward of Arran, in sight of the

next continent of Balynahynsy barony, Skerde, a wild island of huge rocks, the receptacle of a deal of seals thereon yearly slaughtered. These rocks sometimes appear to be a great city far off, full of houses, castles, towers, and chimneys: sometimes full of blazing flames, smook, and people running to and fro. Another day you would see nothing but a number of ships, with their sails and riggings: then so many great stakes, or reeks of corn and turf; and this not only on a fair sun-shining day, whereby it might be thought the reflections of the sun-beams, or the vapours arising about it, had been the cause, but also on dark and cloudy days happening. There is another like number of rocks called Carrigmeacan, on the same coast, whereon the like apparitions are seen. But the enchanted island of O'Brazil is not always visible, as those rocks are, nor these rocks have always those apparitions."—*H-Iar Connaught*, p. 69.

## (68) PAGE 184.

*The wicker boat, with ox-skins covered o'er.*

The vessel in which Brendan took his wonderful voyage was made of wattles, over which were ox-skins, stretched, and made waterproof with pitch and tallow. Boats of a similar construction are used to this day among the islands of West Connaught.

## (69) PAGE 185.

*The hill that bears my humble name.*

Brandon Hill.

## (70) PAGE 185.

*And the proud top of the majestic hill  
Shone in the azure air—serene and bright.*

Smith, in his "History of Kerry," says:—"It is a certain token of fine weather when its top is visible."—p. 194.



## (71) PAGE 188.

*When the dark term of mortal life arrives.*

The three preceding stanzas are a paraphrase of the beautiful hymn of the Catholic Church, "Ave, Maris stella."

## (72) PAGE 190.

*The buried city.*

"The mouth of the Shannon is grand, almost beyond conception. Its inhabitants point to a part of the river, within the headlands, over which the tides rush with extraordinary rapidity and violence. They say it is the site of a lost city, long buried beneath the waves; and that its towers, and spires, and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary. The whole city becomes visible on every seventh year, and has been often seen by the fishermen sailing over it; but the sight bodes ill-luck, for within a month after the ill-fated sailor is a corpse. The time of its appearance is also rendered further disastrous by the loss of some boat or vessel, of which, or its crew, no vestige is ever to be found."—Hall's *Ireland*, vol. iii. p. 486.

## (73) PAGE 190.

*The isle where good Senanus dwells.*

Inniscattery Island.

## (74) PAGE 194.

*Arran's blessed shore.*

See note <sup>38</sup>, p. 226.

## (75) PAGE 194.

*Like good Scothinus, had he reached his hand.*

See note <sup>61</sup>, p. 231.

## (76) PAGE 201.

*The angels bore thee in thy childhood's days.*

"Upon a certain occasion, when St. Ita was sleeping, she saw an angel approach her, and present her with three precious stones, at which she wondered exceedingly, until informed by the angel that the three precious stones were types of the blessed Trinity, by whom she would be always visited and protected."—*Life of St. Ita*, in Colgan, p. 66.

## (77) PAGE 201.

*There dwells the bird that to the farther west  
Bears the sweet message of the coming spring.*

The Blue Bird (*Le rouge gorge bleu de Buffon*.) "The pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of the spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody."—*Wilson and Bonaparte's American Ornithology*, vol. i. pp. 56, 57. His favourite haunts are the cedar trees of the Bermudas.

## (78) PAGE 201.

*While winter prowls around the neighbouring seas,  
The happy bird dwells in his cedar nest,  
Then flies away and leaves his favourite trees  
Unto his brother of the graceful crest.*

The Cedar Bird. "This bird wears a crest on the head, which, when erected, gives it a gay and elegant appearance."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 109.

## (79) PAGE 201.

*The sweet-voiced thrush beareth a golden crown.*

The Golden-crowned Thrush. "*Sciurus Aurocapillus*."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 238.

## (80) PAGE 201.

*The sparrow boasts a scarlet dress.*

The Scarlet Tanager.—“Seen among the green leaves, with the light falling strongly on his plumage, he really appears beautiful.”—*Wilson and Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 194. “Mr. Edwards calls it *the Scarlet Sparrow*.”—*Ibid.*, p. 196.

## (81) PAGE 201.

*The golden robin flies on fiery plumes.*

The Baltimore Oriole.—“It has a variety of names, among which are, ‘the golden robin,’ and ‘the fire bird;’ the latter from the bright orange of its plumes, shining through the green leaves, like a flash of fire.”—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 16.

## (82) PAGE 201.

*The small wren a purple ruby wears.*

The Ruby-crowned Wren.—“This little bird visits us early in the spring, from the south, and is generally found among the maple blossoms about the beginning of April.”—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 831.

## (83) PAGE 202.

*Birds, too, that, even in our sunniest hours,  
Ne'er to this cloudy land one moment stray,  
Whose brilliant plumes, fleeting and fair as flowers,  
Come with the flowers, and with the flowers decay.*

Peacocks.—“Their brilliant plumes, which surpass in beauty the fairest flowers, wither like them, and fall with each succeeding year.”—*Buffon*.

(<sup>84</sup>) PAGE 202.

*The Indian bird, with hundred eyes, that throws  
From his blue neck the azure of the skies,  
And his pale brother of the northern snows,  
Bearing white plumes, mirrored with brilliant eyes.*

The White Peacock of Sweden.—“Although the plumage of the white peacock is altogether of this colour, the long plumes of the train do yet retain, at their extremities, some vestiges of the brilliant mirrors peculiar to the species.”—Cuvier. These are the only birds not strictly American that I have introduced into this description.

(<sup>85</sup>) PAGE 202.

*Oft, in the sunny mornings, have I seen  
Bright-yellow birds, of a rich lemon hue,  
Meeting in crowds upon the branches green,  
And sweetly singing all the morning through.*

The Yellow Bird, or Goldfinch; its colour is of a rich lemon shade. “On their first arrival in Pennsylvania, in February, and until early in April, they frequently assemble in great numbers on the same tree, and bask and dress themselves in the morning sun, singing in concert for half an hour together; the confused mingling of their notes forming a kind of harmony not at all unpleasant.”—Wilson and Bonaparte, vol. i. p. 12.

(<sup>86</sup>) PAGE 202.

*And others, with their heads grayish and dark,  
Pressing their cinnamon cheeks to the old trees,  
And striking on the hard, rough, shrivelled bark,  
Like conscience on a bosom ill at ease.*

The Gold-winged Woodpecker.—“His back and wings are of a dark amber colour; upper part of the head an iron gray; cheeks, and part surrounding the eyes, of a fine cinnamon colour. The sa-

gacity of this bird in discovering, under a sound bark, a hollow limb or trunk of a tree, is truly surprising."—*Wilson and Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 45.

(87) PAGE 202.

*And diamond birds chirping their single notes,  
Now 'mid the trumpet-flower's deep blossom seen,  
Now floating brightly on with fiery throats,  
Small-winged emeralds of golden green.*

Humming Birds. "The Jewels of Ornithology"—"Least of the winged vagrants of the sky." Wilson describes this interesting bird in the following manner:—"The Humming Bird is extremely fond of tubular flowers, and I have often stopped with pleasure to observe his manœuvres among the blossoms of the trumpet-flower. When arrived before a thicket of those that are full blown, he poises or suspends himself on wing for the space of two or three seconds, so steadily, that his wings become invisible, or only like a mist, and you can plainly distinguish the pupil of his eye looking round with great quickness and circumspection. The glossy golden green of his back, and the fur of his throat dazzling in the sun, form altogether a most interesting appearance."—*Ibid.*, p. 179. His only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grasshopper.

(88) PAGE 202.

*And other larger birds with orange cheeks,  
A many-colour-painted chattering crowd,  
Prattling for ever with their curved beaks,  
And through the silent woods screaming aloud.*

The Carolina Parrot.—"Out of 168 kinds of parrots enumerated by Europeans, this is the only species which may be considered a native of the territory of the United States."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 387.

## (89) PAGE 203.

*There was the meadow-lark, with voice as sweet,  
But robed in richer raiment than our own.*

"The Meadow-lark, though inferior in song to his European namesake, is superior to him in the richness of his plumage."—*Wilson and Bonaparte*, vol. i. p. 318.

## (90) PAGE 203.

*And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,  
The painted nightingale sang out alone.*

"The Cardinal Grosbeak, or Red Bird, sometimes called the Virginian Nightingale."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 191.

## (91) PAGE 203.

*Words cannot echo music's winged note,  
One bird alone exhausts their utmost power;  
'Tis that strange bird whose many-voiced throat  
Mocks all his brethren of the woodland bower—  
To whom indeed the gift of tongues is given,  
The musical rich tongues that fill the grove,  
Now like the lark dropping his notes from heaven,  
Now cooing the soft earth-notes of the dove.*

The Mocking Bird (*Turdus polyglottus*).—"His voice is full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the eagle."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 168. "So perfect are his imitations, that he many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates. Even birds themselves are often imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fanciful calls of their mates, or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk."—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 169.

## (92) PAGE 203.

*Oft have I seen him, scorning all control,  
 Winging his arrowy flight rapid and strong,  
 As if in search of his vanished soul,  
 Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song.*

His expanded wings and tail glistening with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action, arrest the eye, and his song most irresistibly does the ear, as he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstasy. He mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; and, as Mr. Bartram has beautifully expressed it, "He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain."—Vol. i. p. 169.

## (93) PAGE 204.

*Was it a revelation or a dream?—  
 That these bright birds as angels once did dwell  
 In heaven with starry Lucifer supreme,  
 Half sinned with him, and with him partly fell;  
 That in this lesser paradise they stray,  
 Float through its air, and glide its streams along,  
 And that the strains they sing each happy day  
 Rise up to God like morn and even song.*

"Soon after, as God would, they saw a fair island, full of flowers, herbs and trees, whereof they thanked God of his good grace; and anon they went on land, and when they had gone long in this, they found a full fayre well, and thereby stood a fair tree full of boughs, and on every bough sat a fayre bird, and they sat so thick on the tree, that uneath any leaf of the tree might be seen. The number of them was so great, and they sung so merilic, that it was an heavenlike noise to hear. Whereupon S. Brandon kneeled down on his knees and wept for joy, and made his praises devoutlie to our Lord God, to know what these birds

meant. And then anon one of the birds flew from the tree to S. Brandon, and he with the flickering of his wings made a full merrie noise like a fiddle, that him seemed he never heard so joyful a melodie. And then St. Brandon commanded the foule to tell him the cause why they sat so thick on the tree and sang so merilie. And then the foule said, Sometime we were angels in heaven, but when our master, Lucifer, fell down into hell for his high pride, and we fell with him for our offences, some higher and some lower, after the quality of the trespass. And because our trespasse is but little, therefore our Lord hath sent us here, out of all paine, in full great joy and mirth, after his pleasing, here to serve him on this tree in the best manner we can. The Sundaie is a daie of rest from all worldly occupation, and therefore that daie all we be made as white as any snow, for to praise our Lorde in the best wise we may. And then all the birds began to sing even song so merilie, that it was an heavenlie noise to hear; and after supper Saint Brandon and his fellows went to bed and slept well. And in the morn they arose by times, and then these foules began mattyns, prime, and hours, and all such service as Christian men used to sing; and St. Brandon, with his fellows, abode there seven weeks, until Trinity Sunday was passed."—*The "Lyfe of St. Brandon" in the Golden Legend*. Published by Wynkyn de Worde. 1483. Fol. 357.

(<sup>94</sup>) PAGE 205.

*The Promised Land.*

The earlier stanzas of this description of Paradise are principally founded upon the Anglo-Saxon version of the Latin poem, "De Phenice," ascribed to Lactantius, a literal translation of which is given in Wright's Essay on "St. Patrick's Purgatory," p. 186. "This poem," says Mr. Wright, "is as old as the earlier part of the eleventh century, and probably more ancient."



(95) PAGE 206.

*Flowers grow thicker in the fields than grass.*

"Nullam herbam vidimus sine floribus et arborem nullam sine fructibus; et lapides illius pretiosæ gemmæ sunt."—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 721.

(96) PAGE 207.

*Here might Iduna in her fond pursuit,  
As fabled by the northern sea-born men,  
Gather her golden and immortal fruit  
That brings their youth back to the gods again.*

"In the Scandinavian mythology Bragi presided over eloquence and poetry. His wife, named Iduna, had the care of certain apples, which the gods tasted when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth."—Mallett's *Northern Antiquities*, p. 95.

(97) PAGE 210.

*The fragrant perfume of that heavenly land  
Clings to the very garments that we wear.*

"Nonne cognoscitis in odore vestimentorum nostrorum, quod in Paradiso Domini fuimus?"—Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*, p. 722.

THE END.

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## UNDERGLIMPSSES.

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### THE ARRAYING OF MAY.

---

#### 1.

THE blue-eyed maidens of the sea  
With trembling haste approach the lee,  
So small and smooth, they seem to be  
Not waves, but children of the waves;  
And as each linked circle laves  
The crescent marge of creek and bay,  
Their mingled voices all repeat—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
We come to bathe thy snow-white feet.

## 2.

We bring thee treasures rich and rare,  
White pearls to deck thy golden hair,  
And coral-beads, so smoothly fair  
And free from every flaw or speck,  
That they may lie upon thy neck,  
This sweetest day—this brightest day  
That ever on the green world shone—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
As if thy neck and they were one.

## 3.

We bring thee from our distant home  
Robes of the pure white-woven foam,  
And many a pure, transparent comb,  
Form'd of the shell the tortoise plaits,  
By Babelmandel's coral-straits;  
And amber vases, with inlay  
Of roseate pearl time never dims—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
Wherein to lave thine ivory limbs.

## 4.

We bring, as sandals for thy feet,  
Beam-broidered waves, like those that greet,  
With green and golden chrysolite,  
The setting sun's departing beams,  
When all the western water seems  
Like emeralds melted by his ray,  
So softly bright, so gently warm—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
That thou canst trust thy tender form.

## 5.

And lo! the ladies of the hill,  
The rippling stream, and sparkling rill,  
With rival speed, and like good will,  
Come, bearing down the mountain's side  
The liquid crystals of the tide,  
In vitreous vessels, clear as they,  
And cry, from each worn, winding path—

O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
We come to lead thee to the bath.

## 6.

And we have fashioned, for thy sake,  
Mirrors more bright than art could make—  
The silvery-sheeted mountain lake  
Hangs in its carved frame of rocks,  
Wherein to dress thy dripping locks,  
Or bind the dewy curls that stray  
Thy trembling breast meandering down—  
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
Within their own self-woven crown.

## 7.

Arise, O May! arise and see  
Thine emerald robes are held for thee  
By many a hundred-handed tree,  
Who lift from all the fields around  
The verdurous velvet from the ground,  
And then the spotless vestments lay,  
Smooth-folded o'er their outstretch'd arms—  
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!  
Wherein to fold thy virgin charms.

## 8.

Thy robes are stiff with golden bees,  
Dotted with gems more bright than these,  
And scented by each perfumed breeze  
That, blown from Heaven's re-open'd bowers,  
Become the souls of new-born flowers—  
Who thus their sacred birth betray ;  
Heavenly thou art, nor less should be—  
O lovely May ! O long'd-for May !  
The favour'd forms that wait on thee.

## 9.

The moss to guard thy feet is spread,  
The wreaths are woven for thy head,  
The rosy curtains of thy bed  
Become transparent in the blaze  
Of the strong sun's resistless gaze ;  
Then, lady, make no more delay,  
The world still lives, though Spring be dead—  
O lovely May ! O long'd-for May !  
And thou must rule and reign instead.



## 10.

The lady from her bed arose,  
Her bed the leaves the moss-bud blows,  
Herself a lily in that rose;  
The maidens of the streams and sands  
Bathe some her feet, and some her hands;  
And some the emerald robes display;  
Her dewy locks were then upcurled,  
    And lovely May—the long'd-for May—  
Was crown'd the Queen of all the World!

1853.

## THE SEARCH FOR MAY.



## 1.

LET us seek the modest May,  
She is down in the glen  
Hiding  
And abiding  
From the common gaze of men.  
Where the silver streamlet crosses  
O'er the smooth stones green with mosses,  
And glancing  
And dancing,  
Goes singing on its way—  
We will find the modest maiden there to-day.

## 2.

Let us seek the merry May,  
She is up on the hill,  
Laughing,  
And quaffing  
From the fountain and the rill.  
Where the southern zephyr sprinkles,  
Like bright smiles on age's wrinkles,  
O'er the edges  
And ledges  
Of the rocks, the wild flowers gay—  
We will find the merry maiden there to-day.

## 3.

Let us seek the musing May,  
She is deep in the wood,  
Viewing  
And pursuing  
The beautiful and good.  
Where the grassy bank receding,  
Spreads its quiet couch for reading

The pages  
Of the sages,  
And the poet's lyric lay—  
We will find the musing maiden there to-day.

## 4.

Let us seek the mirthful May,  
She is out on the strand  
Racing  
And chasing  
The ripples o'er the sand.  
Where the warming waves discover  
All the treasures that they cover,  
Whitening  
And brightening  
The pebbles for her play—  
We will find the mirthful maiden there to-day.

## 5.

Let us seek the wandering May,  
She is off to the plain,

Finding  
The winding  
Of the labyrinthian lane.  
She is passing through its mazes,  
While the hawthorn, as it gazes,  
With grief, lets  
Its leaflets  
Whiten all the way—  
We will find the wandering maiden there to-day.

## 6.

Let us seek her in the ray—  
Let us track her by the rill—  
Wending  
Ascending  
The slopings of the hill.  
Where the robin from the copses  
Breathes a love-note, and then drops his  
Trilling,  
Till, willing,  
His mate responds his lay—  
We will find the listening maiden there to-day.

## 7.

But why seek her far away?

Like a young bird in its nest,

She is warming

And forming

Her dwelling in our breast.

While the heart she doth repose on,

Like the down the sunwind blows on,

Gloweth,

Yet showeth

The trembling of the ray—

We will find the happy maiden there to-day.

## THE TIDINGS.



## 1.

A bright beam came to my window frame,

    This sweet May morn,

And it said to the cold, hard glass—

    Oh ! let me pass,

For I have good news to tell,

The queen of the dewy dell,

    The beautiful May is born !

## 2.

Warm with the race, through the open space,

    This sweet May morn,

Came a soft wind out of the skies ;

    And it said to my heart—Arise !

Go forth from the winter's fire,  
For the child of thy long desire,  
The beautiful May, is born !

## 3.

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,  
This sweet May morn,  
Over my cheek and over my eyes;  
And I said with a glad surprise—  
Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twain,  
Over the hill and over the plain,  
Where the beautiful May is born.

## 4.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,  
This sweet May morn,  
And the soft wind floated along,  
Like a poet's song,  
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain ;  
And they led me over the mount and plain,  
To the beautiful May new-born.



## 5.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,  
This sweet May morn,  
Led me along o'er the grassy ground,  
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,  
The fields so green and the skies so gay,  
That heaven and earth kept holiday,  
That the beautiful May was born.

## 6.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,  
This sweet May morn,  
Came the blue waves hastily on ;  
And they, murmuring, cried—Thou happy one !  
Show us, O Earth ! thy darling child,  
For we heard far out on the ocean wild,  
That the beautiful May was born.

## 7.

The wingèd flame to the rose-bud came,

    This sweet May morn,

And it said to the flower—Prepare !

    Lay thy nectarine bosom bare ;

Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,

And nurse and feed on thy glowing breast,

    The beautiful May now born.

## 8.

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,

    This sweet May morn,

Went joyously on from bough to bough ;

    And it said to the red-branched plum—O thou !

Cover with mimic pearls and gems,

And with silver bells, thy coral stems,

    For the beautiful May now born.

## 9.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,

    This sweet May morn,

The soft wind whispering flew :

    And it said to the listening birds—O you,

Sweet choristers of the skies,

Awaken your tenderest lullabies,

    For the beautiful May now born.

## 10.

The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,

    This sweet May morn,

It bore, like a gentle carrier-dove,

    The blessed news to the realms above ;

While its sister coo'd in the midst of the grove,

And within my heart the spirit of love,

    That the beautiful May was born !

## WELCOME MAY.



## 1.

WELCOME May! welcome May!

Thou hast been too long away,

All the widow'd wintry hours

Wept for thee, gentle May;

But the fault was only ours—

We were sad when thou wert gay!

## 2.

Welcome May! welcome May!

We are wiser far to-day—

Fonder, too, than we were then.

Gentle May! joyous May!

Now that thou art come again,

We perchance may make thee stay!

## 3.

Welcome May ! welcome May !

Everything kept holiday

Save the human heart alone.

Mirthful May ! gladsome May !

We had cares and thou hadst none

When thou camest last this way !

## 4.

When thou camest last this way

Blossoms bloomed on every spray,

Buds on barren boughs were born—

Fertile May ! fruitful May !

Like the rose upon the thorn

Cannot grief awhile be gay ?

## 5.

'Tis not for the golden ray,

Or the flowers that strew thy way,

O, immortal One ! thou art

Here, to-day, gentle May—

'Tis to man's ungrateful heart

That thy fairy footsteps stray.

## 6.

'Tis to give that living clay  
Flowers that ne'er can fade away—  
    Fond remembrances of bliss;  
And a foretaste, mystic May,  
    Of the life that follows this,  
Full of joys that last away!

## 7.

Other months are cold and gray,  
Some are bright, but what are they?  
    Earth may take the whole eleven—  
Hopeful May—happy May!  
    Thine the borrowed month of Heaven  
Cometh thence and points the way.

## 8.

Wingéd minstrels come and play  
Through the woods their roundelay;  
    Who can tell, but only thou  
Spirit-ear'd, inspiréd May,  
    On the bud-embow'réd bough  
What the happy lyrists say?

## 9.

Is the burden of their lay  
Love's desire, or Love's decay ?  
Are there not some fond regrets  
Mix'd with these, divinest May,  
For the sun that never sets  
Down the everlasting day ?

## 10.

But upon thy wondrous way  
Mirth alone should dance and play—  
No regrets how fond they be  
E'er should wound the ear of May—  
Bow before her, flower and tree !  
Nor, my heart, do thou delay.

## THE MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.



## 1.

THERE is within this world of ours  
Full many a happy home and hearth ;  
What time, the Saviour's blessed birth  
Makes glad the gloom of wintry hours.

## 2.

When back from severed shore from shore,  
And over seas that vainly part,  
The scattered embers of the heart  
Glow round the parent hearth once more.



## 3.

When those, who now are anxious men,  
Forget their growing years and cares;  
Forget the time-flakes on their hairs,  
And laugh, light-hearted boys again.

## 4.

When those who now are wedded wives,  
By children of their own embraced,  
Recall their early joys, and taste  
Anew the childhood of their lives.

## 5.

And the old people—the good sire  
And kindly parent-mother—glow  
To feel their children's children throw  
Fresh warmth around the Christmas fire.

## 6.

When in the sweet colloquial din,  
Unheard the sullen sleet-winds shout;  
And though the winter rage without,  
The social summer reigns within.

## .7.

But in this wondrous world of ours  
Are other circling kindred chords—  
Binding poor harmless beasts and birds;  
And the fair family of flowers.

## .8.

That family that meet to-day  
From many a foreign field and glen—  
For what is Christmas-tide with men  
Is with the flowers the time of May.

## 9.

Back to the meadows of the West,  
Back to their natal fields they come;  
And as they reach their wished-for home,  
THE MOTHER folds them to her breast.

## 10.

And as she breathes, with balmy sighs,  
A fervent blessing over them,  
The tearful, glistening dews begem  
The parents' and the children's eyes.

## 11.

She spreads a carpet for their feet,  
And mossy pillows for their heads,  
And curtains-round their fairy beds  
With blossom-broidered branches sweet ;

## 12.

She feeds them with ambrosial food,  
And fills their cups with nectared wine ;  
And all her choristers combine  
To sing their welcome from the wood :

## 13.

And all that love can do is done,  
As shown to them in countless ways ;  
She kindles to a brighter blaze  
The fireside of the world,—the Sun :

## 14.

And with her own soft, trembling hands,  
In many a calm and cool retreat,  
She laves the dust that soils their fee  
In coming from the distant lands ;

## 15.

Or, leading down some sinuous path,  
Where the shy stream's encircling heights  
Shut out all prying eyes, invites  
Her Lily daughters to the bath.

## 16.

There, with a mother's harmless pride,  
Admires them sport the waves among :  
Now lay their ivory limbs along  
The buoyant bosom of the tide—

## 17.

Now lift their marble shoulders o'er  
The rippling glass, or sink with fear,  
As if the wind approaching near  
Were some wild wooer from the shore ;

## 8.

Or else the parent turns to these,  
The younglings born beneath her eye,  
And hangs the baby-buds close by,  
In wind-rocked cradles, from the trees.

## 19.

And as the branches fall and rise,  
Each leafy-folded swathe expands :  
And now are spread their tiny hands,  
And now are seen their starry eyes.

## 20.

But soon the feast concludes the day,  
And yonder in the sun-warmed dell,  
The happy circle meet to tell  
Their labours since the bygone May :

## 21.

A bright-faced youth is first to raise  
His cheerful voice above the rest,  
Who bears upon his hardy breast  
A golden star with silver rays :

## 22.

Worthily won—for he had been  
A traveller in many a land,  
And with his slender staff in hand  
Had wandered over many a green :

## 23.

Had seen the Shepherd Sun unpen  
Heaven's fleecy flocks, and let them stray  
Over the high-peaked Himalay,  
Till Night shut up the fold again :

## 24.

Had sat upon a mossy ledge,  
O'er Baiaë in the morning's beams,  
Or where the sulphurous crater steams—  
Had hung suspended from the edge.

## 25.

Or following its devious course  
Up many a weary winding mile,  
Had tracked the long, mysterious Nile  
Even to its now no-fabled source :

## 26.

Resting, perchance, as on he strode,  
To see the herded camels pass  
Upon the strips of wayside grass  
That line with green the dust-white road.

## 27.

Had often closed his weary lids  
In green oases of the waste,  
Or in the mighty shadows traced  
By the eternal pyramids.

## 28.

Had slept within an Arab's tent  
Pitched for the night beneath a palm,  
Or when was heard the vesper psalm  
With the pale nun in worship bent :

## 29.

Or on the moonlit fields of France,  
When happy village maidens trod  
Lightly the fresh and verdurous sod,  
There was he seen amid the dance :

## 30.

Yielding with sympathizing stem  
To the quick feet that round him flew,  
Sprang from the ground as they would do,  
Or sank unto the earth with them :

## 31.

Or, childlike, played with girl and boy,  
By many a river's bank, and gave  
His floating body to the wave  
Full many a time to give them joy.

## 32.

These and a thousand other tales  
The traveller told, and welcome found;  
These were the simple tales went round  
The happy circles in the vales :

## 33.

Keeping reserved with conscious pride  
His noblest act, his crowning feat,  
How he had led even Humboldt's feet  
Up Chimborazo's mighty side.

## 34.

Guiding him through the trackless snow,  
By sheltered clefts of living soil,  
Sweet'ning the fearless traveller's toil,  
With memories of the world below.



## 35.

Such was the hardy Daisy's tale,  
And then the maidens of the group—  
Lilies, whose languid heads down droop  
Over their pearl-white shoulders pale—

## 36.

Told, when the genial glow of June  
Had passed, they sought still warmer climes,  
And took beneath the verdurous limes  
Their sweet siesta through the noon:

## 37.

And seeking still, with fond pursuit,  
The phantom Health, which lures and wiles  
Its followers, to the shores and isles  
Of amber waves, and golden fruit,

## 38.

There they had seen the orange grove  
Enwreath its gold with buds of white,  
As if themselves had taken flight,  
And settled on the boughs above.

## 39.

There kiss'd by every rosy mouth,  
And press'd to every gentle breast,  
These pallid daughters of the West  
Reigned in the sunshine of the South.

## 40.

And thoughtful of the things divine,  
Were oft by many an altar found,  
Standing like white-robed angels round  
The precincts of some sacred shrine.

## 41.

And Violets, with dark-blue eyes,  
Told how they spent the winter time,  
In Andalusia's Eden clime,  
Or 'neath Italia's kindred skies.

## 42.

Chiefly when evening's golden gloom  
Veil'd Rome's serenest ether soft,  
Bending in thoughtful musings oft,  
Above the lost Alastor's tomb<sup>(1)</sup>—

## 43.

Or the twin-poet's ; he who sings  
    " A thing of beauty never dies "(?),  
    Paying them back, in fragrant sighs,  
The love they bore all loveliest things.

## 44.

The flower, whose bronzed cheek recalls  
    The incessant beat of wind and sun,  
    Spoke of the lore his search had won  
Upon Pompeii's rescued walls.

## 45.

How, in his antiquarian march,  
    He crossed the tomb-strewn plain of Rome,  
    Sat on some prostrate plinth, or clomb  
The Coliseum's topmost arch.

## 46.

And thence beheld, in glad amaze  
    What Nero's guilty eyes, aloof,  
    Drank in, from off his golden roof—  
The sun-bright city all a-blaze :

47

A-blaze by day with solar fires—

A-blaze by night, with lunar beams,

With lambent lustre on its streams,

And golden glories round its spires !

48.

Thence he beheld that wondrous dome,

That, rising o'er the radiant town,

Circles, with Art's eternal crown,

The still imperial brow of Rome.

49.

Nor was the Marigold remiss,

But told, how in her crown of gold

She sat, like Persia's King of old,

High o'er the shores of Salamis ;

50.

And saw, against the morning sky,

The white-sailed fleets their wings display ;

And, ere the tranquil close of day,

Fade, like the Persian's, from her eye.—

D

## 51.

Fleets, with their white flags all unfurl'd,  
Inscribed with "Commerce," and with "Peace,"  
Bearing no threatened ill to Greece,  
But mutual good to all the world.

## 52.

And various other flowers were seen,  
Cowslip and Oxlip, and the tall  
Tulip, whose grateful hearts recall  
The winter homes where they had been.

## 53.

Some in the sunny vales, beneath  
The sheltering hills; and some, whose eyes  
Were gladdened by the southern skies,  
High up amid the blooming heath.—

## 54.

Meek, modest flowers, by poets loved,  
Sweet Pansies, with their dark eyes fringed  
With silken lashes finely tinged,  
That trembled if a leaf but moved :

## 55.

And some in gardens, where the grass  
Mossed o'er the green quadrangle's breast,  
There dwelt each flower, a welcome guest,  
In crystal palaces of glass :

## 56.

Shown as a beauteous wonder there,  
By beauty's hands to beauty's eyes,  
Breathing what mimic art supplies,  
The genial glow of sun-warm air.

## 57.

Nor were the absent ones forgot,  
Those whom a thousand cares detained,  
Those whom the links of duty chained  
Awhile from this, their natal spot.

## 58.

One, who in labour's useful tracks  
Is proudly eminent, who roams  
The providence of humble homes—  
The blue-eyed, fair-haired, friendly Flax :

## 59.

Giving himself to cheer and light  
The cottier's else o'ershadowing murk—  
Filling his hand with cheerful work,  
And all his being with delight :

## 60.

And one, the loveliest and the last,  
For whom they waited day by day,  
All through the merry month of May,  
Till one and thirty days had passed.

## 61.

And when, at length, the longed-for noon  
Of night arched o'er th' expectant green—  
The Rose, their sister and their queen—  
Came on the joyous wings of June : .

## 62.

And when was heard the gladsome sound,  
And when was breath'd her beauteous name,  
Unnumbered buds, like lamps of flame,  
Gleamed from the hedges all around :

## 63.

Where she had been, the distant clime,  
The orient realm her sceptre sways,  
The poet's pen may paint and praise  
Hereafter in his simple rhyme.

1852.



## THE PROGRESS OF THE ROSE.



## 1.

THE days of old—the good old days,  
Whose misty memories haunt us still—  
Demand alike our blame and praise,  
And claim their share of good and ill.

## 2.

*They* had strong faith in things unseen,  
But stronger in the things they saw ;  
Revenge for Mercy's pitying mien,  
And lordly Right for equal Law.

## 3.

'Tis true, the cloisters, all throughout  
The valleys, rais'd their peaceful towers,  
And their sweet bells ne'er wearied out  
In telling of the tranquil hours.

## 4.

But from the craggy hills above,  
A shadow darken'd o'er the sward;  
For there—a vulture to this dove—  
Hung the rude fortress of the lord;

## 5.

Whence oft the ravening bird of prey  
Descending, to his eyrie wild,  
Bore, with exulting cries, away  
The powerless serf's dishonour'd child.

## 6.

Then Safety lit with partial beams  
But the high-castled peaks of Force,  
And Polity revers'd its streams,  
And bade them flow but for their Source,—

## 7.

That Source from which, meandering down, .

A thousand streamlets circle now ;

For then the monarch's glorious crown

But girt the most rapacious brow.

## 8.

But individual Force is dead,

And link'd Opinion late takes birth ;

And now a Woman's gentle head

Supports the mightiest crown on earth :

## 9.

A pleasing type of all the change

Permitted to our eyes to see,

When she herself is free to range

Throughout the realm her rule makes free ;

## 10.

Not prison'd in a golden cage,

To sigh or sing her lonely state—

A show for youth or doating age

With idiot eyes to contemplate.

## 11.

But when the season sends a thrill  
To ev'ry heart that lives and moves,  
She seeks the freedom of the hill,  
Or shelter of the noontide groves ;

## 12.

There, happy with her chosen mate,  
And circled by her chirping brood,  
Forgets the pain of being great  
In the mere bliss of being good.

## 13.

And thus the festive summer yields  
No sight more happy, none so gay,  
As when amid her subject-fields  
She wanders on from day to day.

## 14.

Resembling her, whom proud and fond  
The bard hath sung of—she of old,  
Who bore upon her snow-white wand,  
All Erin through, the ring of gold.

## 15.

Thus, from her castles coming forth,  
She wanders many a summer hour,  
Bearing the ring of private worth  
Upon the silver wand of Power.

## 16.

Thus musing, while around me flew  
Sweet airs from Fancy's amaranth bowers,  
Methought, what this fair Queen doth do,  
Hath yearly done, the Queen of Flowers.

## 17.

The beauteous Queen of all the flowers,  
Whose faintest sigh is like a spell,  
Was born in Eden's sinless bowers,  
Long ere our primal parents fell.

## 18.

There, in a perfect form, she grew,  
Nor felt decay, nor tasted death;  
Heaven was reflected in her hue,  
And Heaven's own odours filled her breath.

## 19.

And ere the Angel of the Sword  
Drove thence the founders of our race,  
They knelt before him, and implor'd  
Some relic of that radiant place,—

## 20.

Some relic that, while time would last,  
Should make men weep their fatal sin—  
Proof of the glory that was past,  
And type of that they yet might win.

## 21.

The Angel turn'd; and ere his hands  
The gates of bliss for ever close,  
Pluck'd from the fairest tree that stands  
Within Heaven's walls—the peerless Rose;

## 22.

And as he gave it unto them,  
Let fall a tear upon its leaves—  
The same celestial liquid gem  
We oft perceive on dewy eves.

## 23.

Grateful, the hapless twain went forth—  
The golden portals backward whirl'd—  
Then first they felt the biting north,  
And all the rigour of this world ;

## 24.

Then first the dreadful curse had power  
To chill the life-streams at their source,  
Till e'en the sap within the flower  
Grew curdled in its upward course.

## 25.

They twin'd their trembling hands across  
Their trembling breasts against the drift,  
Then sought some little mound of moss,  
Wherein to lay their precious gift,—

## 26.

Some little soft and mossy mound,  
Wherein the flower might rest till morn ;  
In vain ! God's curse was on the ground,  
For through the moss outgleam'd the thorn !

## 27.

Outgleam'd the forkéd plant, as if  
The serpent Tempter, in his rage,  
Had put his tongue in every leaf  
To mock them through their pilgrimage.

## 28.

They did their best; their hands eras'd  
The thorns of greater strength and size;  
Then 'mid the softer moss they plac'd  
The exiled flower of Paradise.

## 29.

The plant took root; the beams and showers  
Came kindly, and its fair head rear'd;  
But lo! around its heaven of flowers  
The thorns and moss of earth appear'd.

## 30.

Type of the greater change that then  
Upon our hapless nature fell,  
When the degenerate hearts of men  
Bore sin and all the thorns of hell.



## 31.

Happy, indeed, and sweet our pain,  
However torn, however tost,  
If, like the Rose, our hearts retain  
Some vestige of the Heaven we've lost.

## 32.

Where she upon this colder sphere  
Found shelter first, she there abode ;  
Her native bowers, unseen, were near,  
And near her still Euphrates flow'd—

## 33.

Brilliantly flow'd ; but ah ! how dim,  
Compar'd to what its light had been ;—  
As if the fiery Cherubim  
Let pass the tide, but kept its sheen.

## 34.

At first she liv'd and reign'd alone,  
No lily-maidens yet had birth ;  
No turban'd tulips round her throne  
Bow'd with their foreheads to the earth.

## 35.

No rival sisters had she yet—

She with the snowy forehead fringed  
With blushes ; nor the sweet brunette  
Whose cheek the yellow sun has ting'd.

## 36.

Nor all the harbingers of May,

Nor all the clustering joys of June ;  
Uncarpeted the bare earth lay,  
Unhung the branches' gay festoon.

## 37.

But Nature came in kindly mood,

And gave her kindred of her own ;  
Knowing full well it is not good  
For man or flower to be alone.

## 38.

Long in her happy court she dwelt,

In floral games and feasts of mirth,  
Until her heart kind wishes felt  
To share her joy with all the earth.

## 39.

To go from longing land to land  
A stateless queen—a welcome guest—  
O'er hill and vale—by sea and strand—  
From North to South, and East to West.

## 40.

And thus it is that every year,  
Ere Autumn dons his russet robe,  
She calls her unseen charioteer,  
And makes her progress through the globe.

## 41.

First, sharing in the month-long feast—  
“The Feast of Roses”—in whose light  
And grateful joy, the first and least  
Of all her subjects reunite.

## 42.

She sends her heralds on before :  
The bee rings out his bugle bold,  
The daisy spreads her marbled floor,  
The buttercup her cloth of gold.

## 43.

The lark leaps up into the sky,  
To watch her coming from afar ;  
The larger moon descends more nigh,  
More lingering lags the morning star.

## 44.

From out the villages and towns,  
From all of mankind's mix'd abodes,  
The people, by the lawns and downs,  
Go meet her on the winding roads.

## 45.

And some would bear her in their hands,  
And some would press her to their breast,  
And some would worship where she stands,  
And some would claim her as their guest.

## 46.

Her gracious smile dispels the gloom  
Of many a love-sick girl and boy ;  
Her very presence in a room  
Doth fill the languid air with joy.

47.

Her breath is like a fragrant tune,  
She is the soul of every spot ;  
Gives nature to the rich saloon,  
And splendour to the peasant's cot.

48.

Her mission is to calm and soothe,  
And purely glad life's every stage ;  
Her garlands grace the brow of youth,  
And hide the hollow lines of age.

49.

But to the Poet she belongs,  
By immemorial ties of love ;—  
Herself a folded book of songs,  
Dropp'd from the Angel's hands above.

50.

Then come and make his heart thy home,  
For thee it opes, for thee it glows ;  
Type of ideal beauty, come !  
Wonder of Nature ! queenly Rose !

## THE BATH OF THE STREAMS.



## 1.

Down unto the ocean,  
Trembling with emotion,  
Panting at the notion,  
See the rivers run—  
In the golden weather,  
Tripping o'er the heather,  
Laughing all together—  
Madcaps every one.

## 2.

Like a troop of girls  
In their loosen'd curls,  
See, the concourse whirls  
Onward wild with glee;

List their tuneful tattle,  
Hear their pretty prattle,  
How they'll love to battle  
With the assailing sea.

## 3.

See, the winds pursue them,  
See, the willows woo them,  
See, the lakelets view them  
Wistfully afar,  
With a wistful wonder  
Down the green slopes under,  
Wishing, too, to thunder  
O'er their prison bar.

## 4.

Wishing, too, to wander  
By the sea-waves yonder,  
There awhile to squander  
All their silvery stores,

There awhile forgetting  
All their vain regretting  
When their foam went fretting  
Round the rippling shores.

## 5.

Round the rocky region,  
Whence their prison'd legion,  
Oft and oft besieging,  
Vainly sought to break,  
Vainly sought to throw them  
O'er the vales below them,  
Through the clefts that show them  
Paths they dare not take.

## 6.

But the swift streams speed them  
In the might of freedom,  
Down the paths that lead them  
Joyously along.



Blinding green recesses  
With their floating tresses,  
Charming wildernesses  
With their murmuring song.

## 7.

Now the streams are gliding  
With a sweet abiding—  
Now the streams are hiding  
'Mid the whispering reeds—  
Now the streams outglancing  
With a shy advancing  
Naiad-like go dancing  
Down the golden meads.

## 8.

Down the golden meadows,  
Chasing their own shadows—  
Down the golden meadows,  
Playing as they run ;

Playing with the sedges,  
By the water's edges,  
Leaping o'er the ledges,  
Glist'ning in the sun.

## 9.

Streams and streamlets blending,  
Each on each attending,  
All together wending,  
Seek the silver sands ;  
Like to sisters holding  
With a fond enfolding—  
Like to sisters holding  
One another's hands.

## 10.

Now with foreheads blushing  
With a rapturous flushing—  
Now the streams are rushing  
In among the waves.

Now in shy confusion,  
With a pale suffusion,  
Seek the wild seclusion  
Of sequestered caves.

## 11.

All the summer hours  
Hiding in the bowers,  
Scattering silver showers  
Out upon the strand ;  
O'er the pebbles crashing,  
Through the ripples splashing,  
Liquid pearl-wreaths dashing  
From each other's hand.

## 12.

By yon mossy boulder,  
See an ivory shoulder—  
Dazzling the beholder—  
Rises o'er the blue ;

But a moment's thinking  
Sends the Naiad sinking,  
With a modest shrinking,  
From the gazer's view.

## 13.

Now the wave compresses  
All their golden tresses—  
Now their sea-green dresses  
Float them o'er the tide ;  
Now with elf-locks dripping  
From the brine they're sipping,  
With a fairy tripping,  
Down the green waves glide.

## 14.

Some that scarce have tarried  
By the shore, are carried  
Sea-ward to be married  
To the glad gods there—

Triton's horn is playing,  
Neptune's steeds are neighing,  
Restless with delaying  
For a bride so fair.

## 15.

See at first the river  
How its pale lips quiver,  
How its white waves shiver  
With a fond unrest ;  
List how low it sigheth,  
See how swift it flieth,  
Till at length it lieth  
On the ocean's breast.

## 16.

Such is Youth's admiring,  
Such is Love's desiring,  
Such is Hope's aspiring  
For the higher goal ;

Such is man's condition,  
Till in heaven's fruition  
Ends the mystic mission  
Of the eternal soul.

1855.

## THE FLOWERS OF THE TROPICS.

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"C'est ainsi qu'elle a mis, entre les tropiques, la plupart des fleurs apparentes sur des arbres. J'y en ai vu bien peu dans les prairies, mais beaucoup dans les forêts. Dans ces pays, il faut lever les yeux en haut pour y voir des fleurs; dans le notre, il faut les baisser à terre."—SAINT PIERRE, *Études de la Nature*.

---

### 1.

IN the soft sunny regions that circle the waist  
 Of the globe with a girdle of topaz and gold,  
 Which heave with the throbbings of life where they're  
     placed,  
 And glow with the fire of the heart they enfold;  
 Where to live, where to breathe, seems a paradise  
     dream—  
 A dream of some world more elysian than this,—  
 Where, if Death and if Sin were away, it would seem  
     Not the foretaste alone, but the fulness of bliss.

## 2.

Where all that can gladden the sense and the sight,  
Fresh fruitage as cool and as crimson as even ;  
Where the richness and rankness of Nature unite  
To build the frail walls of the Sybarite's heaven.  
But ah ! should the heart feel the desolate dearth  
Of some purer enjoyment to speed the bright hours,  
In vain through the leafy luxuriance of earth  
Looks the languid-lit eye for the freshness of flowers.

## 3.

No, its glance must be turned from the earth to the  
sky,  
From the clay-rooted grass to the heaven-branching  
trees ;  
And there, oh ! enchantment for soul and for eye,  
Hang blossoms so pure that an angel might seize.  
Thus, when pleasure begins from its sweetness to cloy,  
And the warm heart grows rank like a soil over ripe,  
We must turn from the earth for some promise of joy,  
And look up to Heaven for a holier type.



## 4.

In the climes of the North, which alternately shine,  
Now warm with the sunbeam, now white with  
the snow,  
And which, like the breast of the Earth they entwine,  
Grow chill with its chillness, or glow with its glow ;  
In those climes where the soul, on more vigorous wing,  
Rises soaring to heaven in its rapturous flight,  
And, led ever on by the radiance they fling,  
Tracketh star after star through infinitude's night.

## 5.

How oft doth the seer from his watch-tower on high  
Scan the depths of the heavens with his wonderful  
glass ;  
And, like Noah of old, when Earth's creatures went by,  
Name the orbs and the sun-lighted spheres as they  
pass.  
How often, when drooping, and weary, and worn,  
With fire-throbbing temples and star-dazzled eyes,  
Does he turn from his glass at the breaking of morn,  
And exchanges for flowers all the wealth of the skies?

## 6.

Ah ! thus should we mingle the far and the near,  
And, while striving to pierce what the Godhead  
conceals,  
From the far heights of Science look down with a fear  
To the lowliest truths the same Godhead reveals.  
When the rich fruit of Joy glads the heart and the  
mouth,  
Or the bold wing of Thought leads the daring soul  
forth ;  
Let us proudly look up as for flowers of the South,  
Let us humbly look down as for flowers of the North.

1853.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SNOW.



## 1.

THE night brings forth the morn—  
Of the cloud is lightning born ;  
From out the darkest earth the brightest roses grow.  
Bright sparks from black flints fly,  
And from out a leaden sky  
Comes the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

## 2.

The wondering air grows mute,  
As her pearly parachute  
Cometh slowly down from heaven, softly floating to  
and fro ;  
And the earth emits no sound,  
As lightly on the ground  
Leaps the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

## 3.

At the contact of her tread,  
The mountain's festal head,  
As with chaplets of white roses, seems to glow ;  
And its furrowed cheek grows white  
With a feeling of delight,  
At the presence of the Spirit of the Snow.

## 4.

As she wendeth to the vale,  
The longing fields grow pale—  
The tiny streams that vein them cease to flow ;  
And the river stays its tide  
With wonder and with pride,  
To gaze upon the Spirit of the Snow.

## 5.

But little doth she deem  
The love of field or stream—  
She is frolicsome and lightsome as the roe ;  
She is here, and she is there,  
On the earth or in the air,  
Ever changing, floats the Spirit of the Snow.

## 6.

Now a daring climber, she  
Mounts the tallest forest-tree—  
Out along the giddy branches doth she go ;  
And her tassels, silver-white,  
Down swinging through the night,  
Mark the pillow of the Spirit of the Snow.

## 7.

Now she climbs the mighty mast,  
When the sailor boy at last  
Dreams of home in his hammock down below ;  
There she watches in his stead  
Till the morning sun shines red,  
Then evanishes the Spirit of the Snow.

## 8.

Or crowning with white fire  
The minster's topmost spire  
With a glory such as sainted foreheads show ;  
She teaches fanes are given  
Thus to lift the heart to Heaven,  
There to melt like the Spirit of the Snow.

## 9.

Now above the loaded wain,  
Now beneath the thundering train,  
Doth she hear the sweet bells tinkle and the snorting  
engine blow ;  
Now she flutters on the breeze,  
Till the branches of the trees  
Catch the tossed and tangled tresses of the Spirit of  
the Snow.

## 10.

Now an infant's balmy breath  
Gives the Spirit seeming death,  
When adown her pallid features fair Decay's damp  
dew-drops flow ;  
Now again her strong assault  
Can make an army halt,  
And trench itself in terror 'gainst the Spirit of the  
Snow.

## 11.

At times with gentle power,  
In visiting some bower,  
She scarce will hide the holly's red, the blackness of  
the sloe;  
But ah ! her awful might,  
When down some Alpine height  
The hapless hamlet sinks before the Spirit of the  
Snow.

## 12.

On a feather she floats down  
The turbid rivers brown,  
Down to meet the drifting navies of the winter-  
freighted floe;  
Then swift o'er the azure walls  
Of the awful waterfalls,  
Where Niagara leaps roaring, glides the Spirit of the  
Snow.

## 13.

With her flag of truce unfurled,  
She makes peace o'er all the world—  
Makes bloody battles cease awhile, and War's un-  
     pitying woe;  
Till, its hollow womb within,  
The deep dark-mouthed culverin  
Encloses, like a cradled child, the Spirit of the  
    Snow.

## 14.

She uses in her need  
The fleetly-flying steed—  
Now tries the rapid reindeer's strength, and now the  
    camel slow;  
Or, ere defiled by earth,  
Unto her place of birth,  
Returns upon the eagle's wing the Spirit of the  
    Snow.



## 15.

Oft with pallid figure bowed,  
Like the Banshee in her shroud,  
Doth the moon her spectral shadow o'er some silent  
    gravestone throw;  
Then moans the fitful wail,  
And the wanderer grows pale,  
Till at morning fades the phantom of the Spirit of  
    the Snow.

## 16.

In her ermine cloak of state  
She sitteth at the gate  
Of some winter-prisoned princess in her palace by  
    the Po;  
Who dares not to come forth  
Till back unto the North  
Flies the beautiful besieger—the Spirit of the  
    Snow.

## 17.

In her spotless linen hood,  
Like the other sisterhood,  
She braves the open cloister when the psalm sounds  
sweet and low ;  
When some sister's bier doth pass  
From the minster and the mass,  
Soon to sink into the earth, like the Spirit of the  
Snow.

## 18.

But at times so full of joy,  
She will play with girl and boy,  
Fly from out their tingling fingers, like white fire-  
balls on the foe ;  
She will burst in feathery flakes,  
And the ruin that she makes  
Will but wake the crackling laughter of the Spirit  
of the Snow.

## 19.

Or in furry mantle drest,  
She will fondle on her breast  
The embryo buds awaiting the near Spring's mysterious throe ;  
So fondly that the first  
Of the blossoms that outburst  
Will be called the beauteous daughter of the Spirit  
of the Snow.

## 20.

Ah ! would that we were sure  
Of hearts so warmly pure,  
In all the Winter weather that this lesser life must  
know ;  
That when shines the Sun of Love  
From a warmer realm above,  
In its light we may dissolve, like the Spirit of the  
Snow.

## THE YEAR-KING.



## 1.

It is the last of all the days,  
The day on which the Old Year dies.  
Ah ! yes, the fated hour is near ;  
I see upon his snow-white bier  
Outstretched the weary wanderer lies,  
And mark his dying gaze.

## 2.

A thousand visions dark and fair,  
Crowd on the old man's fading sight ;  
A thousand mingled memories throng  
The old man's heart, still green and strong ;  
The heritage of wrong and right  
He leaves unto his heir.

## 3.

He thinks upon his budding hopes,  
The day he stood the world's young king,  
Upon his coronation morn,  
When diamonds hung on every thorn,  
And peeped the pearl flowers of the spring  
Adown the emerald slopes.

## 4.

He thinks upon his youthful pride,  
When in his ermined cloak of snow,  
Upon his war-horse, stout and staunch,—  
The cataract-crested avalanche,—  
He thundered on the rocks below,  
With his warriors at his side.

## 5.

From rock to rock, through cloven scalp<sup>(3)</sup>,  
By rivers rushing to the sea,  
With thunderous sound his army wound  
The heaven supporting hills around;  
Like that the Man of Destiny  
Led down the astonished Alp.

## 6.

The bugles of the blast rang out,  
The banners of the lightning swung,  
The icy spear-points of the pine  
Bristled along the advancing line,  
And as the winds' reveillé rung,  
Heavens ! how the hills did shout.

## 7.

Adown each slippery precipice  
Rattled the loosen'd rocks, like balls  
Shot from his booming thunder guns,  
Whose smoke, effacing stars and suns,  
Darkens the stifled heaven, and falls  
Far off in arrowy showers of ice.

## 8.

Ah ! yes, he was a mighty king,  
A mighty king, full flushed with youth ;  
He cared not then what ruin lay  
Upon his desolating way ;  
Not his the cause of God or Truth,  
But the brute lust of conquering.

## 9.

Nought could resist his mighty will,  
The green grass withered where he stood ;  
His ruthless hands were prompt to seize  
Upon the tresses of the trees ;  
Then shrieked the maidens of the wood,  
And the saplings of the hill.

## 10.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;  
For in his ranks rode spectral Death ;  
The old expired through very fear,  
And pined the young, when he came near ;  
The faintest flutter of his breath  
Was sharp enough to kill.

## 11.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;  
The flowers fell dead beneath his tread ;  
The streams of life, that through the plains  
Throb night and day through crystal veins,  
With feverish pulses frighten'd fled,  
Or curdled, and grew still.

## 12.

Nought could resist his mighty will ;  
On rafts of ice, blue-hued, like steel,  
He crossed the broadest rivers o'er ;  
Ah ! me, and then was heard no more  
The murmur of the peaceful wheel  
That turned the peasant's mill.

## 13.

But why the evil that attends  
On War recall to further view ?  
Accurséd War !—the world too well  
Knows what thou art—thou fiend of hell !  
The heartless havoc of a few,  
For their own selfish ends !

## 14.

Soon, soon the youthful conqueror  
Felt moved, and bade the horrors cease ;  
Nature resumed its ancient sway,  
Warm tears rolled down the cheeks of Day,  
And Spring, the harbinger of peace,  
Proclaimed the fight was o'er.



## 15.

Oh ! what a change came o'er the world ;  
The winds, that cut like naked swords,  
Shed balm upon the wounds they made ;  
And they who came the first to aid  
The foray of grim winter's hordes  
The flag of truce unfurled.

## 16.

Oh ! how the song of joy, the sound  
Of rapture thrills the leaguered camps ;  
The tinkling showers like cymbals clash  
Upon the late leaves of the ash,  
And blossoms hang like festal lamps  
On all the trees around.

## 17.

And there is sunshine, sent to strew  
God's cloth of gold, whereon may dance,  
To music that harmonious moves,  
The linkéd Graces and the Loves ;  
Making reality romance,  
And rare romance even more than true.

## 18.

The fields laughed out in dimpling flowers,  
The stream's blue eyes flashed bright with smiles ;  
The pale-faced clouds turned rosy-red,  
As they looked down from over head ;  
Then fled o'er continents and isles,  
To shed their happy tears in showers.

## 19.

The youthful monarch's heart grew light  
To find what joy good deeds can shed ;  
To nurse the orphan buds that bent  
Over each turf-piled monument,  
Wherein the parent flowers lay dead  
Who perished in that fight.

## 20.

And as he roamed from day to day,  
Atoning thus to flower and tree,  
Flinging his lavish gold around  
In countless yellow flowers, he found,  
By gladsome-weeping April's knee,  
The modest maiden May.

## 21.

Oh ! she was young as angels are,  
Ere the eternal youth they lead  
Gives any clue to tell the hours  
They've spent in heaven's Elysian bowers ;  
Ere God before their eyes decreed  
The birth-day of some beauteous star.

## 22.

Oh ! she was fair as are the leaves  
Of pale white roses, when the light  
Of sunset, through some trembling bough,  
Kisses the queen-flower's blushing brow,  
Nor leaves it red nor marble white,  
But rosy-pale, like April eves.

## 23.

Her eyes were like forget-me-nots,  
Dropped in the silvery snow-drop's cup,  
Or on the folded myrtle buds,  
The azure violet of the woods ;  
Just as the thirsty sun drinks up  
The dewy diamonds on the plots.

## 24.

And her sweet breath was like the sighs  
Breathed by a babe of Youth and Love ;  
When all the fragrance of the South  
From the cleft cherry of its mouth,  
Meets the fond lips that from above  
Stoop to caress its slumbering eyes.

## 25.

He took the maiden by the hand,  
And led her in her simple gown  
Unto a hamlet's peaceful scene,  
Upraised her standard on the green ;  
And crowned her with a rosy crown  
The beauteous Queen of all the land.

## 26.

And happy was the maiden's reign—  
For Peace, and Mirth, and twin-born Love  
Came forth from out men's hearts that day,  
Their gladsome fealty to pay ;  
And there was music in the grove,  
And dancing on the plain.

## 27.

And Labour carolled at his task,  
Like the blithe bird that sings and builds  
His happy household 'mid the leaves;  
And now the fibrous twig he weaves,  
And now he sings to her who gilds  
The sole horizon he doth ask.

## 28.

And Sickness half forgot its pain,  
And Sorrow half forgot its grief;  
And Eld forgot that it was old,  
As if to show the age of gold  
Was not the poet's fond belief,  
But every year comes back again.

## 29.

The Year-King passed along his way,  
Rejoiced, rewarded, and content;  
He passed to distant lands and new;  
For other tasks he had to do;  
But wheresoe'er the wanderer went,  
He ne'er forgot his darling May.

## 30.

He sent her stems of living gold  
From the rich plains of western lands,  
And purple-gushing grapes from vines  
Born of the amorous sun that shines  
Where Tagus rolls its golden sands,  
Or Guadaleté old.

## 31.

And citrons from Firenze's fields,  
And golden apples from the isles  
That gladden the bright southern seas,  
True home of the Hesperides ;  
Which now no dragon guards, but smiles,  
The bounteous mother, as she yields.

## 32.

And then the King grew old like Lear—  
His blood waxed chill, his beard grew gray ;  
He changed his sceptre for a staff :  
And as the thoughtless children laugh  
To see him totter on his way,  
He knew his destined hour was near.

## 33.

And soon it came; and here he strives,  
Outstretched upon his snow-white bier;  
To reconcile the dread account—  
How stands the balance, what the amount;  
As we shall do with trembling fear  
When our last hour arrives.

## 34.

Come, let us kneel around his bed,  
And pray unto his God and ours  
For mercy on his servant here :  
Oh, God be with the dying Year !  
And God be with the happy hours  
That died before their sire lay dead !

## 35.

And as the bells commingling ring  
The New Year in, the Old Year out,  
Muffled and sad, and now in peals  
With which the quivering belfry reels,  
Grateful and hopeful be the shout,  
The King is dead !—Long live the King !

## THE AWAKING.



## 1.

A LADY came to a snow-white bier,  
Where a youth lay pale and dead ;  
She took the veil from her widowed head,  
And, bending low, in his ear she said—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 2.

She pass'd with a smile to a wild wood near,  
Where the boughs were barren and bare ;  
She tapp'd on the bark with her fingers fair,  
And call'd to the leaves that were buried there—  
Awaken ! for I am here.



## 3.

The birds beheld her without a fear  
As she walk'd through the dank-moss'd dells;  
She breathed on their downy citadels,  
And whisper'd the young in their ivory shells—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 4.

On the graves of the flowers she dropp'd a tear,  
But with hope and with joy, like us ;  
And even as the Lord to Lazarus,  
She call'd to the slumbering sweet flowers thus—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 5.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,  
To the reeds by the golden pond ;  
To the moss by the rounded marge beyond,  
She spoke, with her voice so soft and fond—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 6.

The violet peep'd, with its blue eye clear,  
From under its own gravestone ;  
For the blessed tidings around had flown,  
And before she spoke, the impulse was known—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 7.

The pale grass lay with its long locks sere  
On the breast of the open plain ;  
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,  
And cried, as she filled each juicy vein—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 8.

The rush rose up, with its pointed spear ;  
The flag, with its falchion broad ;  
The dock uplifted its shield unawed,  
As her voice ran clear through the quickening  
sod—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 9.

The red blood ran through the clover near,  
And the heath on the hills o'erhead ;  
The daisy's fingers were tipp'd with red,  
As she started to life, when the Lady said—  
Awaken ! for I am here.

## 10.

And the young Year rose from his snow-white bier,  
And the flowers from their green retreat ;  
And they came and knelt at the Lady's feet,  
Saying all, with their mingled voices sweet—  
O Lady ! behold us here.

## THE RESURRECTION.



## 1.

THE day of wintry wrath is o'er,  
The whirlwind and the storm have pass'd,  
The whiten'd ashes of the snow  
Enwrap the ruined world no more ;  
Nor keenly from the orient blow,  
The venom'd hissings of the blast.

## 2.

The frozen tear-drops of despair  
Have melted from the trembling thorn ;  
Hope plumes unseen her radiant wing,  
And lo ! amid the expectant air,  
The trumpet of the Angel Spring,  
Proclaims the Resurrection morn.

## 3.

Oh! what a wave of gladsome sound  
Runs rippling round the shores of space,  
As the requicken'd earth upheaves  
The swelling bosom of the ground,  
And Death's cold pallor, startled, leaves  
The deepening roses of her face.

## 4.

Up from their graves the dead arise,  
The dead and buried flowers of Spring;  
Up from their graves in glad amaze,  
Once more to view the long-lost skies,  
Resplendent with the dazzling rays  
Of their great coming Lord and King.

## 5.

And lo! even like that mightiest one,  
In the world's last and awful hour,  
Surrounded by the starry seven,  
So comes God's greatest work, the Sun,  
Upborne upon the clouds of heaven,  
In pomp, and majesty, and power.

## 6.

The virgin snowdrop bends its head  
Above its grave in grateful prayer ;  
The daisy lifts its radiant brow,  
With a saint's glory round it shed ;  
The violet's worth, unhidden now,  
Is wafted wide by every air.

## 7.

The parent stem reclasps once more  
Its long-lost severed buds and leaves ;  
Once more the tender tendrils twine  
Around the forms they clasped of yore :  
The very rain is now a sign,  
Great Nature's heart no longer grieves.

## 8.

And now the judgment-hour arrives,  
And now their final doom they know ;  
No dreadful doom is theirs, whose birth  
Was not more stainless than their lives ;  
'Tis goodness calls them from the earth,  
And mercy tells them where to go.

## 9.

Some of them fly with glad accord,  
Obedient to the high behest,  
To worship with their fragrant breath  
Around the altars of the Lord ;  
And some, from nothingness and death,  
Pass to the heaven of beauty's breast.

## 10.

Oh ! let the simple fancy be  
Prophetic of our final doom ;  
Grant us, O Lord, when from the sod  
Thou deign'st to call us too, that we  
Pass to the bosom of our God  
From the dark nothing of the tomb !

## THE FIRST OF THE ANGELS.



### 1.

HUSH ! hush ! through the azure expanse of the sky,  
Comes a low, gentle sound, 'twixt a laugh and a sigh ;  
And I rise from my writing, and look up on high,  
And I kneel—for the first of God's angels is nigh !

### 2.

Oh ! how to describe what my rapt eyes descry !—  
For the blue of the sky is the blue of his eye ;  
And the white clouds, whose whiteness the snow-  
    flakes outvie,  
Are the luminous pinions on which he doth fly !



## 3.

And his garments of gold gleam at times like the  
pyre

Of the west, when the sun in a blaze doth expire;—  
Now tinged like the orange—now flaming with  
fire!—

Half the crimson of roses and purple of Tyre.

## 4.

And his voice, on whose accents the angels have  
hung—

He himself a bright angel, immortal and young—  
Scatters melody sweeter the green buds among,  
Than the poet e'er wrote, or the nightingale sung.

## 5.

It comes on the balm-bearing breath of the breeze,  
And the odours, that later will gladden the bees,  
With a life and a freshness united to these,  
From the rippling of waters, and rustling of trees.

## 6.

Like a swan to its young o'er the glass of a pond,  
So to earth comes the angel, as graceful and fond ;  
While a bright beam of sunshine—his magical  
wand—  
Strikes the fields at my feet, and the mountains  
beyond.

## 7.

They waken—they start into life at a bound—  
Flowers climb the tall hillocks, and cover the ground ;  
With a nimbus of glory the mountains are crown'd,  
As their rivulets rush to the ocean profound.

## 8.

There is life on the earth—there is calm on the sea,  
And the rough waves are smoothed, and the frozen  
are free ;  
And they gambol and ramble like boys, in their glee,  
Round the shell-shining strand on the grass-bearing  
lea.

## 9.

There is love for the young—there is life for the old,  
And wealth for the needy, and heat for the cold;  
For the dew scatters, nightly, its diamonds untold,  
And the snowdrop its silver—the crocus its gold!

## 10.

God!—whose goodness and greatness we bless and  
adore—

Be Thou praised for this angel—the first of the four—  
To whose charge Thou hast given the world's utter-  
most shore,  
To guide it, and guard it, till time is no more!

1858.

## SPIRIT VOICES.



## 1.

THERE are voices, spirit voices, sweetly sounding  
everywhere,

At whose coming earth rejoices, and the echoing  
realms of air,

And their joy and jubilation pierce the near and reach  
the far—

From the rapid world's gyration to the twinkling of  
the star.

## 2.

One, a potent voice uplifting, stops the white cloud  
on its way,  
As it drives with driftless drifting o'er the vacant  
vault of day,  
And in sounds of soft upbraiding calls it down the  
void inane  
To the gilding and the shading of the mountain and  
the plain.

## 3.

Airy offspring of the fountains, to thy destined duty  
sail—  
Seek it on the proudest mountains, seek it in the  
humblest vale;  
Howsoever high thou fliest, how so deep it bids  
thee go,  
Be a beacon to the highest and a blessing to the  
low.

## 4.

When the sad earth, broken-hearted, hath not even  
a tear to shed,  
And her very soul seems parted for her children lying  
dead,  
Send the streams with warmer pulses through that  
frozen fount of fears,  
And the sorrow that convulses, soothe and soften  
down to tears.

## 5.

Bear the sunshine and the shadow, bear the rain-drop  
and the snow,  
Bear the night-dew to the meadow, and to hope the  
promised bow,  
Bear the moon, a moving mirror for her angel face  
and form,  
And to guilt and wilful error bear the lightning and  
the storm.

## 6.

When thou thus hast done thy duty on the earth and  
o'er the sea,  
Bearing many a beam of beauty, ever bettering what  
must be,  
Thus reflecting heaven's pure splendour and con-  
cealing ruined clay,  
Up to God thy spirit render, and dissolving pass  
away.

## 7.

And with fond solicitation, speaks another to the  
streams—  
Leave your airy isolation, quit the cloudy land of  
dreams,  
Break the lonely peak's attraction, burst the solemn  
silent glen,  
Seek the living world of action and the busy haunts  
of men.

## 8.

Turn the mill-wheel with thy fingers, turn the  
steam-wheel with thy breath,  
With thy tide that never lingers save the dying fields  
from death ;  
Let the swiftmess of thy currents bear to man the  
freight-fill'd ship,  
And the crystal of thy torrents bring refreshment to  
his lip.

## 9.

And when thou, O rapid river, thy eternal home  
dost seek—  
When no more the willows quiver but to touch thy  
passing cheek—  
When the groves no longer greet thee and the shore  
no longer kiss—  
Let infinitude come meet thee on the verge of the  
abyss.



## 10.

Other voices seek to win us—low, suggestive, like  
the rest—

But the sweetest is within us in the stillness of the  
breast;

Be it ours, with fond desiring, the same harvest to  
produce

As the cloud in its aspiring and the river in its use.

1853.

## THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR.

---

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky.

---

GEORGE HERBERT.

### 1.

YES! the summer is returning,  
Warmer, brighter beams are burning;  
Golden mornings, purple evenings,  
Come to glad the world once more.  
Nature from her long sojourning  
In the Winter-House of Mourning,  
With the light of hope outpeeping  
From those eyes that late were weeping,  
Cometh dancing o'er the waters  
To our distant shore.

On the boughs the birds are singing,  
Never idle,  
For the bridal  
Goes the frolic breeze a-ringing  
All the green bells on the branches,  
Which the soul of man doth hear;  
Music-shaken,  
It doth waken,  
Half in hope and half in fear,  
And dons its festal garments for the Bridal of the  
Year!

## 2.

For the year is sempiternal,  
Never wintry, never vernal,  
Still the same through all the changes  
That our wondering eyes behold.  
Spring is but his time of wooing—  
Summer but the sweet renewing  
Of the vows he utters yearly,  
Ever fondly and sincerely,

To the young Bride that he weddeth,  
When to Heaven departs the old,  
For it is her fate to perish,  
Having brought him,  
In the Autumn,  
Children for his heart to cherish.  
Summer, like a human mother,  
Dies in bringing forth her young;  
Sorrow blinds him,  
Winter finds him  
Childless, too, their graves among,  
Till May returns once more, and bridal hymns are  
sung.

## 3.

Thrice the great Betrothéd naming,  
Thrice the mystic banns proclaiming,  
February, March, and April,  
Spread the tidings far and wide;  
Thrice they questioned each new-comer,  
“ Know ye, why the sweet-faced Summer,

With her rich imperial dower,  
Golden fruit and diamond flower,  
And her pearly rain-drop trinkets,  
Should not be the green Earth's Bride?"

All things vocal spoke elated  
(Nor the voiceless  
Did rejoice less)—

"Be the marriage consummated!"

All the many murmuring voices  
Of the music-breathing Spring,  
Young birds twittering,  
Streamlets glittering,  
Insects on transparent wing,—  
All hailed the Summer nuptials of their King!

## 4.

Now the rosy east gives warning  
'Tis the wished-for nuptial morning.  
Sweetest truant from Elysium,  
Golden morning of the May!

All the guests are in their places—  
Lilies with pale, high-bred faces—  
Hawthorns in white wedding favours,  
Scented with celestial savours—  
Daisies, like sweet country maidens,

Wear white scalloped frills to-day;  
'Neath her hat of straw the Peasant

Primrose sitteth,

Nor permitteth

Any of her kindred present,  
'Specially the milk-sweet cowslip,  
E'er to leave the tranquil shade;

By the hedges,

Or the edges

Of some stream or grassy glade,  
They look upon the scene half wistful, half afraid.

5.

Other guests, too, are invited,  
From the alleys dimly lighted,

From the pestilential vapours  
Of the over-peopled town—  
From the fever and the panic,  
Comes the hard-worked, swarth mechanic—  
Comes his young wife, pallor-stricken  
At the cares that round her thicken—  
Comes the boy whose brow is wrinkled,  
Ere his chin is clothed in down—  
And the foolish pleasure-seekers,  
Nightly thinking  
They are drinking  
Life and joy from poisoned beakers,  
Shudder at their midnight madness,  
And the raving revel scorn :  
All are treading  
To the wedding  
In the freshness of the morn,  
And feel, perchance too late, the bliss of being born.

## 6.

And the Student leaves his poring,  
And his venturous exploring

In the gold and gem-enfolding

Waters of the ancient lore—

Seeking in its buried treasures,

Means for life's most common pleasures;

Neither vicious nor ambitious—

Simple wants and simple wishes.

Ah! he finds the ancient learning

But the Spartan's iron ore;

Without value in an era

Far more golden

Than the olden—

When the beautiful chimera—

Love—hath almost wholly faded

Even from the dreams of men.

From his prison

Newly risen—

From his book-enchanted den—

The stronger magic of the morning drives him forth  
again.



## 7.

And the Artist, too—the Gifted—  
He whose soul is heavenward lifted—  
Till it drinketh inspiration

At the fountain of the skies;  
He, within whose fond embraces  
Start to life the marble Graces;  
Or, with godlike power presiding,  
With the potent pencil gliding,  
O'er the void chaotic canvass

Bids the fair creations rise!  
And the quickened mass obeying  
Heaves its mountains;

From its fountains  
Sends the gentle streams a-straying  
Through the vales, like Love's first feelings  
Stealing o'er a maiden's heart;

The Creator—

Imitator—

From his easel forth doth start,  
And from God's glorious Nature learns anew his  
Art!

## 8.

But who is this with tresses flowing,  
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,  
From whose lips the thunder-music  
    Pealeth o'er the listening lands?  
'Tis the first and last of preachers—  
First and last of priestly teachers;  
First and last of those appointed  
In the ranks of the anointed;  
With their songs like swords to sever  
    Tyranny and Falsehood's bands!  
'Tis the Poet—sum and total  
    Of the others,  
    With his brothers,  
In his rich robes sacerdotal,  
Singing from his golden psalter.

Comes he now to wed the twain—

Truth and Beauty—

Rest and Duty—

Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Pain,

Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's chain !

9.

And the shapes that follow after,  
Some in tears and some in laughter,  
Are they not the fairy phantoms

In his glorious visions seen ?

Nymphs from shady forests wending,  
Goddesses from heaven descending ;  
Three of Jove's divinest daughters,  
Nine from Aganippe's waters ;  
And the passion-immolated,

Too fond-hearted Tyrian Queen,

Various shapes of one idea,

Memory-haunting,

Heart-enchanting,

Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea<sup>(4)</sup> ;

Rosalind and all her sisters,

Born by Avon's sacred stream,  
All the blooming  
Shapes, illuming  
"The Eternal Pilgrim's"(\*) dream,  
Follow the Poet's steps beneath the morning's beam.

## 10.

But the Bride—the Bride is coming !  
Birds are singing, bees are humming ;  
Silent lakes amid the mountains  
Look, but cannot speak, their mirth ;  
Streams go bounding in their gladness  
With a Bacchanalian madness ;  
Trees bow down their heads in wonder,  
Clouds of purple part asunder,  
As the Maiden of the Morning  
Leads the blushing Bride to Earth !  
Bright as are the planets seven—  
With her glances  
She advances  
For her azure eyes are heaven !

And her robes are sunbeams woven,  
And her beauteous bridesmaids are  
Hopes and Wishes—  
Dreams delicious—  
Joys from some serener star,  
And heavenly-hued Illusions gleaming from afar!

## 11.

Now the mystic rite is over—  
Blessings on the loved and lover!  
Strike the tabours, clash the cymbals,  
Let the notes of joy resound!  
With the rosy apple blossom,  
Blushing like a maiden's bosom;  
With the cream-white clusters pearly  
Of the pear-tree budding early;  
With all treasures from the meadows  
Strew the consecrated ground;  
Let the guests with vows fraternal  
Pledge each other,  
Sister, brother,  
With the wine of Hope—the vernal

Vine-juice of Man's better nature—

Vintage of Man's trustful heart.

Perseverance

And Forbearance,

Love and Labour, Song and Art,—

Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may  
start.

12.

But whither have the twain departed?

The United—the One-hearted—

Whither from the bridal banquet

Have the Bride and Bridegroom flown?

Ah! their steps have led them quickly

Where the young leaves cluster thickly;

Blossomed boughs rain fragrance o'er them,

Greener grows the grass before them,

As they wander through the island,

Fond, delighted, and alone!

At their coming streams grow brighter,

Skies grow clearer,

Mountains nearer,

And the blue waves dancing lighter

From the far-off mighty ocean

Frolic on the glistening sand,

Jubilations—

Gratulations—

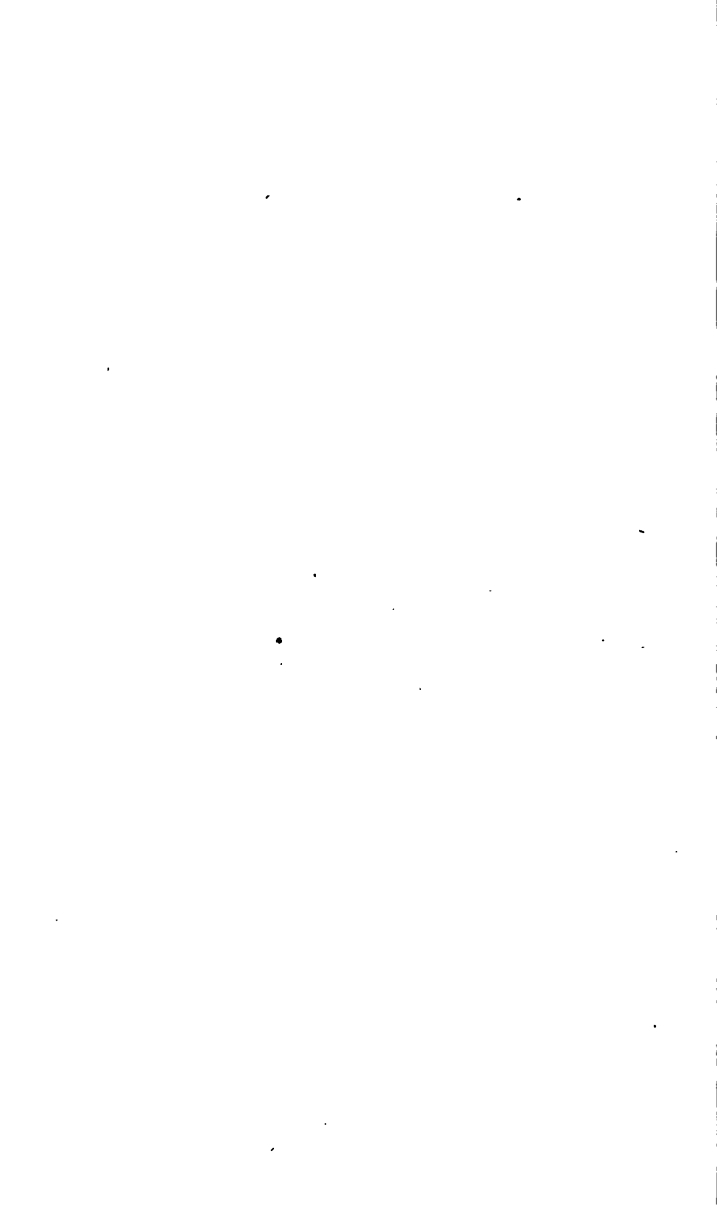
Breathe around, as, hand in hand,

They roam by Sutton's sea-washed shore, or soft

Shangánagh's strand.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**





## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---

### THE SPIRIT OF THE IDEAL.

---

#### 1.

SWEET Sister Spirits, ye whose starlight tresses  
Stream on the night-winds as ye float along,  
Missioned with hope to man—and with caresses

#### 2.

To slumbering babes—refreshment to the strong—  
And grace the sensuous soul that it's arrayed in :  
As the light burden of melodious song

#### 3.

Weighs down a Poet's words ;—as an o'erladen  
Lily doth bend beneath its own pure snow ;—  
Or with its joy, the free heart of a maiden :—

## 4.

Thus, I behold your outstretched pinions grow  
Heavy with all the priceless gifts and graces  
God through thy ministration doth bestow.

## 5.

Do ye not plant the rose on youthful faces?  
And rob the heavens of stars for Beauty's eyes?  
Do ye not fold within love's pure embraces

## 6.

All that Omnipotence doth yet devise  
For human bliss, or rapture superhuman—  
Heaven upon earth, and earth still in the skies?

## 7.

Do ye not sow the fruitful heart of woman  
With tenderest charities, and faith sincere,  
To feed man's sterile soul, and to illumine

## 8.

His duller eyes, that else might settle here,  
With the bright promise of a purer region—  
A starlight beacon to a starry sphere?

## 9.

Are they not all thy children, that bright legion—

Of aspirations, and all hopeful sighs

That in the solemn train of grave Religion

## 10.

Strew heavenly flowers before man's longing eyes,

And make him feel, as o'er life's sea he wendeth,

The far-off odorous airs of Paradise?—

## 11.

Like to the breeze some flowery island sendeth

Unto the seaman, ere its bowers are seen,

Which tells him soon his weary wandering endeth—

## 12.

Soon shall he rest, in bosky shades of green,

By daisied meadows pranked with dewy flowers,

With ever-running rivulets between.

## 13.

These are thy tasks, my sisters,—these the powers

God in his goodness gives into thy hands:—

'Tis from thy fingers fall the diamond showers

## 14.

Of budding Spring, and o'er the expectant lands

June's odorous purple and rich Autumn's gold :  
And even when needful Winter wide expands

## 15.

His fallow wings, and winds blow sharp and cold .

From the harsh east, 'tis thine, o'er all the plain,  
The leafless woodlands and the unsheltered wold,

## 16.

Gently to drop the flakes of feathery rain—

Heaven's warmest down—around the slumber-  
ing seeds,  
And o'er the roots the frost-blanch'd counterpane.

## 17.

What though man's careless eye but little heeds

Even the effects, much less the remoter cause,  
Still, in the doing of beneficent deeds—

## 18.

By God and his Vicegerent Nature's laws—

Ever a compensating joy is found.  
Think ye the rain-drop heedeth if it draws

## 19.

Rankness as well as Beauty from the ground?

Or that the sullen wind will deign to wake  
Only Æolian melodies of sound—

## 20.

And not the stormy screams that make men quake

Thus do ye act, my sisters; thus ye *do*  
Your cheerful duty for the doing's sake—

## 21.

Not unrewarded surely—not when you

See the successful issue of your charms,  
Bringing the absent back again to view—

## 22.

Giving the loved one to the lover's arms—

Smoothing the grassy couch for weary age—  
Hushing in death's great calm a world's alarms.

## 23.

I, I alone upon the earth's vast stage

Am doomed to act an unrequited part—  
I, the unseen preceptress of the sage—

## 24.

I, whose ideal form doth win the heart

Of all whom God's vocation hath assigned  
To wear the sacred vesture of high Art—

## 25.

To pass along the electric sparks of mind

From age to age, from race to race, until  
The expanding truth encircles all mankind.

## 26.

What without me were all the Poet's skill?—

Dead sensuous form without the quickening  
soul.

What without me the instinctive aim of will?—

## 27.

A useless magnet pointing to no pole.

What the fine ear and the creative hand?  
Most potent Spirits free from Man's control.

## 28.

I, THE IDEAL, by the Poet stand

When all his soul o'erflows with holy fire,  
When currents of the beautiful and grand

## 29.

Run glittering down along each burning wire,  
Until the heart of the great world doth feel  
The electric shock of his God-kindled lyre :—

## 30.

Then rolls the thunderous music peal on peal,  
Or in the breathless after-pause, a strain  
Simpler and sweeter through the hush doth steal—

## 31.

Like to the pattering drops of summer rain  
On rustling grass, when fragrance fills the air,  
And all the groves are vocal once again :

## 32.

Whatever form, whatever shape I bear,  
The Spirit of high Impulse, and the Soul  
Of all conceptions beautiful and rare,

## 33.

Am I ; who now swift spurning all control,  
On rapid wings—the Ariel of the Muse—  
Dart from the dazzling centre to the pole ;



## 34.

Now in the magic mimicry of hues

Such as surround God's golden throne, descend  
In Titian's skies the boundaries to confuse

## 35.

Betwixt Earth's Heaven and Heaven's own Heaven—  
to blend

In Raphael's forms the human and divine,  
Where spirit dawns, and matter seems to end.

## 36.

Again on wings of melody, so fine

They mock the sight, but fall upon the ear  
Like tuneful rose-leaves at the day's decline—

## 37.

And with the music of a happier sphere

Entrance some master of melodious sound,  
Till startled men the hymns of angels hear.

## 38.

Happy for me when, in the vacant round

Of barren ages, one great steadfast soul  
Faithful to me and to his art is found.

## 39.

But ah ! my sisters, with my grief condole ;  
Join in my sorrows and respond my sighs ;  
And let your sobs the funeral dirges toll ;

## 40.

Weep those who falter in the great emprise—  
Who, turning off upon some poor pretence,  
Some worthless guerdon or some paltry prize,

## 41.

Down from the airy zenith through the immense  
Sink to the low expedients of an hour,  
And barter soul for all the slough of sense,—

## 42.

Just when the mind had reached its regal power,  
And fancy's wing its perfect plumes unfurl'd,—  
Just when the bud of promise, in the flower

## 43.

Of all completeness opened on the world—  
When the pure fire that Heaven itself outflung  
Back to its native empyrean curled,

## 44.

Like vocal incense from a censer swung :—

Ah me ! to be subdued when all seemed won—  
That I should fly when I would fain have clung.

## 45.

Yet so it is,—our radiant course is run ;—

Here we must part, the deathless lay unsung,  
And, more than all, the deathless deed undone.

1851.

## RECOLLECTIONS.

## I.

## 1.

AH ! Summer time, sweet Summer scene,  
When all the golden days,  
Linked hand in hand, like moonlit fays,  
Danced o'er the deepening green.

## 2.

When, from the top of Pelier(?) down  
We saw the sun descend,  
With smiles that blessings seemed to send  
To our near native town.

## 3.

And when we saw him rise again  
High o'er the hills at morn—  
God's glorious prophet daily born  
To preach good-will to men—

## 4.

Good-will and peace to all between  
The gates of night and day—  
Join with me, love, and with me say—  
Sweet Summer time and scene.

## II.

## 1.

SWEET Summer time, true age of gold,  
When hand in hand we went  
Slow by the quickening shrubs, intent  
To see the buds unfold :

## 2.

To trace new wild flowers in the grass,  
New blossoms on the bough,  
And see the water-lilies now  
Rise o'er their liquid glass.

## 3.

When from the fond and folding gale  
The scented brier I pulled,  
Or for thy kindred bosom culled  
The lily of the vale;—

## 4.

Thou without whom were dark the green,  
The golden turned to gray,  
Join with me, love, and with me say—  
Sweet Summer time and scene.

## III.

## 1.

SWEET Summer time, delight's brief reign,  
Thou hast one memory still,  
Dearer than ever tree or hill  
Yet stretched along life's plain.

## 2.

Stranger than all the wond'rous whole,  
Flowers, fields, and sunset skies—  
To see within our infant's eyes  
The awakening of the soul.

## 3.

To see their dear bright depths first stirred  
By the far breath of thought,  
To feel our trembling hearts o'erfraught  
With rapture when we heard

## 4.

Her first clear laugh, which might have been

A cherub's laugh at play—

Ah! love, thou *canst* but join and say—

Sweet Summer time and scene.

## IV.

## 1.

SWEET summer time, sweet summer days,

One day I must recall ;

One day, the brightest of them all,

Must mark with special praise.

## 2.

'Twas when at length in genial showers

The Spring attained its close ;

And June with many a myriad rose

Incarnadined the bowers :



## 3.

Led by the bright and sun-warm air,  
We left our indoor nooks ;  
Thou with my papers and my books,  
And I thy garden-chair ;

## 4.

Crossed the broad, level garden walks,  
With countless roses lined ;  
And where the apple still inclined  
Its blossoms o'er the box,

## 5.

Near to the lilacs round the pond,  
In its stone ring hard by,  
We took our seats, where, save the sky,  
And the few forest trees beyond

## 6.

The garden wall, we nothing saw,  
But flowers and blossoms, and we heard  
Nought but the whirring of some bird,  
Or the rooks' distant, clamorous caw.

## 7.

And in the shade we saw the face  
Of our dear Mary sleeping near,  
And thou wert by to smile and hear,  
And speak with innate truth and grace.

## 8.

There through the pleasant noontide hours  
My task of echoed song I sung;  
Turning the golden southern tongue  
Into the iron ore of ours !

## 9.

'Twas the great Spanish master's pride,  
The story of the hero proved;  
'Twas how the Moorish princess loved,  
And how the firm Fernando died<sup>(8)</sup>.

## 10.

O happiest season ever seen,  
O day, indeed the happiest day ;  
Join with me, love, and with me say—  
Sweet Summer time and scene.

## V.

## 1.

ONE picture more before I close  
Fond Memory's fast dissolving views ;  
One picture more before I lose  
The radiant outlines as they rose.

## 2.

'Tis evening, and we leave the porch,  
And for the hundredth time admire  
The rhododendron's cones of fire  
Rise round the tree, like torch o'er torch.

## 3.

And for the hundredth time point out  
Each favourite blossom and perfume—  
If the white lilac still doth bloom,  
Or the pink hawthorn fadeth out :

## 4.

And by the laurell'd wall, and o'er  
The fields of young green corn we've gone;  
And by the outer gate, and on  
To our dear friend's oft-trodden door.

## 5.

And there in cheerful talk we stay,  
Till deepening twilight warns us home;  
Then once again we backward roam  
Calmly and slow the well-known way—

## 6.

And linger for the expected view—  
Day's dying gleam upon the hill;  
Or listen for the whip-poor-will(?),  
Or the too seldom shy cuckoo.

## 7.

At home the historic page we glean,  
And muse, and hope, and praise, and pray—  
Join with me, love, as then, and say—  
Sweet Summer time and scene!

## MOORE.

## AN ELEGIAC ODE.

---

"He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he."—ADONAI8.

---

## 1.

AH ! vainly, vainly to my heart is calling  
 The poet's playmate of the year—the Spring.  
 Vainly it comes—a bright-eyed, glad-faced boy,  
 With pulses throbbing joy ;  
 With eyes that twinkle, and with feet that bound .  
 Along the grassy ground,  
 As if each flying foot were sandalled with a wing ;  
 Vainly it comes to tempt me forth to play,  
 And spend the poet's holiday—  
 The vernal season of sweet recreation,  
 The heart's too brief vacation

Amid the task-works of the toiling year;—

For now the daisy's pearly disks appear

To light the early meadow's emerald sky ;

Each a little silver sun is seen

Amid its circling heaven of green ;

While round about in due gradation,

Through mystic gravitation,

The minor fragrant orbs concentric lie.

2.

Ah ! vainly, vainly on my ear is falling

The old, but ever new, sweet melodies

Sung by the feathered syrens of the trees,

That lured my steps so oft,

On spring-tide silvery morning soft,

From the broad highway, or the glaring green,

To where a flickering sheen

Of dark and bright mosaic lights the lea

Beneath the fresh-green copse—

What time, in tiny flakes, soft eddying, drops

The fragrant snow-shower from the hawthorn  
tree.

Vainly the glad birds twitter now  
Upon each conscious bough—  
Upon each conscious bough that shares their  
    glee,  
And with exulting ecstasy  
Trembles through every fibrous vein,  
And seems to feel the magic of the strain,  
And sinks and soars, and soars and sinks again !

## 3.

Not that my heart is dead or cold  
To the most common sight, the most familiar sound  
Of natural beauty or impulsive joy.  
Ah ! no, thank Heaven ! not so ;  
At heart the poet ever is a boy,  
Howe'er the years go round :  
For though his pallid brow may grow  
Furrowed and worn, and with thin silver  
    hair,  
As with a fading cirrus cloud, be hung,  
His heart is ever young—

Perpetual youth is there.

It is not that the earth has grown less fair,

This last of all the Springs it yet hath known,

That I behold it not with my accustomed glad-  
ness ;—

Ah ! no, not over *it*, but o'er my heart is  
thrown

A funeral pall of sadness—

A filmy veil of sorrow is outspread

Before my eyes, as by a mourner's hand,

For the poet of my people, for the minstrel of my land,

Who is dead !

4.

Dead ! ah, no—he has returned to life.

In living death for three blank years he lay,

And now comes forth from the protracted strife,

A conqueror to-day.

To him the common foe no terror brought,

Nor the heart's tremor, nor the gasping breath ;



For, like his own Mokanna's veil,  
A trebly-folded woof of blank unthought  
Concealed the horrid front of Death—

The ghastly visage pale !

Thrice had the fair magician of the year,  
Her potent wand applying,

Saved the wintry world from dying ;  
And in the wondrous renovation,  
Recalled the freshness and the jubilation

Of the world's primal day :

So that the stars of heaven again prepared to sing  
Their songs of gratulation.

He heeded not, or turned away :  
Unmarked the budding wonders of the Spring—

The floral magic of the May ;  
And when the happy birds in every grove  
Sang hymns to Love,

From the green temple of each stately tree—  
To Love, whose highest poet-priest was he ;

Alas ! 'twas all in vain ;

He heeded not the fond adoring strain—

Its music was unheard.

Its magic and its meaning both had flown  
Its shrill, sweet echoing chirrup which the grove  
prolongs.

Ah! me, what wonder, when his own sweet  
songs,

The sweetest ever sang by bard or bird,  
Were to himself unknown!

5.

But let us linger not, my soul, beside

The poet's bier or his neglected grave;

Nor burn to think of those to whom he gave

A portion of his own immortal fame,

Who when the last sad moment came—

The hour that claimed the funeral rite august,  
For the poor portion of him that had died—

Sullenly shunned the poet's sacred dust,  
Heedless of what was due to generous lays,  
And all the friendly fire of former days.

The hour may come when on his mother's breast  
The darling child of song may take his rest;

Then shall the tribute of unnumbered eyes,  
Then shall the throbbing of unnumbered hearts,  
And all the tender cares that love imparts—  
Fond flattering praises, passion-breathing sighs,  
Grateful regrets, and hopeful prayers arise—  
Then shall the harp which he had woke so oft  
To breathe the varied lay—  
Mirthful, melodious, melancholy, gay,  
Softly severe, and masculine, though soft—  
Firm, and yet fond, through every phase of  
form—  
And sunny satire, wounding but to warm—  
And fine-edged wit, keen-cutting but to cure—  
Then shall the harp's elegiac music float,  
As if it kept its sad prevailing note  
Prolonged through ages for the keen\* of MOORE!

1852.

\* Properly *Caotne*, the funeral wail for the dead.

**ODE**  
**ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK RICHARD,**  
**EARL OF BELFAST.**

**BORN 25TH NOVEMBER, 1827 ; DIED AT NAPLES, FEB. 11, 1853,**  
**IN HIS 26TH YEAR.**

## TO THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL.

LADY, the heart-won glory of thy son  
Turns his sad loss to such atoning gain,  
Making swift Death's malicious stroke as vain  
As the spent bullet when the victory's won,  
That I would wish this lyric feat undone,—  
These lines unwrit, or in a prouder strain,  
Such as befit a glorious young man slain  
In a career that heroes only run :  
Yet deign to take them—be their faults forgiven,  
O Lady, for the sake of him they mourn.  
They should be joyful for the great boon given  
To thee, to us, and to this land forlorn—  
To thee to have thy angel youth in heaven—  
To us, to boast his patriot pride unworn.

## TO THE MARQUIS OF DONEGAL.

EASY it is to say, Be thou resigned,  
O father, to the mightier Father's will,  
To bear the blow that at one stroke doth kill  
Thy Son, thy Friend, thy Brother, all combined  
In one dear centre: Easy to the blind  
It is to bear from the quick-shaded rill  
The absent sun that sets behind the hill,—  
That sun which late its morning beams entwined  
With those warm waves that now must darkened roll  
To the great deep: But yet take this to heart,  
The sun that leaves *thee* dark, from pole to pole,  
Flashes its light and heat: If sad thou art,  
The world is gladder by one glorious soul  
By Death and Love made consecrate to Art.

## O D E .

---

Swifter far than summer's flight,  
Swifter far than youth's delight,  
Swifter far than happy night,  
Art thou come and gone.

---

SHELLEY.

## PROEM.

MAIDENS of Italy,  
Napoli's daughters,  
Send the sad requiem  
Over the waters ;—  
Over the waters,  
Solemnly, slowly,  
Sing the sad requiem,  
Mournfully, lowly ;—  
Sing the sad requiem,  
Chant the low ditty,  
Maids of the golden-shored  
Heaven-cinctured city,

Ye who beheld him last,  
Fair with life's youthfulness,  
Heart-warm with nobleness,  
Soul-proud with truthfulness,  
Stricken down instantly,  
Wrapped in death's gloominess—  
While 'neath his window rose  
Living and luminous  
Azure-hued golden waves  
    Parthenopean,  
Up to the Lord of Life  
Singing their pean.  
Borrow their musical  
Murmur, ye maidens,  
Weak words of elegy  
Borrow their cadence.  
Wail him beside the blue  
Lazulite waters,  
Maidens of Italy,  
Napoli's daughters.



## SONG OF ITALIAN MAIDENS.

## 1.

SISTERS, kneel beside this bier,  
Breathe the prayer, and shed the tear—  
Young Marcellus sleepeth here.

## 2.

Young Marcellus sleeping lies,  
With his slumber-sealéd eyes  
Waiting God's great sun to rise—

## 3.

Waiting to re-ope once more  
On a sweeter summer shore  
By the eternal water's roar.

## 4.

Scatter round about his bed  
Violets, ere their scent has fled,—  
Winter roses white and red.

## 5.

Lay upon his gentle breast  
All the flowers that he loved best—  
Pansies be the mournfullest.

## 6.

Though this bed has grown a bier,  
Scatter snowdrops, scatter here  
All the promise of the year:—

## 7.

Being born to bloom and die  
They perchance may typify  
Him who here doth sleeping lie :

## 8.

Since we love those flowers the best  
That are plucked the earliest—  
As it were for God's own breast :

## 9.

Love them better far than those  
The maturer months disclose—  
Flaunting tulip, gaudy rose :

## 10.

Love them for the proof they give  
That the world's great heart doth live,—  
They the while so fugitive.

## 11.

Such was he who lieth here,  
With his leaves all drooping sere  
In the spring-time of his year.

## 12.

Here he came a wanderer,  
From the Northern Isles that are  
Watchéd by the western star.

## 13.

Here he came, to feast his eyes  
On an earthly heaven, with skies  
Borrowed still from Paradise :

## 14.

Came with rapture to behold  
Purple isles and seas of gold,  
And the dread Volcano old :

## 15.

Came with wonder to survey  
All the magic of the Bay,  
And the towns restored to-day—

## 16.

Or to pluck the flowers that bloom  
By the Mantuan Poet's tomb  
O'er the grotto's arch of gloom ;—

## 17.

Or along Sorrento's shore,  
Tasso's birth-place, to think o'er  
All his tears for Leonore ;—

## 18.

Or to see the sun decline  
To his Ischian bath of wine  
'Mid the hush'd sea hyaline ;—

## 19.

Or, perchance, still more to hear  
Music—to his soul so dear,  
Singing in her native sphere :

## 20.

Music that appears to be  
But the air of Italy,  
Voicéd by her sky and sea.

## 21.

All these projects, howsoe'er  
Hopeful, healthful, wise or fair,  
Swallowed in this blank despair.

## 22.

He, the gentle, wise, and good,  
Manhood's loftiest aims pursued  
With a heart of maidenhood.

## 23.

Of a proud ancestral name,  
Still it was his boast to claim  
The sweet bard's reflected fame :

## 24.

The sweet bard, whose magic lays  
Could upon his shield emblaze  
Its most precious heraldries<sup>(10)</sup> :

## 25.

Showing nobly thus how yet  
Genius can its diamond set  
In the proudest coronet.

## 26.

Oh ! his heart was pure as snow,  
Firm when winter winds might blow,  
Melting in affection's glow :

## 27.

Firm and fond with filial love  
To one gentle heart, above  
All the world ; though manhood strove

## 28.

With its feverish energy  
To supplant it, still did he  
Love that fair maternity :

## 29.

Love her with the same sweet zest  
Here, where he lay down to rest  
As of old upon her breast :

## 30.

Leaving her in days to come  
A sweet memory to illume  
Her half-orphan'd twilight gloom.

## 31.

Not in pleasure's fairy bowers,  
Dallying with the deadly flowers,  
Passed with him the flying hours;—

## 32.

No, he raised his voice to call  
Mightiest minds around the wall  
Of the workman's wonder-hall;—

## 33.

Raised his voice, and plied his pen,  
To enlarge the mental ken  
Of "his humbler fellow-men"<sup>(11)</sup>:

## 34.

Or a soothing charm would find  
In his generous praise refined  
For some shy, secluded mind.

## 35.

His the homage of the heart  
Dearer to a child of art  
Far than fame's more prizéd part.

## 36.

But the bright career is o'er,  
Ah! that heart can beat no more—  
Wail him, Erin, on thy shore.

## 37.

Wail him, thou, his native land,  
On thy lone lamenting strand,  
Bow the head, and wring the hand.

## 38.

Wail him, thou, that to thy cost,  
Many a hopeful son hast lost,  
Soonest those who loved thee most.

## 39.

Wail the taste, the toil severe,  
The rich harvest of each year,—  
All extinguished on this bier.



40.

Ah ! not all,—dear shade forgive  
Such despair ! they yet shall live  
In the example that they give ;—

41.

Live amid the glow they wake  
In new hearts, for her dear sake,  
Her, whose own sad heart might break,

42.

If, like his, some generous soul  
Forced by love beyond control,  
Did not with her griefs condole,—

43.

Proud to be her child, although  
Still she totters to and fro  
'Neath her lightened load of woe—

44.

Proud to wear upon his breast,  
Proud to blazon on his crest  
The poor Shamrock of the West.

45.

If the night has passed away,  
As we're told, and rosy day  
Paints the East with prophet-ray—

46.

Let the beam that puts to flight  
The long dark, bring forth to light  
Those who watched her through the night :

47.

Those whose heart she could engage  
In some studious hermitage,  
As upon a busier stage.

48.

And among the best and last  
Let its lingering light be cast  
Round thy dearest name—BELFAST<sup>(12)</sup>.\*

1855.

\* See Note.

## DOLORES.



## 1.

The moon of my soul is dark, Dolores,  
Dead and dark in my breast it lies,  
For I miss the heaven of thy smile, Dolores,  
And the light of thy brown bright eyes.

## 2.

The rose of my heart is gone, Dolores,  
Bud or blossom, in vain I seek ;  
For I miss the breath of thy lip, Dolores,  
And the blush of thy pearl-pale cheek.

## 3.

The pulse of my heart is still, Dolores—

Still and chill is its glowing tide ;

For I miss the beating of thine, Dolores,

In the vacant space by my side.

## 4.

But the moon shall revisit my soul, Dolores,

And the rose shall refresh my heart,

When I meet thee again in heaven, Dolores,

Never again to part.

1852.

## ECLIPSE!



THE moon has fallen from out my sky,  
Fallen at the full, and all is dark,  
The stars are away, and the light of day  
Glimmers afar, like a feeble spark!—  
O God! will it ever break?  
Will its gladsome glory beam?  
And my trembling heart awake  
From this terrible night-mare dream?

## TRUTH IN SONG.



## 1.

I CANNOT sing, I cannot write

To show that I can write and sing—

I cannot for a cause so slight

Command my Ariel's dainty wing:—

Not for the dreams of cultured youth,

Nor praises of the lettered throng,

Ah! no, I string the pearls of song

But only on the chords of truth:—

## 2.

And when the precious pearls are strung,  
What are their value, but to deck  
Some kindred forehead, or be hung  
Around the whiteness of some neck?—  
*Some neck? some forehead?—ah! but one*  
Would win or haply wear the chain,  
And now the fragments of the strain  
Lie broken round me—SHE is gone!

## 3.

Gone from my home some weary hours,  
But never, never from my heart—  
Gone—like the memory of the showers  
To flowers long-drooping, Love, thou art :—  
O truest friend—O best of wives—  
Come soon! my world, my queen, my crown,  
Then shall the pearls run ringing down  
The love-twined chords of both our lives.

LOST AND FOUND.



1.

“ WHITHER art thou gone, fair Una?—

Una fair, the moon is gleaming;

Fear no mortal eye, fair Una,

For the very flowers are dreaming,

And the twinkling stars are closing

Up their weary-watching glances—

Warders on Heaven's walls reposing,

While the glittering foe advances.



## 2.

“ Una, dear, my heart is throbbing,  
Full of throbbings without number ;  
Come! the tired out streams are sobbing  
Like to children ere they slumber ;  
And the longing trees, inclining,  
Seek the earth's too distant bosom ;  
Sad fate ! that keeps from intertwining  
The earthly and the aerial blossom.

## 3.

“ Una, dear, I've roamed the mountain,  
Round the furze and o'er the heather ;  
Una, dear, I've sought the fountain  
Where we rested oft together,  
Ah ! the mountain now looks dreary,  
Dead, and dark, where no life liveth ;  
Ah ! the fountain, to the weary,  
Now, no more refreshment giveth.

## 4.

“ Una, darling, dearest daughter,  
Beauty ever gave to Fancy—  
Spirit of the silver water,  
Nymph of Nature's necromancy!—  
Fair enchantress, fond magician,  
Is thine every spell-word spoken?  
Hast thou 'closed thy fairy mission?  
Is thy potent wand then broken?

## 5.

“ Una, dearest, deign to hear me,  
Fly no more my prayer resisting!”—  
Then a trembling voice came near me,  
Like a maiden to the trysting—  
Like a maiden's feet approaching  
Where the lover doth attend her;  
Half forgiving, half reproaching,  
Came that voice, so shy and tender.

## 6.

“ Must I blame thee, must I chide thee,  
Change to scorn the love I bore thee ?  
And the fondest heart beside thee,  
And the truest eyes before thee.  
And the kindest hands to press thee,  
And the instinctive sense to guide thee,  
And the purest lips to bless thee,  
What, O dreamer ! is denied thee ?

## 7.

“ Hast thou not the full fruition—  
Hast thou not the full enjoyment,  
Of thy young heart's fond ambition,  
Free from every feared annoyance ?  
Thou hast sighed for truth and beauty—  
Hast thou failed then in thy wooing ?  
Dreamed of some ideal duty—  
Is there nought that waits thy doing ?

## 8.

“ Is the world less bright or beauteous,  
That dear eyes behold it *with* thee ?  
Is the work of life less duteous,  
That thou art helped to do it, prithee ?  
Is the near rapture non-existent,  
Because thou dreamest an ideal ?  
And canst thou for a glimmering distant  
Forget the blessings of the real ?

## 9.

“ Down on thy knees, O, doubting dreamer !  
Down ! and repent thy heart's misprision ;”  
Scarce had I knelt in tears and tremor,  
When the scales fell from off my vision :  
*There* stood my human guardian angel,  
Given me by God's benign foreseeing,  
While from her lips came life's evangel,  
“ Live ! that each day complete thy being !”

## HOME SICKNESS.



## TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

1.

My native Bay, for many a year  
I've loved thee with a trembling fear,  
Lest thou, though dear and very dear,  
And beauteous as a vision,  
Shouldst have some rival far away—  
Some matchless wonder of a bay—  
Whose sparkling waters ever play  
'Neath azure skies elysian.

## 2.

'Tis Love, methought, blind Love that pours  
The rippling magic round these shores—  
For whatsoever Love adores  
    Becomes what Love desireth :  
'Tis ignorance of aught beside  
That throws enchantment o'er the tide  
And makes my heart respond with pride  
    To what mine eye admireth.

## 3.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,  
Whene'er I paced the sloping moss  
Of green Killiney, or across  
    The intervening waters—  
Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,  
To see thy sinuous bosom bend,  
Or view thine outstretch'd arms extend  
    To clasp thine islet daughters ;

## 4.

Then would this spectre of my fear  
Beside me stand—How calm and clear  
Slept underneath, the green waves, near  
    The tide-worn rocks' recesses ;  
Or when they woke, and leapt from land,  
Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand  
Seeking the southern silver strand  
    With floating emerald tresses :

## 5.

It lay o'er all, a moral mist,  
Even on the hills, when evening kissed  
The granite peaks to amethyst,  
    I felt its fatal shadow :  
It darkened o'er the brightest rills,  
It lowered upon the sunniest hills,  
And hid the wingéd song that fills  
    The moorland and the meadow.

## 6.

But now that I have been to view  
All even Nature's self can do,  
And from Gaeta's arch of blue  
    Borne many a fond memento ;  
And from each fair and famous scene,  
Where Beauty is, and Power hath been,  
Along the golden shores between  
    Misenum and Sorrento :

## 7.

I can look proudly in thy face,  
Fair daughter of a hardier race,  
And feel thy winning, well-known grace,  
    Without my old misgiving ;  
And as I kneel upon thy strand,  
And kiss thy once unvalued hand,  
Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,  
    Where life is worth the living.



## YOUTH AND AGE.



1.

To give the blossom and the fruit  
The soft warm air that wraps them round,  
Oh! think how long the toilsome root  
Must live and labour 'neath the ground.

2.

To send the river on its way,  
With ever deepening strength and force,  
Oh! think how long 'twas let to play,  
A happy streamlet, near its source.

## TO JUNE.

WRITTEN AFTER AN UNGENIAL MAY.



## 1.

I'LL heed no more the Poet's lay—

His false-fond song shall charm no more—

My heart henceforth shall but adore

The real, not the misnamed May.

## 2.

Too long I've knelt, and vainly hung

My offerings round an empty name;

O May! thou canst not be the same

As once thou wert when Earth was young.

## 3.

Thou canst not be the same to day—  
The Poet's dream—the Lover's joy :—  
The floral heaven of girl and boy  
Were heaven no more, if thou wert May.

## 4.

If thou wert May, then May is cold,  
And oh ! how changed from what she has been—  
Then barren boughs are bright with green,  
And leaden skies are glad with gold.

## 5.

And the dark clouds that veiled thy moon  
Were silvery-threaded tissues bright,  
Looping the locks of amber light  
That float but on the airs of June.

## 6.

O June ! thou art the real May ;  
Thy name is soft and sweet as hers,  
But a rich blood thy bosom stirs,  
Her marble cheek cannot display.

## 7.

She cometh like a haughty girl,  
So conscious of her beauty's power,  
She now will wear nor gem nor flower  
Upon her pallid breast of pearl.

## 8.

And her green silken summer dress,  
So simply flower'd in white and gold,  
She scorns to let our eyes behold,  
But hides through very wilfulness.

## 9.

Hides it 'neath ermined robes, which she  
Hath borrowed from some wintry queen,  
Instead of dancing on the green—  
A village maiden fair and free.

## 10.

Oh! we have spoiled her with our praise,  
And made her froward, false, and vain;  
So that her cold blue eyes disdain  
To smile as in the earlier days.

## 11.

Let her beware,—the world full soon  
Like me shall tearless turn away,  
And woo, instead of thine, O May!  
The brown, bright, joyous eyes of June.

## 12.

O June! forgive the long delay,  
My heart's deceptive dream is o'er—  
Where I believe I *will* adore,  
Nor worship June, yet kneel to May.

1855.

## SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

## 1.

SUMMER is a glorious season

Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;

But the Past is not a reason

To despise the Present.

So while health can climb the mountain,

And the log lights up the hall,

There are sunny days in Winter, after all !

## 2.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,

Maiden-like in charms ;

Summer, too, with all her promise,

Perished in our arms.

But the memory of the vanished,  
Whom our hearts recall,  
Maketh sunny days in Winter, after all !

## 3.

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,  
All the best are dead ;  
But the wall-flower still perfumeth  
Yonder garden-bed.  
And the arbutus pearl-blossom'd  
Hangs its coral ball—  
There *are* sunny days in Winter, after all !

## 4.

Summer trees are pretty,—very,  
And I love them well ;  
But, this holly's glistening berry,  
None of those excel.  
While the fir can warm the landscape,  
And the ivy clothes the wall,  
There are sunny days in Winter, after all !

## 5.

Sunny-hours in every season

Wait the innocent—

Those who taste with love and reason

What their God hath sent.

Those who neither soar too highly,

Nor too lowly fall,

Feel the sunny days of Winter, after all !

## 6.

Then, although our darling treasures

Vanish from the heart ;

Then, although our once-loved pleasures

One by one depart ;

Though the tomb looms in the distance,

And the mourning pall,

There is sunshine, and *no* Winter, after all !



## THE BIRTH OF THE SPRING.

## 1.

O KATHLEEN, my darling, I've dreamt such a dream,  
'Tis as hopeful and bright as the Summer's first beam :  
I dreamt that the World, like yourself, darling dear,  
Had presented a son to the happy New Year !  
Like yourself, too, the poor mother suffered awhile,  
But like thine was the joy, at her baby's first smile,  
When the tender nurse, Nature, quick hastened to  
fling  
Her sun-mantle round, as she fondled THE SPRING.

## 2.

O Kathleen, 'twas strange how the elements all,  
With their friendly regards, condescended to call :  
The rough rains of Winter like summer-dews fell,  
And the North-wind said, zephyr-like—"Is the  
World well?"

And the streams ran quick-sparkling to tell o'er the  
Earth

God's goodness to man in this mystical birth ;  
For a Son of this World, and an heir to the King  
Who rules over man, is this beautiful Spring !

## 3.

O Kathleen, methought, when the bright babe  
was born,  
More lovely than morning appeared the bright morn ;  
The birds sang more sweetly, the grass greener grew,  
And with buds and with blossoms the old trees  
looked new ;

And methought when the Priest of the Universe  
came—

The Sun—in his vestments of glory and flame,  
He was seen, the warm rain-drops of April to fling  
On the brow of the babe, and baptize him The Spring !

## 4.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen ! what treasures are  
piled

In the mines of the Past for this wonderful Child !  
The lore of the sages, the lays of the bards,  
Like a primer, the eye of this infant regards ;  
All the dearly-bought knowledge that cost life and  
limb,

Without price, without peril, are offered to him ;  
And the blithe bee of Progress concealeth its sting,  
As it offers its sweets to this beautiful Spring !

## 5.

O Kathleen, they tell us of wonderful things,  
Of speed that surpasseth the fairy's fleet wings ;

How the lands of the world in communion are  
brought,  
And the slow march of speech is as rapid as thought.  
Think, think what an heir-loom the great world will  
be,  
With this wonderful wire 'neath the Earth and the  
Sea;  
When the snows and the sunshine together shall  
bring  
All the wealth of the world to the feet of the Spring.

## 6.

Oh! Kathleen, but think of the birth-gifts of love,  
That THE MASTER who lives in the GREAT HOUSE  
above  
Prepares for the poor child that's born on His land—  
Dear God! they're the sweet flowers that fall from  
Thy hand,—  
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given  
Awhile, to make Earth the reflection of Heaven;

The brightness and lightness that round the world  
wing  
Are Thine, and are ours too, through thee, happy  
Spring!

## 7.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen! that dream is gone by,  
And I wake once again, but, thank God! thou art by;  
And the land that we love looks as bright in the  
beam,  
Just as if my sweet dream was not all out a dream,  
The spring-tide of Nature its blessing imparts—  
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse through  
our hearts;  
Let us feel 'tis a mother, to whose breast we cling,  
And a brother we hail, when we welcome the Spring.

## ALL FOOLS' DAY.

## 1.

THE Sun called a beautiful Beam, that was playing  
At the door of his golden-wall'd palace on high ;  
And he bade him be off, without any delaying,  
To a fast-fleeting Cloud on the verge of the sky :  
“ You will give him this letter,” said roguish Apollo  
(While a sly little twinkle contracted his eye),  
“ With my royal regards ; and be sure that you  
follow  
Whatsoever his *Highness* may send in reply.”

## 2.

The Beam heard the order, but being no novice,  
Took it coolly, of course—nor in this was he  
wrong—  
But was forced (being a clerk in Apollo's post-  
office)  
To declare (what a bounce!) that he wouldn't be  
long;  
So he went home and dress'd—gave his beard an  
elision—  
Put his scarlet coat on, nicely edged with gold  
lace;  
And thus being equipped, with a postman's pre-  
cision,  
He prepared to set out on his nebulous race.

## 3.

Off he posted at last, but just outside the portals  
He lit on Earth's high-soaring bird in the dark<sup>(13)</sup>;  
So he tarried a little, like many frail mortals,  
Who, when sent on an errand, first *go on a lark*;

But he broke from the bird—reach'd the cloud in a  
minute—

Gave the letter and all, as Apollo ordained ;  
But the Sun's correspondent, on looking within it,  
Found, "Send the fool farther," was all it con-  
tained.

## 4.

The Cloud, who was up to all *mystification*,  
Quite a *humorist*, saw the intent of the Sun ;  
And was ever too *airy*—though lofty his station—  
To spoil the least taste of the prospect of fun ;  
So he hemm'd, and he haw'd—took a roll of pure  
vapour,  
Which the light from the beam made as bright as  
could be,  
(Like a sheet of the whitest cream golden-edg'd  
paper),  
And wrote a few words, superscribed, "To the  
Sea."



## 5.

“My dear Beam,” or “dear Ray” (’twas thus coolly  
he *hailed* him),

“Pray take down to Neptune this letter from me,  
For the person you seek—though I lately *re-galed*  
him—

Now tries a new airing, and dwells by the sea.”  
So our Mercury hastened away through the ether,  
The bright face of Thetis to gladden and greet;  
And he plunged in the water a few feet beneath  
her,

Just to get a sly peep at her beautiful feet.

## 6.

To Neptune the letter was brought for inspection—

But the god, though a *deep one*, was still rather  
*green*;

So he took a few moments of *steady reflection*,

Ere he wholly made out what the missive could  
mean :

But the date (it was "April the first") came to save  
it

From all fear of mistake ; so he took pen in hand,  
And, transcribing the cruel entreaty, he gave it  
To our travelled-tired friend, and said, "Bring it  
to Land."

## 7.

To Land went the Sunbeam, which scarcely received  
it,

When it sent it, post-haste, back again to the Sea;  
The Sea's hypocritical calmness deceived it,

And sent it once more to the Land on the lea ;—  
From the Land to the Lake—from the Lakes to the  
Fountains—

From the Fountains and Streams to the Hills' azure  
crest,

'Till, at last, a tall Peak on the top of the mountains,  
Sent it back to the Cloud in the now golden west.

## 8.

He saw the whole trick, by the way he was greeted  
By the Sun's laughing face, which all purple ap-  
pears ;

Then, amused, yet annoyed at the way he was treated,  
*He first laughed at the joke, and then burst into tears.*

It is thus that this day of mistakes and surprises,  
When fools write on foolscap, and wear it the  
while,

This gay saturnalia for ever arises

'Mid the shower and the sunshine, the tear and the  
smile.

## J A N U A R Y.

## A FRAGMENT.



## 1.

In the Palace of the Sun,  
Far away, far away,  
In the golden-paven city  
Of the Day, bright Day,  
Whose dazzling turrets rise  
O'er the blue walls of the skies  
Like the peaks  
Of the icy Himalay  
When the ray  
Of the rosy sunrise breaks  
From the East.

## 2.

To a feast  
In the Palace of the Sun  
In the city of the Day  
On this morn,  
Twelve Pilgrims who were born  
Each the brother of the other,  
Of one father and one mother,  
Take their way :—  
But once in all the year  
They are here,  
In the palace of their sire,  
In the banquet-hall of fire,  
Round the board,  
Like the twelve around the Lord  
They appear :—

## 3.

The first is stern and old,  
His hands are numb and cold,

The snowy beard is frozen on his chin,  
And within  
The blue channels of his veins  
On his forehead and his face  
You can trace,  
You can feel  
The dark and livid stains  
Of the stagnant blood confined  
And entwined,  
Like wires of azure steel  
Through an alabaster vase.

## 4.

On his breast lies frozen snow,  
But below  
You may know  
The quick blood runs red and warm  
Through his form.  
For there the old man wears  
The sweet symbol that appears  
In the desolatest hour

That the winter-world doth know,  
When a bud is seen to blow  
    In its lightness and its whiteness,  
    Its purity and brightness,  
As if four flakes of snow  
Were united in one flower.

1851.

## TO MARY, FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD.



## 1.

LITTLE darling daughter mine,  
Wilt thou be my Valentine ?  
Wilt thou give to me a part  
Of thy little fluttering heart ?  
Give thy laughter without words,  
Musical as song of birds—  
Give thy twinkling fingers' play  
And thine every sportive way,



Give thy look of glad surprise,  
And the witchery of thine eyes,  
Give the bounding of thy feet,  
And thy liberal kisses sweet—  
Give thy nods and mute commands,  
And the clapping of thy hands—  
Give thy rapture and good-will,  
When upon the window-sill  
For the expected feast of crumbs  
Every morn the redbreast comes—  
Canst thou these to me resign?—  
Wilt thou be my Valentine?—

## II.

DARLING, thy mother sends to thee  
Blessings and love from her and me,  
And as to years thy brief months glide,  
Be, as thou art, our joy and pride;  
Cheer the kind hearts that late were sad,  
And with thy gladness make them glad;  
Fill them with hope for many a year,  
And wake the smile, and chase the tear;  
As thou art now, be ever thus,  
A boon from God, to them and us.

*February 14, 1851.*

## S O N N E T .



Two golden links are added to the chain,  
 Dear Love, that binds our separate lives in one,  
 Two short-lived radiant children of the Sun,  
 Two years, brief years of mingled light and rain,  
 Have passed away, since thou and I begun  
 Our married life : and smiling Time, again,  
 Life's ductile ore with cheerful hand hath ta'en  
 To add one wonder more to what he hath done.  
 The Past, the Present,—Memories of the brain,  
 And the heart's living joys their bright course run;—  
 They have their links : and has the future none  
 Whereby to cling to 'mid its vast inane ?  
 Fear not, dear Love, the fear were worse than vain,  
 Have we not two—a Daughter and a Son ?

*January, 1851.*

## SONNET,

WRITTEN IN THE BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED VOLUME,  
 "CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS."

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HAPPY 'twill be upon some future day,  
 Some welcome winter day of frost and snow.  
 When with the cold the Sun's round face shall glow  
 Cheerful and ruddy as a boy's at play :—  
 If in some window-seat that o'er the Bay  
 Peeps calmly out, and o'er the rocks below—  
 Some modest oriel round whose casements grow  
 The pyracantha's crimson berries gay,—  
 If we behold our children's eyes display  
 Delighted wonder, and their glad looks show  
 How they would love with rapid feet to go  
 O'er each white field and pictured snow-fill'd way,  
 That in this book make Winter smile like May,  
 And Christmas gleam like Christmas long ago.

*February, 1851.*

## D U T Y.



As the hardy oat is growing,  
Howsoe'er the wind may blow ;  
As the untired stream is flowing,  
Whether shines the sun or no :—  
Thus, though storm-winds rage about it,  
Should the strong plant, Duty, grow—  
Thus, with beauty or without it,  
Should the stream of Being flow.

## O R D E R.



A word went forth upon Creation's day,  
 At which the void infinitude was filled  
 With life and light. Where horrid CHAOS reigned  
 In dark confusion, orbéd ORDER rose,  
 And with the silent majesty of strength  
 Took up the sceptre of a thousand worlds,  
 And ruled by right divine the radiant realms.  
 Where all was blank vacuity, or worse,  
 Monstrous Disorder—fair material Form  
 Rose wondering from the vacant wastes of Space;  
 And as each world beheld its sister world,  
 So calm, so beautiful, so full of light,  
 Walking in gladness through the halls of heaven,  
 Like a fair daughter in her father's house,—

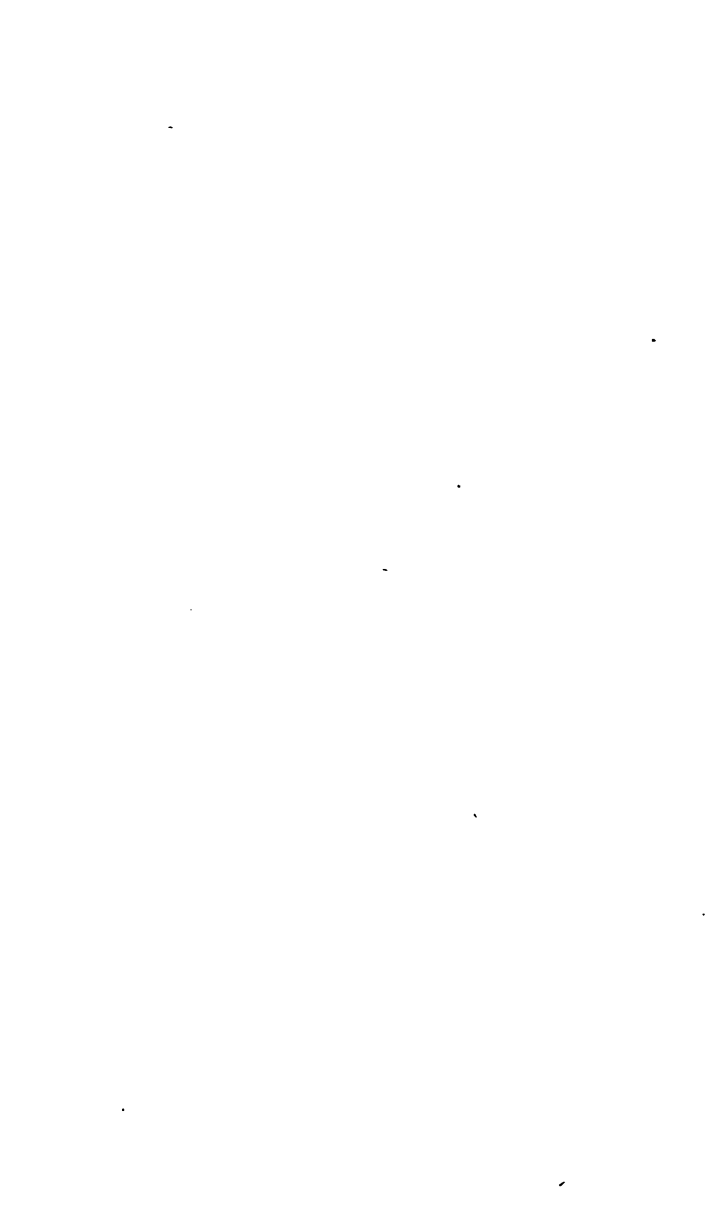
Its heart yearned towards her, and its trembling feet  
Turned in pursuit; and its great eager eyes  
Followed her ever down the eternal day.  
Round golden suns the silver planets roll'd,  
Round silver planets circled moons of pearl,  
Round pearly moons, the roses of the sky,  
(Eve-crimsoned clouds) stood wondering, till their  
    cheeks  
Grew pale with passion, and then dark with pain;  
As sank the moons behind the unheeding hills!

1855.

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## NOTES.





## NOTES.

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(1) PAGE 31.

*Above the lost Alastor's tomb.*

SHELLEY, speaking of the place in Rome where he himself is buried, says:—"The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—*Preface to Adonais.*

(2) PAGE 32.

*Or the twin-poet's; he who sings —  
"A thing of beauty never dies."*

Keats, who is also buried in the same (or rather the adjoining) cemetery. The allusion is to the well-known line with which Endymion commences—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

(3) PAGE 74.

*From rock to rock, through cloven scalp.*

Scalp, a rocky cleft between mountains, such as "The Scalp," county of Wicklow.

## (4) PAGE 112.

*Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea.*

See the poems of Shelley, Coleridge, and Moore.

## (6) PAGE 113.

*"The Eternal Pilgrim's" dream.*Byron. So called by Shelley in the *Adonais*.

## (7) PAGE 129.

*When, from the top of Pelier down  
We saw the sun descend.*

Mount Pelier, county of Dublin, overlooking Rathfarnham and, more remotely, Dundrum. To a brief residence near the latter village the "Recollections" recorded in this poem are to be referred.

## (8) PAGE 135.

*And how the firm Fernando died.*

Calderon's "El Principe Constante," translated in the author's "Dramas of Calderon." 2 vols. London. 1853.

## (9) PAGE 137.

*Or listen for the whip-poor-will.*

I do not know the bird to which I have given this Indian name. It, however, imitated its note quite distinctly.

## (10) PAGE 154.

*Could upon his shield emblaze  
Its most precious heraldries.*

"If there is one heir-loom I prize more than another," said Lord Belfast, "it is the dedication of the 'Irish Melodies' to an

ancestress of mine, and the beautiful letter on music which Moore addressed to the same Lady Donegal."—*Lectures on the Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century*. By the Earl of Belfast. London: Longmans. 1852.

(<sup>11</sup>) PAGE 156.

*To enlarge the mental ken  
Of "his humbler fellow-men."*

The latter words are quoted from the Earl of Belfast's Dedication of his *Lectures* to the Earl of Carlisle.

(<sup>12</sup>) PAGE 159.

*Round thy dearest name*—BELFAST.

THE rare virtues and accomplishments of this lamented young nobleman; his active exertions in promoting and encouraging a taste for literature and art, particularly in the town from which he derived his title; and his early death in a foreign land, awakened so many feelings of sorrow and respect for his memory, and of sympathy with those who in a nearer and dearer relation had lost him, that it was found impossible to avoid giving them expression in some conspicuous and lasting form. A public statue was determined on, and the work was intrusted to Mr. Macdowall, than whom, as well from his distinguished position as an artist, as from his connexion with Belfast, no more appropriate selection could have been made. The statue, which fully sustained Mr. Macdowall's high reputation, was publicly inaugurated at Belfast on November 1, 1855, by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carlisle. Some weeks previous to this ceremony, the Author had the honour of receiving from the Marchioness of Donegal a request that he (as an Irish writer for whose poetical efforts her Ladyship was kind enough to say her dear son had an especial liking) would write some lines appropriate to the

occasion. The Author, who had long wished for some opportunity of paying his tribute of regret and gratitude to the memory of one whose premature death he had reason to consider not only a public loss, but (to him) a private calamity, at once acquiesced, and these lines were written with a rapidity which at least proved the genuine nature of the feelings which originated them. The Author having resided at Naples a short time previous to the Earl of Belfast's arrival and death there, will account for the Italian colouring which pervades the earlier portion of the Poem.

The Sonnets printed at the commencement of the Ode were written subsequent to the public delivery of the Ode itself in Belfast.

A few months before the lamented death of the Earl of Belfast, the author had the gratification of receiving from him the following letter, which is now published for the first time. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the literary judgment evinced by his Lordship in this particular instance, there can be none of the generosity and good-heartedness which dictated so kind and encouraging a communication:—

“29, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON,  
“September 17, 1852.

“SIR,—In order to obtain permission to publish some words of yours in connexion with some music which I have adapted to them, I believe it were sufficient to apply to the publisher of your volume of Poems; but I cannot let pass an opportunity so apt of expressing to you the deep sense of admiration with which it has inspired me. It is not only yourself that I would congratulate upon the possession of so *truly* poetical a genius—it is rather *our* country that deserves gratulations upon her good fortune, in having given birth to one who seems likely and able to reawaken that strain of poesy (so purely her own) which has slept since the silence of *Moore*.

"One who can combine, as you have done, the stirring energy which characterizes your Ballads with that sweet plaintiveness that lends such a charm to such poems as 'Summer Longings,' 'A Lament,' 'Devotion,' &c., &c., cannot but play a part, if he will, in his country's destiny.

"The *first* of these is the one which has inspired me with a few bars of simple music. I am well aware that it possesses 'a music of its own—a music far beyond all minstrels' playing.' Yet should I feel gratified at seeing my name coupled, in however humble a capacity, on the title with that of one of my most gifted countrymen.

"I am, Sir, yours

"Obediently and admiringly,

"BELFAST.

"D. F. Mac Carthy, Esq."

(<sup>13</sup>) PAGE 188.

*He lit on the high-soaring bird in the dark.*

"Hark! bark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," &c.

CYMBELINE.

[“THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR,” in the first part of this Volume, has already appeared in a Collection of the Author’s Poems. It has been several times reprinted elsewhere; and is now united with those other and later Poems of the Fancy, which have had in view the same delicate and subjective delineation of Nature.]

## MAC CARTHY'S CALDERON.

*Recently published, in 2 vols. fcap. 8vo.*

### DRAMAS OF CALDERON: *From the Spanish.*

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY,

AUTHOR OF "THE BELL-FOUNDER," "UNDERGLIMPSES," ETC.

#### *Critical Notices.*

*From THE DUBLIN REVIEW.*

"How many of our readers have, from their youth upwards, heard of the name of Calderon with reverence,—have associated him, in their thoughts, even with the greatness of Shakspeare,—yet have not read one line of the poet to whom they have undoubtedly assigned so high a place; and indeed know nothing of him, unless it be from Frederick Schlegel's masterly analysis, or, perhaps, from a few brilliant extracts. To these, and to all lovers of genuine poetry, Mr. Mac Carthy's book will be a great acquisition; for he has expressed to us the works of this great poet as only a poet could have done: he has translated them with freedom and spirit, yet has conscientiously, and with great care and nice perception, preserved all the characteristics of his author. We feel, while reading these Dramas, that they have the spirit of another age and another land; but there is no obscuring veil between the poet's mind and ours. We can enjoy almost in perfection Calderon's noble strain of thought, and his rich poetic fancy, antique, original, and untrammelled. Henceforward, these beautiful poems belong to us: they will form part of our literature; and we are thankful to Mr. Mac Carthy for having made us so well acquainted with a poet, the delight and glory of old Spain, and who well



deserves not merely to receive the meed of honour, but also the tribute of appreciation and enjoyment."

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*From THE MORNING CHRONICLE.*

"Mr. Mac Carthy deserves every praise for his spirited attempt to make known to the English public a writer of such high and various excellencies. His version of the six Plays selected by him has many merits, not the least of which is his preservation of the irregular trochaic metres (short lines of four or five feet generally) of the original. It is impossible to transfer to English—at least to anything like the same extent to which it is adopted by the Spanish poets—the *assonance* or imperfect rhyme: but Mr. Mac Carthy's full-rhymed passages are frequently rendered with the most felicitous and graceful effect. . . . . Our extracts have, we hope, done justice to the beauties of Mr. Mac Carthy's version, which may be recommended to English readers as the best possible introduction to one of the greatest poets of Southern Europe."

---

*From TAIT'S MAGAZINE.*

"We feel grateful to Mr. Mac Carthy for the really splendid addition to our limited stock of Spanish poetry which his present volumes supply. A poet of no mean order himself, he may claim as a translator to stand among those of the highest rank; and we may pay him the just tribute of declaring, that no man who has translated so much from his admired author has translated so well;—in fact, his translation is something more than translation in the common acceptance of the term. He gives us not merely the true sense and spirit of the original, but the very cadence, accent, and ring and tune, so to speak, of the Spaniard; and we seem to be reading Spanish, not English, as we turn over page after page, so similar is the rhythm to that of the original."

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*From THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.*

"Calderon's dramas are all lyrical, rhymed or unrhymed, according to the excitement of the scene: thus, in passionate passages, the

verse always rises into perfect rhyme. The metre is generally trochaic, of eight or seven feet, but a thousand variations of measure are to be met with, to imitate which must be the torture and despair of any translator. Mr. Mac Carthy, however, has endeavoured to render into English all the metrical forms of the original; and none but a Spanish student can comprehend the immense labour, the amount of poetic skill, the great mastery of language, the many high natural gifts, requisite to produce even an imitation such as we have received from him."

*From THE ATHENÆUM.*

"If Calderon can ever be made popular here, it must be in the manner generally adopted by Mr. Mac Carthy in the specimens, six in number, which are here translated, preserving, namely, the metrical form, which is one of the characteristics of the old Spanish drama. This medium, through which it partakes of the lyrical character, is no accident of style; but an essential property of that remarkable creation of a poetic age—remarkable, because while the drama so adorned was entirely the offspring of popular impulse, in opposition to many rigorous attempts in favour of classical methods, it was at the same time raised above the tone of common expression by the rhythmical mode which it assumed, in a manner decisive of its ideal tendency. It thus displays a combination rare in this kind of poetry: the spirit of an untutored will, embodied in a form the romantic expression of which might seem only congenial to choice and delicate fancies. . . . .

"In conclusion, what has now been said of Calderon, and of the stage which he adorned, as well as of the praise justly due to parts of Mr. Mac Carthy's version, will at least serve to commend these volumes to curious lovers of poetry."

*From PETITES AFFICHES DE LONDRES.*

"Les écrivains modernes, pour la plupart, ont cherché à compenser par la correction, par l'urbanité, par les gracieuses minuties de leur style, ce qui leur manque en verve, en génie, en puissance de création. Dans le repos du cabinet, ils travaillent longtemps à

échauffer leur esprit, plus souvent encore ils s'agenouillent devant la statue de l'art pour le supplier de remplacer la nature, et leurs écrits froids, sans enthousiasme, brillent toujours comme une lampe, mais jamais comme un soleil. Les écrivains anciens au contraire, ceux qui ont pour ainsi dire habillé les premiers la pensée humaine, tantôt en beaux vers, tantôt en sentences d'une énergie sauvage, n'ont que fort peu de ce style petite maîtresse qui charme l'oreille s'il n'émeut le cœur ; aussi savons nous gré, surtout à un auteur original, de faire revivre dans la langue poétique de son pays les grands génies qui vécurent dans des pays divers sous les noms de Shakespeare, Corneille, Caldéron, Schiller ; et si le traducteur, poète lui-même, sait dans de beaux vers, comme l'auteur de la présente traduction de Caldéron, conserver le rythme de l'original, il identifie ainsi ses lecteurs nonseulement aux grandes pensées de l'auteur traduit, mais pour ainsi à dire sa forme, à son génie particulier, à sa manière d'être ; il nous fait trouver en un mot, comme M. Macarthy, dans des vers anglais par exemple, le charme de cette poésie espagnole si remarquable dans Caldéron, de cette poésie, dont les pleurs, au dire de Schlegel, reflètent l'image des cieux comme la rosée épandue sur la fleur reflète le soleil. M. Macarthy en publiant les deux volumes qui posent devant nous a donc rendu un immense service aux lettres anglaises ; car jusqu'à ce jour, à l'exception de quelques fragments d'*El magico prodigioso* traduits en grand poète qu'il était, par Shelley, nous n'avions rien qui put nous donner une idée du génie de Caldéron ; les quelques drames, traduits de cet auteur et publiés dans divers *magazines* étant à peu près *lettre morte* pour la généralité des lecteurs. Le nouvel œuvre de M. Macarthy nous donne six des principaux ouvrages de l'auteur espagnol, de Caldéron, apprécié bien au-dessous de sa valeur réelle en Angleterre, mieux compris en France, et l'objet de l'admiration des écrivains allemands, qui ne craignent pas, et non pas sans raison selon nous, de placer Caldéron de pair avec Shakespeare. Nous pouvons assurer qu'il est dans *el Principe constante* et dans *el Purgatorio de san Patricio*, des scènes entièrement *shakespeariennes*, dans la plus grande étendue qu'on puisse donner à cette épithète gigantesque."

